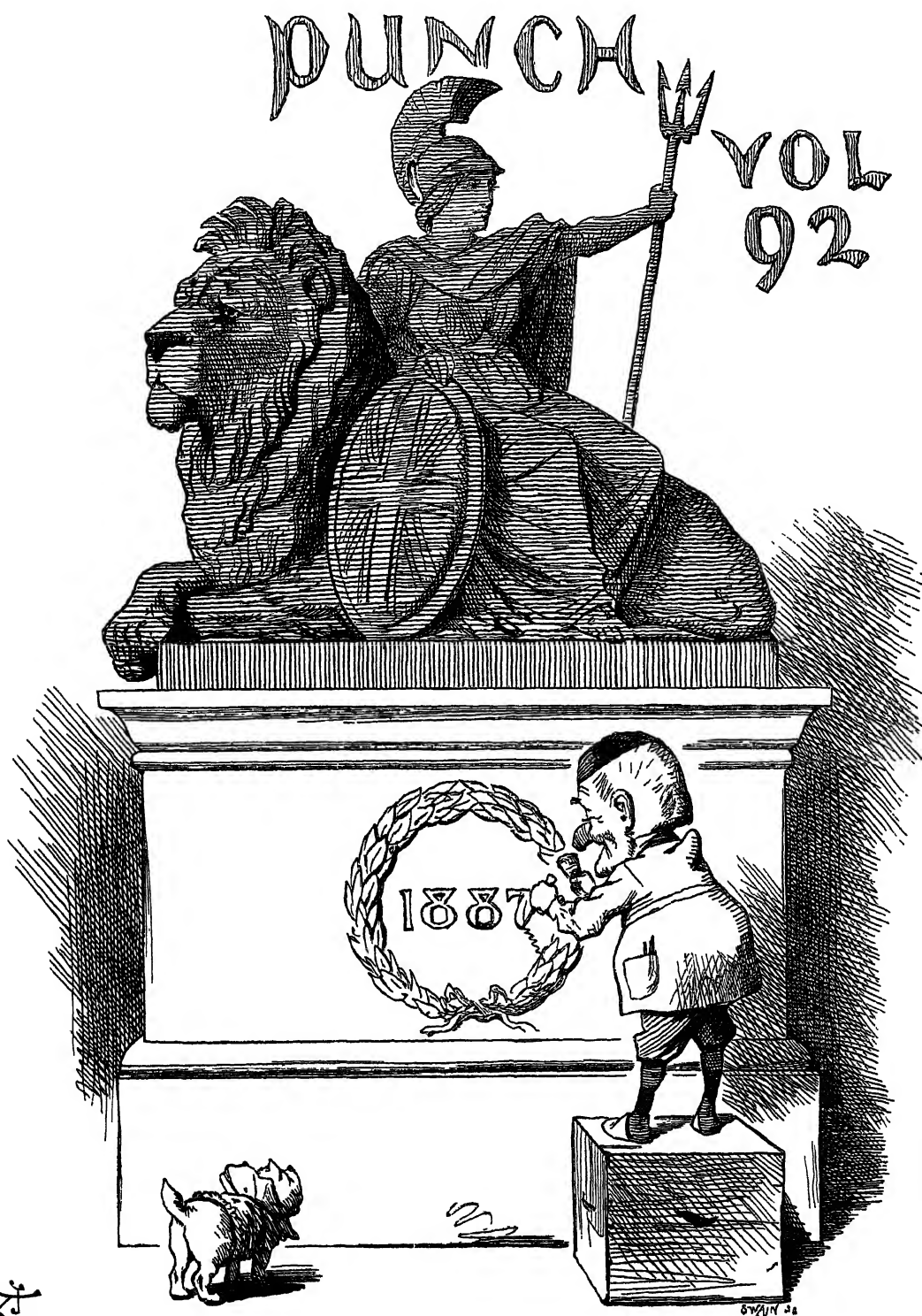
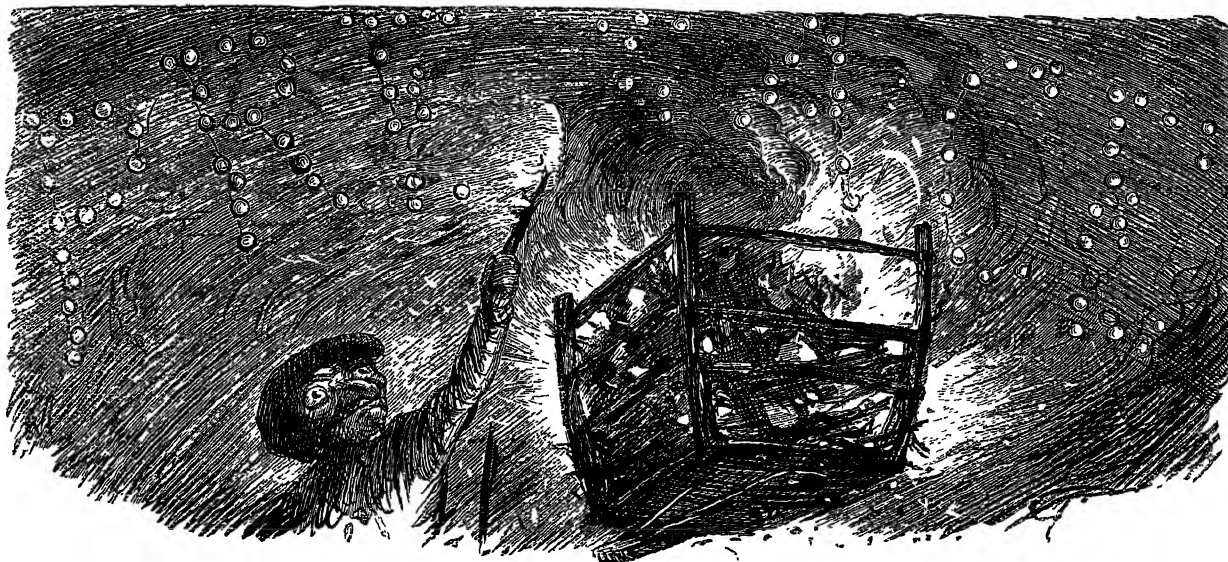

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LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
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1887.

LONDON :
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS



“IT was about the lovely close of a warm Summer day,” in fact it was on the night of the great Victorian Jubilee Day, June 21st, 1887.

“Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,”

and Mr. PUNCH, upon a chalky headland, overlooking the “silver streak,” gazed forth into the vast star-s pangled vault of heaven, musing of many things.

He, the swift, the ubiquitous, had been an observant witness of the impressive pageantry, the imposing popular outpouring of the day. And now, TOBY at heel and torch in hand, he had climbed to set fire to the beacon whose “red glare” was to blaze out over the wide Channel waters, and blazon forth to all the land England’s joy and Mr. PUNCH’s loyalty.

Flash! The ruddy flame leaped forth on to the night with the brightness of the levin, the impetuosity of a tiger’s spring. A lurid cloud of smoke rolled upward and outward, slowly lifted and wafted by the soft salt sea-breeze of June.

The ringing rhymes of MACAULAY—that sound-hearted English writer whom prigs pooh-pooh, and PUNCH, like all sensible Britons, enjoys—ran in the head of the Sage. He thought of that other Summer night, three centuries since, when another Queen sat on the throne of the island realm, when—

“From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day,”

with preparations for welcoming the Armada.

“*Venit, vidit, fugit!*” murmured Mr. PUNCH.

“*Dux famina facti,*” sibillated a responsive voice in his ear.

Who, what were these two shadowy shapes in doublet and ruff? One frail, and, like the Sage himself, slightly hunched; the other brisk, alert, bronzed, bearded.

“Well capped, ROBERT CECIL!” said the Ever-Ready One, courteously bending to the illustrious Shades. “And you, stout Sir FRANCIS, give you good greeting on this night of nights, when ‘tis no marvel two such patriot spirits should revisit thus the glimpses of the moon.”

“What bodeeth this?” queried DRAKE, pointing to the flaring beacon.

“Oh, this is no ‘ghastly war-flame,’ but a jubilant Jubilee bonfire,” said Mr. PUNCH, with a smile.

“The better so, if what that ranting rantipole Lord RANDOLPH says is sooth,” retorted the slighter Shade, with a touch of sardonic grimness. “Were I in the place of my living namesake, your present PREMIER, I’d take such order with the rebellious springald as——”

“You did with ESSEX, eh?” interjected PUNCH. “Well, well, times have changed. We are more tolerant than of yore, and the Tower and the block are not now looked upon as the appropriate retort to indiscreet praters of Party rubbish or personal rhodomontade.”

Then Sir FRANCIS broke briskly in. “Supposing, good Sir, that some King of Spain’s beard required summary singeing; dost mean to say your singeing-irons are so ready, that your Singer-in-Chief could afford to finish his [game of bowls ere he took them in hand?”

“Listen!” cried Mr. PUNCH.

“The best troops of the country were at this time absent in Flanders, and there was no standing army except the Queen’s Guard and the garrisons kept in a few forts on the coast or on the Scottish border. The royal navy was extremely small; and the revenues of the Crown were totally inadequate to the effort of raising it to anything approaching a parity with the fleets of Spain. It was on the spontaneous efforts of individuals that the whole safety of the country at this momentous crisis was left dependent; if these failed, England was lost;—but in such a cause, at such a juncture, they could not fail; and the first appeal made by the Government to the patriotism of the people was answered with that spirit in which a nation is invincible.”

So writes the historian concerning England on the eve of the advent of the Great Armada. Sir FRANCIS, despite doubts, which I share with you, and notwithstanding maladministration, which, with all honest souls, I hate, I will back the

national invincibility, of which the historian speaks, against *soi-disant* Invincible Armadas, from whatever quarter. Departmental duffers—beshrew them!—can do much mischief, but there 's one thing they *cannot* do."

"What is that?" asked both the Shades, eagerly.

"Stop our supplies of DRAKES and CECILS, of HOWARDS and RALEIGHS, of ELIZABETHS and—VICTORIAS," responded Mr. PUNCH. "And," pursued he, "if this *were* a war-beacon instead of a peace-bonfire, trust me that from 'Malvern's lonely height' in the Midlands, again would flare forth the ruddy signal of ready loyalty,—

'Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle!'"

"Marry! but this MACAULAY of yours hath the right British ring in him!" burst forth DRAKE, enthusiastically.

"Nathless," said CECIL, more soberly, "let not the old lion of England be caught napping, Mr. PUNCH."

"Sirs," said the Sage, stirring up the bonfire till it blazed forth afresh in sky-reddening radiance, "Sirs, there is an inextinguishable beacon-light, of another sort than this, ever before the eyes of that noble if somewhat somnolent animal, which will prevent a fortuitous forty winks ever lapsing into the lethal lethargy of a *Rip Van Winkle's* slumber."

"And that?" cried the Shades, simultaneously.

"It is light and fire made portable as the staff-hidden spark of Prometheus," answered Mr. PUNCH. "Like unto a FAURE battery, it stores immense force in small compass, and for public convenience is replenishable half-yearly. It can be multiplied to any extent, and conveniently carried to any distance. You, if you wish, can take it with you to illuminate the Shades, and warm your patriotic bosoms with knowledge and good hope."

"What is it?" ejaculated Mr. PUNCH's ghostly Visitants.

"Take it and try it, most noble Shades," responded PUNCH, heartily. "By its light you shall see both the best and the worst of the grand old land you greatly loved, and as greatly served. You shall see how, despite the feuds of faction and the fumbings of official folly, England is England still—only more so. You shall see how sleepless a sentinel, how vigilant a warder, how stout a champion, her honour and best interests have in——"

"Yourself!" cried the great Elizabethans, simultaneously.

"Precisely," said Mr. PUNCH, calmly. "Natural modesty must not be indulged in at the expense of obvious truth. You shall see, also, how I counsel her counsellors, lead her leaders, enlighten her *illuminati*, reward her heroes, trounce her traitors, castigate her humbugs, and flagellate her fools. In short, you shall see, as by a brilliant beacon-glare, all that is best worth seeing in this England of the Victorian Jubilee Year."

Whereupon, without another word, PUNCH presented to the two illustrious Elizabethans his

Ninety-Second Volume!





JANUARY <small>xxxi</small> Days.		FEBRUARY <small>xxviii</small> Days.		MARCH <small>xxxi</small> Days.		APRIL <small>xxxi</small> Days.		MAY <small>xxxi</small> Days.		JUNE <small>xxx</small> Days.	
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THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1837-47.

ARTISTIC NOMENCLATURE.

MR. SQUARE was an Artist, and greatly admired

The new Royal Courts in the Strand. He was likewise a smoker, and never grew Of tobacco of very strong brand. [fired Of STREET the designer and Cavendish Twist,

He would say, "What a glorious pair!

If a daughter be born, I shall call her, I've sworn, HENRIETTA STREET CAVENDISH SQUARE."

"I should flatly refuse," said his wife, with some scorn, "To let her young prospects be harmed." But when, some time after, a daughter was born,

She began to get rather alarmed, [day, And she fainted away on the christening And the parson, oh! didn't he stare When—adjured—"Name this child!"—

Papa said, as he smiled, [SQUARE!" "HENRIETTA STREET CAVENDISH



Years fled; and the Artist could scarce live by Art,

For the public had grown very "shy." SQUARE's pictures were rather a drug in the mart,

And no one seemed anxious to buy. His daughter became his one solace and joy,

And, while tenderly stroking his "Father, don't look so ill!" she would say—"you have still HENRIETTA STREET CAVENDISH SQUARE!"

One day a young gallant appeared on the scene,

Mr. ROAD, independent and nice; He was just eight-and-twenty, Miss SQUARE was eighteen, So they both fell in love in a trice. [wife And what a proud day for the Artist and (Mr. R. was a millionaire) When a wedding was planned between CROMWELL ROAD and [SQUARE! HENRIETTA STREET CAVENDISH





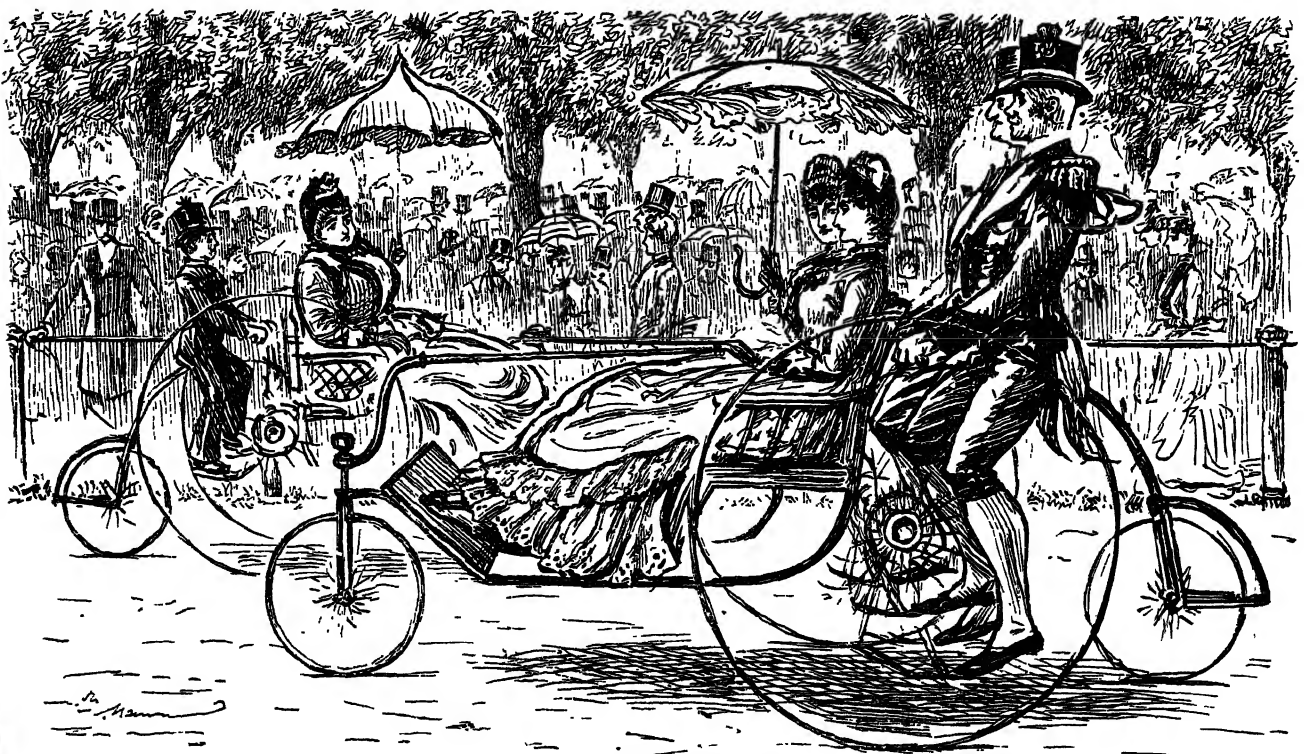
THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.





HARD TIMES.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS, WITH LORD CHARLES AND LADY MARIA, ARE STILL ABLE TO GO TO THE OPERA—WHEN SIR GORGIOUS MIDAS LENDS THEM HIS BOX.



HARD TIMES. THE DRIVE.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN JOHN THOMAS'S CALVES. NO MORE STUFFING REQUIRED.





Britisher (picking up his last shot). "FRENCH BIRD."
Monsieur Chevette. "AH YES. HE IS BIGGER BIRD ZAN ZE ENGLISH—MORE CO-RAGE—
MORE 'AN'SOME. 'RED LEGS AND RED BICK. AND HIS—HIS FOLIAGE IS QUITE DIF-FRENT!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1887.





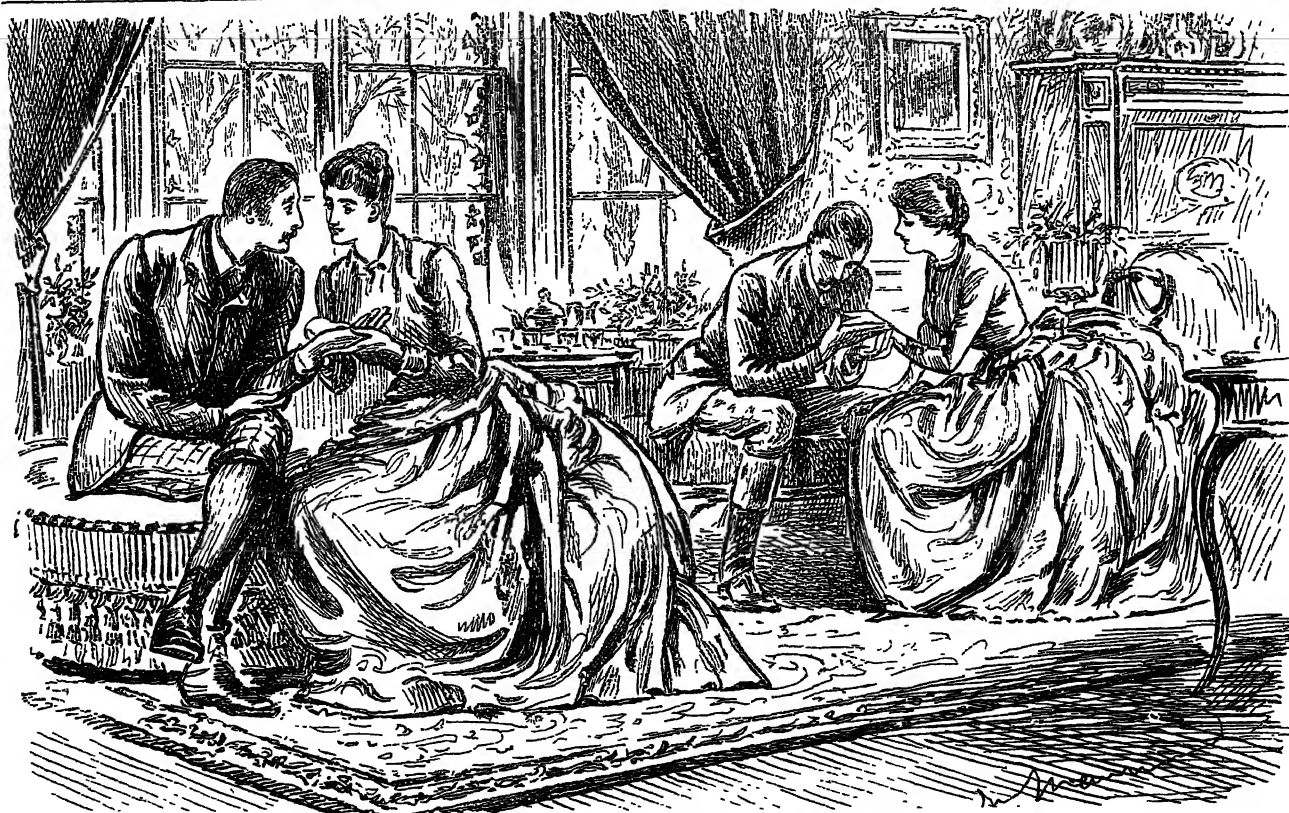
A JUBILEE PAGEANT.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR A GRAND WALL-PAINTING IN THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE "IMPERIAL INSTITUTE"



"OUT (OF IT) WITH THE BREEKSHIRE."

Gentleman (who has been well with the Hounds). "HALLO, TAGBY, WHERE WERE YOU? I EXPECTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU LEADING THE FIELD!" *Young Swell (who hasn't quitted the Road).* "AH, YOU SEE, AFTER HUNTING IN LEICESTERSHIRE, MY HORSE IS RATHER SPOILT FOR THIS SORT OF THING."



SOFT TIMES.—TEA AND PALMISTRY.

AN UNLUCKY MAN'S DIARY.

JANUARY 9TH.—Severe frost. All pipes frozen. Borrow water with difficulty from disagreeable neighbours next door.

11TH.—Frost continues. Commence skating on Serpentine. Ice breaks, and am immersed. Pass the evening in the Humane Society's Receiving House in Hyde Park.

13TH.—Purchase a new pair of Patent Spring-Clasping Canadian Skates. Frost ends.

14TH.—Pipes burst. House inundated from top landing to basement.

FEBRUARY 1.—Am summoned for parochial rates.

7TH.—Join a Football Club. Play in first match, but get so severely kicked that am disabled for rest of the season.

15TH.—Fall off the top of an omnibus and dislocate my ankle.

23RD.—Hear that an Uncle from whom I had expectations, and has recently died, has left me nothing.

28TH.—House broken into by burglars, who carry off the dining-room clock, plate-chest, cash-box, all the coats and umbrellas, and £5 13s. 4d in ready money.

MARCH 3RD.—Determine to have a Dog to protect the premises, and purchase a Scotch Collie from the Battersea Home for £1 10s.

4TH.—Invest in a muzzle, addressed collar, dog whistle, and leading chain; but dog escapes from the house, and I am summoned for not having him under proper control.

17TH.—Dog bites postman, telegraph-boy, butcher, friend paying a morning call, and milkman, who all put the matter into the hands of a local Solicitor.

23RD.—Have to pay £27 10s. compensation, and £3 15s. for costs, and am severely rebuked by the Magistrate.

25TH.—Give the Dustman 10s. to take the Dog off my hands.

APRIL 9TH.—Give a little dinner, but am obliged to have the greengrocer and his assistant, who came to wait, removed, intoxicated, by the Police, in the middle of the second course.

13TH.—A good deal troubled by somebody at No. 13 opposite taking lessons on the ophicleide with the window open.

27TH.—Knocked down by Hansom, and brought home on a stretcher.

MAY 4TH.—Employ an Agent to buy me a horse at Tattersall's for £35, but he makes a mistake and gets me another at £65.

5TH.—Try him. Runs away with me in Rotten Row, and I am summoned for furious riding.

7TH.—Try him again. Shies at a Bath-chair in Piccadilly and throws me, putting out my shoulder. Am taken home in a four-wheeler.

21ST.—Try him once more. Bolts with me up New Oxford Street, finally taking the palings of Russell Square and depositing me on my head in the midst of a Lawn Tennis Party.

28TH.—Get rid of him to a local omnibus proprietor for a £10 note.

JUNE 9TH.—Play in my first cricket-match this season. Am bowled first ball each innings and cut over severely on the head, fielding cover-point. Carried off the ground insensible.

27TH.—Play a return match. Am again bowled first ball each innings, and again cut over severely on the head, fielding cover-point, and carried off the ground insensible. Give up Cricket.

JULY 6TH.—Begin my boating. Get some practice in a pair-oar outrigger, but catching a crab am run down by steam-launch and have to swim for my life.

18TH.—Row in a four-oared race for my Club. When within hail of the winning-post, slip off my sliding-seat, split my rowlock, break my oar and upset the boat. Am picked up by the Press-boat and landed dripping amidst the execrations of the rest of the crew.

AUGUST 10TH.—Keep my bed for a fortnight, but am asked down to Scotland for some grouse-shooting. Miss my train at King's Cross, and arrive in consequence at half-past two A.M.

12TH.—My first day's sport. Hit a keeper, two dogs, and a local Laird. Visit terminates.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.—Leave for Aberdeen by coach. Wheel comes off in glen, and am pitched with all the outside passengers on to my head at the bottom of a swollen burn. Picked up by a market-cart and taken to Hospital.

28TH.—When convalescent, try a sea trip home. Meet a gal from the South-East the whole way. Mast and chimney swept overboard, and no provisions but bottled

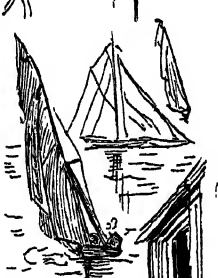
stout and dry biscuit after third day out, arrive in London more dead than alive.

OCTOBER 15TH.—Asked down to Bedfordshire for a little pheasant-shooting. Feel much shattered, but go. Luggage stolen from cab at station. Arrive at house. Find fashionable gathering at dinner. Sit down to it in knickerbockers, hob-nailed boots, and a dust-coat.

17TH.—Join the shooting-party. Again hit a keeper, a couple of dogs, and this time pepper my host on the back of his neck and left shoulder. Visit terminates.



Passenger (for the twentieth time). "HOW SOON DO YOU THINK WE SHALL GO ON, GUARD?"
Guard. "OH, AS SOON AS—THERE, GET IN!—GET IN! HOW DO YOU EXPECT THE TRAIN TO GO ON WITH THAT RED DANGER SIGNAL O' YOURS HANGING OUT, AND SEEN ALL DOWN THE LINE!?"



FOND BUT FOOLISH.
"LOOK, DUCKY DEEDAR! LOOK AT THE PITY ICKLE QUACK-QUACKS!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.





18TH.—Propose to charming daughter of the house, and am refused.
19TH.—Propose to vivacious little widow. Am also refused.
20TH.—Frost breaks. Thrown. Am carried on a hurdle to a neighbouring inn.

"Hullo! here's a gun! Of course it can't be loaded, but I'll point it at my sister's head and pull the trigger, just to see——!" (*Sus. per ccl.*)



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Captain Belamour (who has married Money and become a Widower). "AH, MY DEAR FELLOW—
'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST,
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1837.



SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER



THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1867-87.

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.—JUNE.

JUNE! Oh, hooray! Avaunt fear, doubt, depression!
'Tis the Jubilee June of VICTORIA's Accession.
Here 's wishing prosperity, power, peace, plenty,
Also many happy returns of June twenty.

Memorials many the moment must grace,
And jubilant pageants all over the place.
Well, may they be worthy, for England imposes
High duties on all in this rare month of roses.

JULY.

JOCUND July brings in many a jolly day.
The Jubilee Year should be really *all* holiday.

"Ah, no such luck!" cries ill-paid Mr. QUIVER-FULL.
Still *Punch* does hope to see rail, road, and
Phœbus dear, shine from a bright azure heaven,
If only in honour of year 'Eighty-Seven.
All sorts of joys—farmers know it—will follow,
If but they obtain a good lead from Apollo.

DUMB GRAMBO JUNIOR'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.



By Run.



"South, eh?"



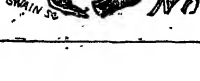
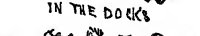
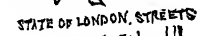
Coleridge.



Wordsworth.

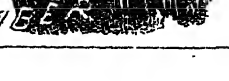


Eliza Cook, Browning and Burns.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID:
Love-lorn Middy (about to join his ship). "I'VE COME TO SAY GOOD-BYE, AMY!"
Cousin Amy. "GOOD-BYE, JOHNNY. WHEN WE SEE YOU NEXT, I HOPE YOU'LL BE AN ADMIRAL!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.





Keeper (to the two Tourists, who find Canoeing more difficult on the Highland Rivers than on the Thames). "Hi! Hoy! Hoy! D' ye NO KEN THIS IS THE McCHIZZLEM'S PRIVATE WATTER!?"

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

AUGUST.

AUGUST! We'll hope
that no poor Party
wrangle
Once more may our
Parliament put in a
tangle.
No dread of prolonged
Autumn - Session
should paralyse
Patriot souls who would
"pleasantly ruralise."
The Jubilee Year gives a
chance to reform all
St. Stephens's cantrips
absurd and abnormal,
And let our tired Sena-
tors - gleefully out-
stream -
To keep their appoint-
ments with moor or
with trout-stream.

SEPTEMBER.

Joy! Jubilee sport
should employ lots of
cartridges,
And nothing *this* year
should go wrong with
the partridges.
Ceres has sulked far too
long, thinks the Far-
mer,
But loyalty surely *this*
year should disarm
her.
Autumnal Spouters,
don't go it too tub-
bly...



NOT TO BE DISCONCERTED.

"THIS IS THE SUEZ CANAL, ISN'T IT, MOTHER?"—"NO, DARLING; IT'S THE REGENT'S CANAL."—"OH, OF COURSE. HOW STUPID OF ME! I'M ALWAYS CONFUSING THESE TWO CANALS!"

For overmuch jaw will
o'ershadow the Jubi-
lee.

We shan't want too
much of the militant
Member
Pervading our platforms
this pleasant Septem-
ber.

OCTOBER.

AN *Annus Mirabilis* even
gets sober
When Autumn days
draw to an end in
October.
But the warm mellow
strength of October's
old brews
May our hearts, if they're
stout, at this season
suffuse.
Punch drinks to his
QUEEN, of chill Win-
ter defiant,
And wishes JOHN BULL
the strong health of a
giant.
For patriot passion his
bosom will fill aye,
E'en in "Chill October,"
as painted by MILLAIS.

PROVERBIAL PESSIM-
ISM.—What's the odds
so long as you are
happy? That you won't
remain so much longer.

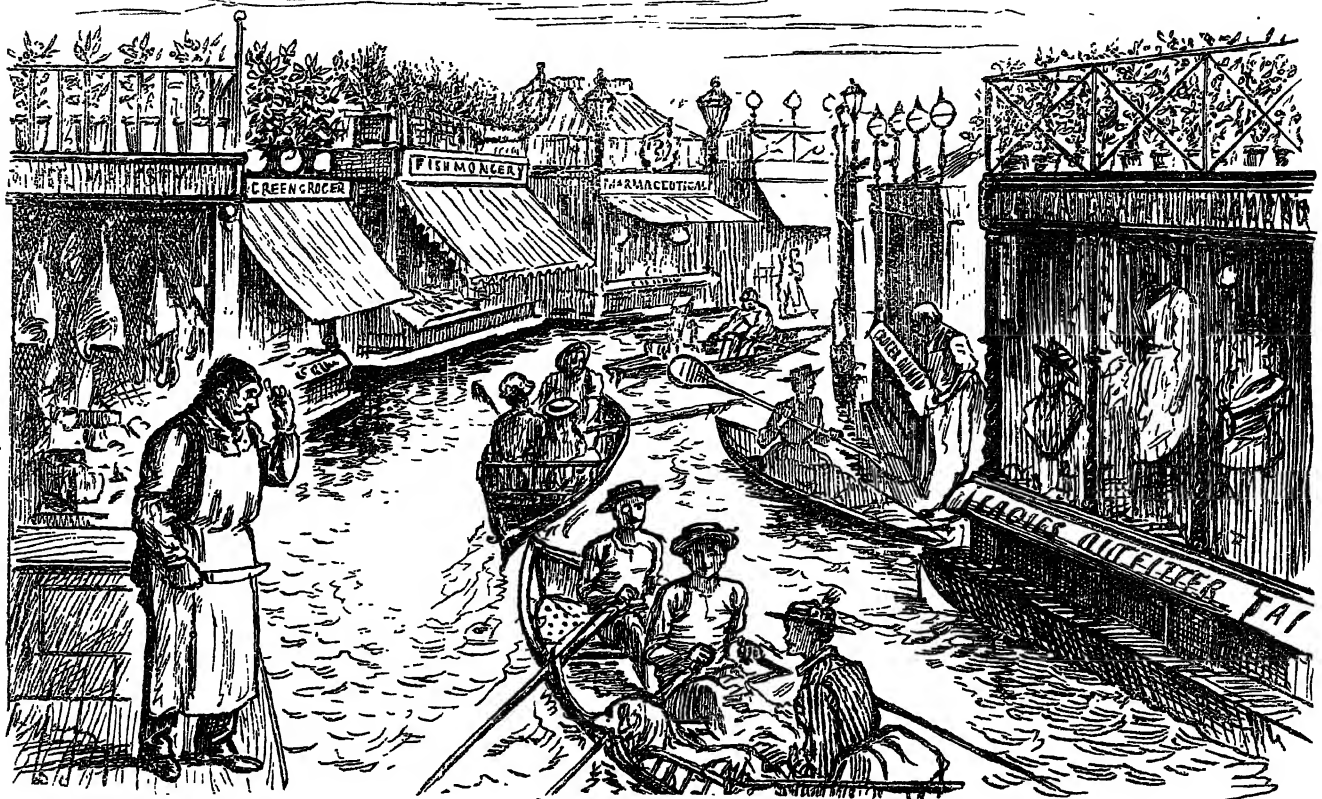
TOO MUCH OF A GOOD
THING.—Don't feed Pigs
with Peaches.

December 6, 1886.]

.PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1887.



MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE HIEROGLYPHIC FOR 1887.



THE THAMES.

(Development of the House-boat System.)

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER! Now,
Drives, yield tithe of
your store;
For the Jubilee Year
should bring joy to the
Poor.

However we glorify
Throne, State, or
Church,

The destitute should not
be left in the lurch.

The occasion is grand in
its scope and its rarity,
But oh, its best glory will
pale without Charity!

If you would stay An-
archy's steps, JOHN,
remember

The case of the Poor, a
good work for No-
vember.

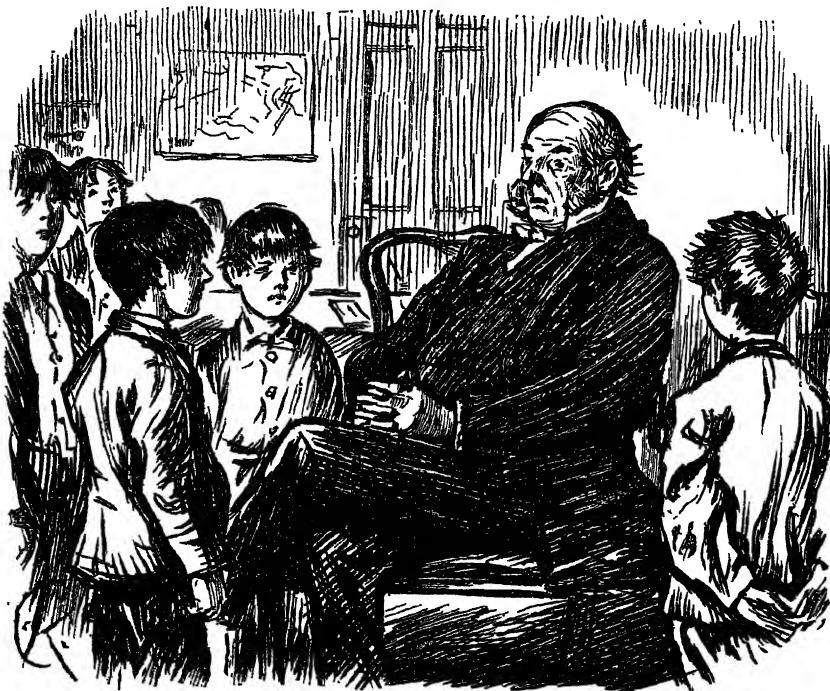
DECEMBER.

WELL, all things must
end, even Jubilee
Years.

Punch has just run the
round of its joys,
hopes, and fears;
One last Christmas toast
—Here's to England
all round!

Strength to all British
hearts, peace to all
British ground!

May our brave men be
just, and our gene-
rous thrifty,



New Schoolmaster (examining in Physical Geography). "WHAT IS AN ISLAND?" (No answer.) "FOR INSTANCE, COULD I RIDE FROM HERE TO FRANCE OR TO IRELAND?" (No answer.) "Nice, Little Boy (quite a Favourite)." "NO, SIR."
Schoolmaster (approvingly). "QUITE RIGHT, DAVID. TELL US WHY, MY BOY."
David. "'CAUSE FATHER SAY HE SEE YE OU O' HOSBACK, AN' HE'D LAHY A SHILLIN' AS YE OU COU'NT GOO HALF A MILE 'THOUT A WOBBLIN' OFF!!"

And, oh! at the end of
another fair fifty,
May Albion's oak be as
stalwart and green
As now when we shout
round it, "God save
the QUEEN!"

AN UNLUCKY MAN'S
DIARY.

DECEMBER 3RD.—Am
moved home at length in
an invalid carriage, ar-
rive to find my house on
fire, and being pumped
on by five engines.
Remember that I quite
forgot to pay the last
insurance premium.

25TH.—It being Christ-
mas Day, attend a family
gathering at the house of
my eldest sister-in-law.
On the ladies leaving the
table after dinner, some
dispute arises among the
men of the family, and
decanter are freely flung
about. Narrowly escape
having my head cut
open. The fracas con-
tinuing, the screams of
the women attract the
Police, when our great
Uncle is by universal
consent, given into cus-
tody.

31ST.—Am again,
through some mistake,
summoned for rates. The
year closes sadly.



WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.—That there may be no further opposition to my excellent scheme for an Imperial Institute. That *Mr. Punch* and myself may agree on every subject.

Lord Salisbury.—That *HARTINGTON* will listen to reason, and that every blessing may light on my dear *RANDOLPH*'s head.

Lord Hartington.—Wish *RANDOLPH* hadn't spoilt my holiday. Wish I hadn't been born an hereditary politician.

Mr. Parnell.—That my friends in Ireland will in future leave me to fix on the "plan of campaign."

The Czar.—That the Powers would unanimously accept *KATKOFF* as Prince of Bulgaria, so that I could have a few hours' peace in my own dominions.

The Prince of Mingrelia.—That the *CZAR* would let me go off quietly to Monte Carlo, instead of Sophia.

Mr. Justice Butt.—That the Divorce Court may be turned into a Camera Obscura.

Mr. Gladstone.—That the *SULTAN* had given me that diamond cigar-case instead of *CHAMBERLAIN*.

Mr. Labouchere.—That the *G. O. M.* may be led to see the value of my constant support by the time he is making up his next Cabinet.

Mr. Chamberlain.—That I may get the Premiership.

Mr. Morley.—I wish he may get it.

Lord R. Churchill.—That those idiotic London Members really knew something of the public opinion they are supposed to represent, and that I had never been led by them into an unpopular crusade against the Coal and Grain Dues.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen.—That I had never set eyes on South Kensington!

The Governor of Kilmainham.—That the Nationalist platform may always contain a plank-bed as one item.

Sir Charles Warren.—That not a single aggrieved citizen during the whole twelvemonth may have reason to think that the Force is no remedy.

Mr. Punch, for the whole British Public.—That the year may contain as few Society scandals, prosecutions of Irish leaders, Parliamentary wrangles, All-night Sittings, Trafalgar Square Meetings, Prize-fights, East Winds, Burglaries, and Bye-Elections as is consistent with the continued and unimpaired existence of the British Constitution.

ANOTHER "NEW DEPARTURE."—Lord *RANDOLPH*'s from the Cabinet.

THE MYSTERY OF GREAT PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

THE only newspaper, as far as we are aware, that published the startling news of Lord *RANDOLPH*'s resignation last Thursday morning was the *Times*. So for once not even the most Ultra-Liberal or Radical journal was in advance of the *Times*. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was so astonished that it thought the Jupiter must have been hoaxed, and sent an interviewer post haste to Lord *RANDOLPH*. But the ex-Chancellor was too wary a bird to be caught, and the *P.M.G.* Young Man had to be content with interviewing Lord *RANDOLPH*'s Secretary. Who gave the *Times* the private and confidential tip? Was it *RANDOLPH* himself? Anyhow the *Times* was not hoaxed, though it was "taken in" everywhere and by everybody that morning.

To Lovers of a Good Dinner.

"CIVILISED man cannot live without dining," sings Lord *LYTTON*. Still less can half-civilised children. If, however, any *bon-vivant*, who happens to have a good heart as well as a good digestion, wishes to know what pleasure can be got out of dining, let him take a turn at the Mission Room in Clerkenwell Close, where Mr. J. A. GROOM, Superintendent of the Flower Girls' Mission and Brigade, on Wednesdays and Thursdays supplies halfpenny hot meat dinners to hundreds of poor children. A Halfpenny Hot Meat Dinner! If that is not a "good" dinner, what is? Failing a personal visit, the next best thing the *bon-vivant* can do is to send a representative—in the shape of a handsome contribution to the Mission's funds. A guinea will give a dinner to 504 poor children! Spare as many guineas as possible; send some to Nazareth House for the poor old folks at home there, and you will have done something worthy of the title of the real *Bon-Vivant*, with an emphasis on the "bon."

"DAYS WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY" (MACMILLAN).—In our notice of this charmingly got-up and most seasonable book we omitted to mention the name of the Artist, Mr. HUGH THOMSON, whose work does so much to enhance the value of the selections. But why did we omit it? Because we could not find it, where, as we contend, it ought to have been, on the title-page facing the frontispiece, which, by the way, is not at all a fair specimen of his work throughout the volume. After careful search right through the book, we discovered it at last where we might have looked at first, modestly recorded on a sort of fly-page at the commencement. Quite an unexpected pleasure, and delighted to meet him anywhere. It is also emblazoned on the cover, but the cover of our copy was itself protected by a paper wrapper, which as it happened we did not remove. This explanation is simple and satisfactory.

MR. PUNCH'S PARTY.



New Year's Eve! The eve of the Jubilee Year!

A merry party is assembled in the Palace of *Punch*. It is something like a Party, *Punch's* Own Party, embracing the pick of all parties. And they are enjoying themselves tremendously!

"Look here, Markiss," cries the host, "don't you *entirely* monopolise our Hermit of Hawarden. His opinion on CARNARVON's latest Homeric effort is doubtless superlatively interesting; but he hasn't given us a song yet. Years ago he used to be great at Nigger Minstrelsy. What shall it be, WILLIAM? Your old favourite, 'Camp-Town Races,' or 'The Whole Hog or None'?"

"Why," says the ex-Premier, modestly, putting up his shirt collars, which have become a trifle limp in the course of the evening ("O-limpy-uns," RANDOLPH is heard to murmur, with that air of resignation which he has recently assumed), "if you don't mind, I'd rather give you my friend Lord TENNYSON's 'Hands all Round,' which JOHN BRIGHT has set to music, and HARTINGTON says it just suits my voice." Whereat HARTINGTON nods pleasantly.

Producing from some mysterious pocket a small bottle, containing his patent Vocal Vaseline, he takes, as JOHN MORLEY facetiously

expresses it, "a suck at the lemon," and then strikes up this latest composition. *Such* a chorus! JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN puts in a pretty "seconds." ("If he'd only do it as nicely at St. Stephen's, what harmony we should have!" whispers LABBY to GOSCHEN, who is beating time blandly with a cracker bon-bon.) Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT brings in his *basso profundo* at the wrong places, and only finds out his mistake when his leader frowns him down. Then he subsides, and tries to catch the tune occasionally, but fails. RANDOLPH's tenor comes out well, but Lord Cross's alto is a trifle feeble, owing, he says, to the change of weather. Lord GRANVILLE hums an accompaniment, and PARNELL executes a few variations on the original theme. MORLEY has got an idea of the tune, but he's a trifle too sharp. BROADHURST wishes he had brought the marrow-bones and cleavers with him, but, failing that, he beats time on his knees. Then RANDOLPH volunteers "The Army and Navy for ever! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!" arranged as a trio for himself, W. H. SMITH, and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. Everybody delighted. "Bravo, all!" cries Mr. *Punch*. "May differences of opinion never alter friendship" is an old-fashioned sentiment. You will

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

[MURRAY wrote to Lord BYRON in 1816, about his idea of starting a "monthly literary journal." The first number of *Murray's Magazine*, has just appeared. December, 1886.]

Here's the *Fortnightly*, *Cornhill* too,
Likewise *The National Review*,
Macmillan's,—yet one more, brand new,
Our MURRAY!

With "letters, essays, epigram,
Facts, travels, characters," I am
About my Magazine to cram."
Wrote MURRAY!

In 1816—date you fix—
Your Magazine projected—*nix*—
But here's, in eighteen eighty-six,
Our MURRAY!

'Tis here! The Magazine's begun,
Yes! The first number is well done.
You've "taken care of Number one,"
My MURRAY!

"*Byroniana*"—eh?—unless
You've something startling,—but
we guess

You know what's what. *Punch*
drinks success,
To MURRAY!

LORD RANDOLPH'S RESIGNATION.—"Dear, dear! most annoying! He has no consideration for us!" exclaim all the purveyors and compilers of Diaries, Almanacs, and Pocket-books for 1887. We haven't yet seen *Whitaker's*. But if his invaluable work should happen to be a trifle late, it will have the pull over all the others by coming out with the "Correct Card." But it is too bad of RANDOLPH—he might have waited.



CHRISTMAS-BOX "À SURPRISE."

NEW TOY PRESENTED TO LORD SALISBURY.

NEWS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[It is announced that Mr. BENTLEY will publish Mr. SALA's Autobiography early in the New Year.]

WHAT! the long promised, long looked for, at last,
Coming ere Spring her green mantle bath cast [Year?
Over the fields of the Jubilee That is a thought to make Winter less drear.

SALA's own Autobiography coming?

This will set gossips and gourmets all humming.

Everyone will be expectant, with reason. [the Season!

Surely it should be the Book of *We* shall look out for it eagerly, trust us.

Health and a Happy New Year,
GEORGE AUGUSTUS!

CHRISTMAS "Mummers" is the name of the new Society for "Botanic Beer" drinking, started by the Ex-M.P. who lately wrote to the *Times*, stating that this beverage is a composition called "Mum," by which Mr. GLADSTONE, in the "Budget and Mum" time, "found himself completely floored." It's another sort of Mumm in mags that might do this. Anyhow "Botanic Beer" might have some association with "Flora."

AN UNPOETIC LINE.—This is evidently the proposed Lake District Railway. Mr. HILLS wrote strongly to the *Times* last week against this new measure, which is more akin to prose than poetry. It is in the fitness of things that Lakes should be defended by Hills.

agree to differ among yourselves, professionally; but, Gentlemen, remember there is One Party to which you all belong, which is not the First, or the Fourth, or the Fifth Party, but it is before all Parties, and it is *Punch's* Party. ('*Hear! hear!*') In this Party there will be no splits—except of brandies-and-sodas. (*Loud applause.*) Remember, Gentlemen, I disdain all partisanship. (*Great enthusiasm, especially from Lord Salisbury and Lord Cross.*) Irrespective of parties, I consult the public good. When I laugh I shake not one side only, but both sides. (*Cheers.*) You must all, as Lord Cross has just whispered to me, be prepared to take the chaff with the wit. ("Oh! oh!") Do not let such a pun disturb the harmony. Lord Cross's health. (*Drunk enthusiastically.*) We will not call upon him to return thanks. (*Laughter, during which Lord Cross re-filled his tumbler from the flowing bowl.*) A good example. Glasses round. The solemn moment approaches. The last toast of the Old Year is 'Our Differences.' (*Drunk in solemn silence.* *Big Ben strikes midnight. The Punch bowl blazes. The Bells ring joyously and jubileeshly.*) And now with the first minute of the New Year let our Jubilee Toast be Her Imperial Majesty 'THE QUEEN!'

[*Drunk with six times six, Mr. Parnell calling for another cheer, and Mr. Morley giving it.*

"And next my Lords and Gentlemen, the Prince of WALES, the PRINCESS (bless her!) and the rest of the Royal Family."

[*Received with enthusiastic cheering.*
"And lastly the final toast of this particular meeting, 'Mr. Punch's Party, and no Politics!'" [Thundering cheers.

"And now, Gentlemen," said Mr. Punch, lighting another cigar, "the night is young, so is the year. Give your orders, the waiter's in the room. We won't go home till morning—"

All (*in chorus*). We won't go home till morning!
Lord Cross (*enthusiastically waving his spectacles*). We won't go home at all!

Everybody (*with enthusiastic unanimity turning to Mr. Punch, and up-lifting glasses and voices*):—For he's a jolly good fellow! And so say all of us!

[*After this the sitting partook of a strictly private character, and called for no further remark.*

WORTH CONSIDERATION.

ALTHOUGH the voice of Kensington on the subject of the supplemental charter to Albert Hall is to be heard by means of a BRAYE—which has an unfortunate sound—yet, like the utterance of BALAAM's inspired animal, it speaks the words of wise warning. Shall the Albert Hall and the Gardens become a Cremorneries? this is the question. With Olympia at Addison Road, with Buffalo BILL's Show at Earl's Court (about Easter-time), and the Exhibition re-opened, the Kensingtonians will not have to complain of lack of amusement, whatever else they may have to grumble about.

Now, be it understood that, if a Cremorne be a necessity, Mr. Punch is not opposed to it, as long as it does not pretend to be a scientific exhibition, and so sneak in under a disguise. His Royal Highness's Councillors having settled their scheme for the Imperial Institute, a scheme on which Mr. Punch can congratulate H.R.H., the Kensington site will no longer be required for a Cremorneries. So Mr. Punch ventures to point out that there is plenty of space, and to spare, for Cremorneries in the interior of Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and St. James's Park. Why should not central spaces in these localities be put up to the highest bidder, who could sub-let the ground to showmen and Restaurateurs, so that we should have a kind of Champs Elysées in Hyde Park with a Café des Ambassadeurs, and such like places, open in the summer for dining, and for concerts, and music-hall performances afterwards, and in the day-time for luncheon? The same sort of fair could be arranged in Regent's Park. The People's Caterer would undertake the amusements in Battersea Park; and there would be bands playing throughout the day in all the Cremorneries.

Place all the details under the capable management of Sir SOMERS VINE and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD; call the Shows collectively the "Summer Vineries," and start with the Spring: the better the spring the better the start. Such a scheme as this would enliven London, relieve Kensington from a plethora of amusements, and fairly distribute the pleasure-seeking crowd.

A CHILDREN'S TREAT.—Take them to a *Matinée* of *Alice in Wonderland* at the Prince of Wales's. More anon.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYTO, M.P.)



ÆTA, Saturday.—This Gaeta a charming place. The Bay might well compete with that of Naples for beauty of situation; but it is the town itself that is unique in interest. The Guide-book has little to say about it, and tourists are rarely seen within its ancient gates. It is very old, was a free city with its own Doge, down to the 12th century, taking its full share in the

wars of the period. (Sorry the Doge is dead; should like to have interviewed him and recruited him with the rest. But he is no more.) Can only walk about the streets he once passed through in splendour. Such streets! about the width of an ordinary dining-table, flanked on either side by lofty houses budding into balconies at all kinds of unexpected places. For the ten centuries these streets have existed, the sun has never touched the pavement. There is all about a genial green mouldiness, which must be very refreshing when, in July or August, the sun is beating down upon the rock round which Gaeta has twined itself.

Naples, Saturday.—The voyage from Civita Vecchia to Gaeta was, by reason of fine weather, enchanting. That from Gaeta to Naples was even better—a perfect day, with the blue Mediterranean just rippled with a breath of wind, and all the hills that sentinel the mainland standing clear out under the cloudless sky. Yet another beautiful day, and we crossed the Bay in the steam-launch, landed at Torre del Annunziata, and drove through the narrow, crowded streets to peaceful Pompeii. Worth a long journey to stand for awhile in the streets of this silent city; could almost imagine that the inhabitants had quitted it but yesterday. Some of them, however, we saw lying in the Museum by the entrance gate, prone as they fell eighteen hundred years ago. Strangely human they look, their faces so well preserved that, doubtless, if the Wandering Jew were about, and had personally known them in Pompeii, he would be able to identify them. Evidently a luxurious race the Pompeiians, with a shrewd notion of making themselves comfortable. Barring the little tendency to accident, the site of the city is one of the most beautiful in the world, with its peep of the sea, and its amphitheatre of hills, prominent amongst them Vesuvius, smoking with a deliberate air of unconcern, in passive denial of having had anything to do with the present roofless state of the city.

Naples, a busy place, with no footpaths to speak of. The principal thoroughfares densely crowded; have to walk in the roadway; rather awkward, owing to peculiar method cabmen have of inviting custom. If they see anyone walking in the roadway who looks as if he had a franc in his pocket, they drive down upon him full speed, skilfully bringing the horse's head over his shoulder, and the near shaft into the small of his back. If he wants a cab, you know, there it is; if he don't, the man turns off in search of business elsewhere. This has its conveniences, but grows monotonous by the time you have walked the full length of the Chiaja, or the Via di Roma. One other street habit I notice, more desirable for importation to London. The morning and afternoon milk is brought to the door of the customers by the animals themselves. The milkman drives his goats their daily round, the customer produces a jug, and not only pays for his milk, but, to quote a familiar injunction, "sees that he gets it." To-day we saw a number of turkeys being driven up a street. The Sailing-master says they are worked upon the same principle. The proprietor knocks at the door, inquires if eggs are wanted. If he gets an order for two, or half a dozen, the turkeys lay them, and pass on their round. I did not see this done myself.

Have seen CHAPLIN and HARTINGTON, and arranged for them an interview with the Prince of MONACO. Rather a picturesque rendezvous. Have to be very careful, since we are constantly watched by the reporters. Our Chief has assumed the name of "Mr. BISHOP," and looks very well in pair of blue spectacles. Wears a long cloak, after the Italian manner. HARTINGTON, who travels as "Mr. CAVENDISH," wears his hat on the back of his head, keeps his hand out of his trouser pocket, assumes a jerky walk, and is consequently thoroughly disguised. We met at the foot of Vesuvius on the stroke of midnight. Mr. CAVENDISH said it was "bosh!" but our Chief, flinging the flap of his cloak over right shoulder (as he has seen the Italian officers do), said mustn't omit any precaution. Chief seems certain that he has secured HARTINGTON. Professes not to care about CHAMBERLAIN or GOSCHEN.

To-morrow we set off for Messina, Palermo, thence to Venice, and eastward through the Isles of Greece to the Golden Horn. If I succeed in my endeavour to see the Doge of Venice, I'll write again.

"THE CROCODILE."

FROM what I have read in the *Daily News*,
Of this new piece of Mister SARDOU'S,
I think *The Crocodile* is, sans doute,
Adapted from the *Overland Route*.
What! adapt from English! that can't be true
Of any French author, eh? SARDOU?
But it seems very like it, unless we say,
That both had worked from an older play.
And this suspicion won't be removed,
Until the contrary be proved.

A GOOD BUTLER IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

MR. PUNCH congratulates Mr. TOOLE upon his new situation at his own Theatre, which suits him to a tea. Naturally it must, because



"Allow me! Miss Linden and Miss Vanbrugh,—our Novice."

it comes between his early dinner and his late supper. Mr. and Mrs. HERMAN MERIVALE call their play a Domestic Comedy, and they have not chosen this description inappropriately, as assuredly the "Domestic" is the feature of the cast. Good, however, as Mr. TOOLE certainly is, he receives admirable support from the clever and versatile Miss MARIE LINDEN, the thoroughly conscientious Miss EMILY THORNE, the intelligent and piquante Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH (a valuable recruit), the useful Mr. E. D. WARD, and the evergreen Mr. BILLINGTON. The Company work together with a will that quickly finds a way to the hearts of the audience. Judging from the houses that have been seen since the production of the new piece, *The Butler* during the present season will have a constant supply of Christmas Boxes, to say nothing of Stalls, Dress Circles, Pits, and Galleries.

Tennyson's Latest.

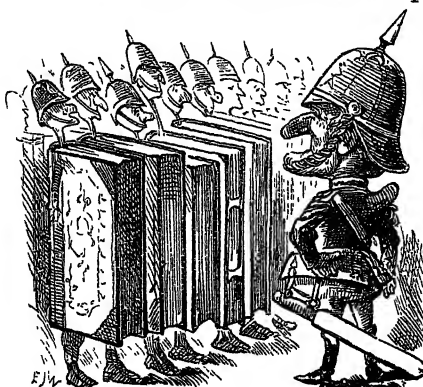
In "*Locksley Hall after Sixty Years*"
There's many a thought to awaken tears;
Many a line both true and strong,
And one great merit—'tis not too long;
But as to the tedious *Promise of May*.
'Tis dull as a poem, absurd as a play.

SOMETHING LIKE "A POWER OF ATTORNEY."—"Lewis" in the language of Freemasonry means "strength." It required LEWIS to pull the Colin Campbell case through. And it was pulled through triumphantly by GEORGE!

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

THE HON. HALLAM TENNYSON has been playing the part of the



Reviewing the Books.

The Land of Little People, (HILDESHEIMER & Co.) will also be vastly popular with little people and big.

Poems done by WEATHERLY, sparkling and feathery, MISS DEALY's judicious, with pencil dealicious!

And so we sum it all up. But here is another book which children will clamour for. *The Queen of the Pirate Isle* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). It is full of hearty fun, or rather Bret Hartey fun, and the illustrations by Miss KATE GREENAWAY are excellent. A capital sea-story—quite a first-floor-fronter—is *The Cruise of the Black Prince*, by Commander LOVETT CAMERON. Older boys will delight in *The Chronicle of the Coach*, by J. D. CHAMPELIN, JUNR. A rapid journey with plenty of wheel and very little wo, from London to Ilfracombe. E. L. CHICHESTER's clever cuts—not with the whip, but with the pencil—add materially to the pleasure of the trip. *Glad Hours* (WARD AND LOCK), by Miss MURIEL EVELYN, is an attractive volume. This version of "Evelyn's Diary," and all the pictures illustrating it, will be a favourite amongst the Tynymite Party. *The Babes in the Wood*, (RAPHAEL TUCK). The old, old story with capital new wood-cuts by WEGAND. Ought to be called *The Babes on the Wood*. But supposing they are not wood-cuts? Supposing they are some "process,"—copper? zinc? "Of what is the old man zinging?" This is frivolous—let us inspect *The Knight and the Lady* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE), TOM HOOD's capital ancient ballad with a number of admirable new illustrations by EDWARD JESSOP. *The Theatre Annual*, is a capital one this year, and contains a wonderful variety in prose and verse. Among the principal contributors beside the editor CLEMENT SCOTT, are E. L. BLANCHARD, GODFREY TURNER, H. SAVILE CLARKE, W. ARCHER, BRAM STOKER, and VIOLET FANE. *Unwin's Annual* is a good one, with a good title—*The Witching Time*. It consists of excellent stories well told, under the editorship of HENRY NORMAN.

Doubtless we get a great deal too much Christmas literature at Christmas-time, and next year it is to be hoped the Publishers will try a change, and give us tales of frost and snow at Midsummer, and let us read verses celebrating the delights of sultry weather, the river, and the sea, at Christmas. As *Mr. Punch* enjoyed his Christmas by anticipation somewhere about last August, he does not want to hear any more about it. It is a relief to turn to Captain HAWLEY SMART's *Outsider* (WHITE & Co.). This story will probably be an "insider" during the festive season. It will be inside many a boudoir, library, and smoking-room, and add to warmth and geniality by its dashing spirit and cheery good humour. *Romantic Spain* (WARD AND DOWNER) is a good book to read when the snow is on the ground, or during the intervals of water-pipes bursting. J. A. O'SHEA tells of his personal experiences in perturbed Spain from the abdication of AMADEUS to the entry of DON CARLOS. The book is full of adventure, and abounds in picturesque description. Very little guide-book and less history, for which the reader will be truly thankful. *Margaret Jerminé* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by FAYR MADOC, might be described, in the language of vintages, as "a very fair Médoc." There is an excellent bouquet about the first volume, which had it been sustained through the remaining two, would have supplied a novel of note. But there is scarcely sufficient body in the story to justify its dilution into three volumes. It would have been more successful as a big one-volume tale. In *Riding for Ladies* (THACKER & Co.) Mrs. POWER O'DONOGHUE (more power to her—not that she wants it) shows no signs of "falling off." Indeed, she shows her readers how to become riders, and to stick on gracefully. She sketches her pupils "in their habits as they ride," and gives them a bit of her mind about bits, and tells them all about

spurs on the spur of the moment.—We heartily welcome the initial Number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The Messrs. SCRIBNER were the pioneers of that excellence in get up, printing, illustration, and literary value, which have made the American periodicals of this class famous throughout Europe. Their latest venture shows they have by no means forgotten their rare skill and admirable taste in such matters. The Number before us is well printed, capably illustrated, and contains a great variety of valuable literary work. Of especial note is "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris," by E. B. WASHBURN, Ex-Minister to France. This Magazine is well charged—the charge, we may note, is the harmless but necessary shilling—and, though there is no chance of its "blowing up," there is every prospect of its "going off" in England in a manner that will prove, in all respects, satisfactory to its promoters.

FATHER CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILD.

A Seasonable Colloquy, after a Celebrated Model.

"You are old, Father Christmas," the young child said,
"Yet you're true to your time to a day,
Though your hair is so white, and your nose is so red.
Tell me how you keep going, I pray."

"I am yet a mere youth," Father Christmas replied,
"Though I have such a jolly long past.
If you've got a warm heart, and shun sourness and pride,
You may keep up your youth to the last."

"You are old, Father Christmas," the young child remarked,
"And you do not take pills, I'll be bound;
Yet, considering how you have gobbled and larked,
Your health seems remarkably sound."

"As for COCKLE & Co.," Father Christmas replied,
"They're devoid of attractions for me;
For the lots that I take won't upset my inside,
Since I give even more, don't you see!"

"You're a brick, Father Christmas," the young child said,
"Yet you're rather like *Bardolph*, between us.
Say why do they give you a flushed figure-head,
That reminds one so much of Silenus?"

"Most Artists are muffs," Father Christmas replied,
"When true fancy, convention-clogged, slumbers;
But judge me, dear child, by my fame far and wide,
Not my pictures in cheap Christmas Numbers!"

THE OLYMPIANS.

A WONDERFUL place this Olympia. Quite handy to the Addison Road Station. Good omen in the name of "Addison," suggesting numbers of Spectators. Nothing so extensive has yet been seen in London.



Going Underground to Olympia.

A regiment of cavalry could be equipped from the stables,—cavalry of all ages, and of many nationalities. As for infantry, there are the tiniest ponies there to suit the requirements of any nursery. We happened to look in while two of the Elephants were rehearsing. One of them evidently liked his part, but the other was inclined to throw his up, judging by the movement of his trunk. However, he was not more troublesome than any other Actor would have been under similar circumstances; and, on consideration of being permitted to intersperse a considerable amount of "gag," which he did by roaring with laughter, of course, and trumpeting (his form of advertising himself), he consented to undertake the part, and went through it in a manner that promised well for its success with the public. The Olympians were in their working dresses. The gods and goddesses seemed very tired. *Æolus* was making a tremendous noise in practising the wind instruments, and *Apollo* and *Diana* were arranging to rehearse the stag-hunt as we were leaving. More, after our official visit.

A LIST of the guests at the New Club last week included one "M. DE SEVERAL." No more comprehensive name since the days of Lot.

PLAYING "THE DUES" WITH HIM.—The Coals did it. At the last meeting with his Chief he had been hauled over them, and, in a temper, he resigned. They call him Lord RANDOM CHURCHILL now.



A YOUNG HUMANITARIAN.

"OH, MAMMA, MAMMA, COULDN'T YOU INTERFERE? THERE'S A HORRID MAN SQUEEZING SOMETHING UNDER HIS ARM, AND HE IS HURTING IT SO!"

THE JUBILEE "MEET."

Old Huntsman loquitur:—

JUMP into the saddle, my juvenile! Just so!
You have, for a youngster, a promising seat,
'Twill serve you 'cross country, at least, lad, I trust so;
My eye is upon you, at this, your first meet.
I've witnessed so many, and so as a Mentor
You cannot do better than take *Mr. P.*,
With the eye of a hawk and the seat of a Centaur,
And so keep *your* eye, my young Nimrod, on me!
You'll have to look sharp, if you'd hold the first flight;
But just follow me, and you're bound to go right.

The first dash at anything's thrilling, my younker,
But keep a cool head and a not too hot heel.
You need not, of course, be a fumbler or funkier,
But fate tries not only our fire, but our steel.
There is many a "nasty one" looming ahead, lad;
The run will be long, and the course may be rough;
There is no royal road in this chase when all's said, lad;
Your nerves must be steady, your muscles be tough.
Yohoicks! Tallyho! This seems capital fun;
But we are not, you see, at the end of the run.

You're lucky, my lad, such occasions to few come,
For this is a Grand Anniversary Meet.
That ought to put you on your mettle, young Newcome.
A chance such as this, youthful courage should greet.
The run will be certainly hot and exciting,
The field will be full, and the company grand,
Why, e'en an old huntsman, in caution delighting
May feel himself get just a bit out of hand.
Tallyho! Tallyho! We will go it to-day,
For such frolics as this come but once in a way.

You are fresh to the pink and the pigskin, my youngster,
So mark the Old Hand, and attend to his tip;
Don't prove what Lord TENNYSON calls a mere "tonguester";
Don't shout, but ride straight, quiet hand, steady grip.

The prospect is foggy, some fields heavy, boggy,
And raspers and croppers may come at the close.
Good going at present, my bright adolescent?

Not much! Hark! the horn its shrill tantara blows.
Here's pace to the steady, and stay to the fleet,
And good fortune all round at the Jubilee Meet!

IN THE CRACKERS.

For Lord Salisbury.—A new Leader in the House of Commons.

Mr. Gladstone.—Free pass to the Stalls at "Olympia."

Mr. Chamberlain.—Parcel of recently imported Greek Oratorical Fire, to be used shortly, and displayed at the Athens of the North.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach.—Draft for a new Crimes Act, drawn up at Dublin, from Notes taken on the spot.

The Emperor of Russia.—The Bulgarian Constitution in a nutshell.

M. Grévy.—Credit Note for £20,000,000, to be spent forthwith in French Armaments.

Prince Bismarck.—Materials for drawing up an Ultimatum.

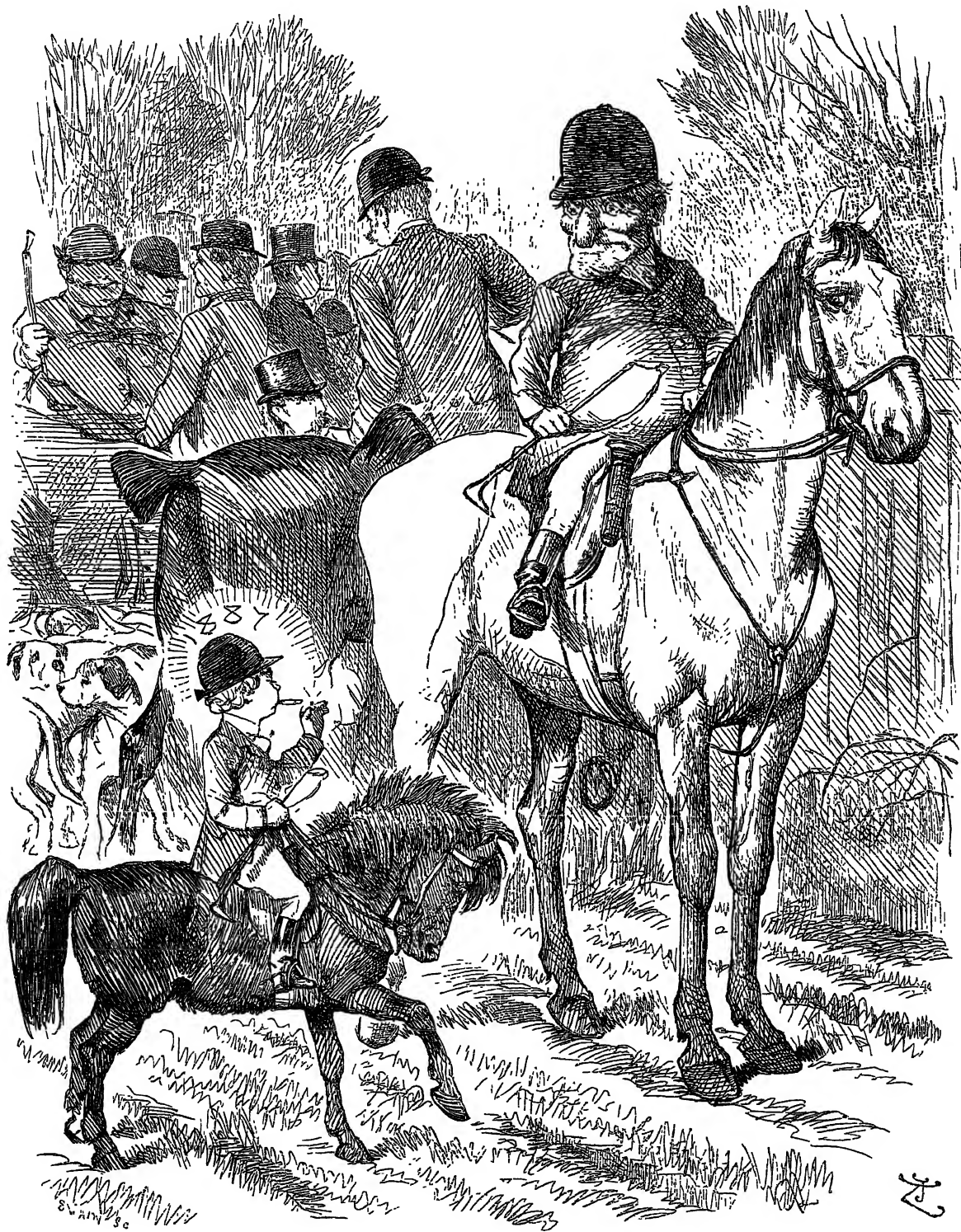
The Postmaster-General.—Model of a Cunard Liner, in sugar, and set of Complimentary Verses from Liverpool Commercial Notabilities.

Mr. Parnell.—Prize Essay on "The Occasional Disadvantages of Masterly Inaction."

Sir Charles Warren.—Silver Dog Whistle, presented by subscription from the Battersea Home.

The Bulgarian Delegates.—Invitation to cordial but unofficial Interview on the back-stairs of the Foreign Office.

PUFFING A "CHURCHWARDEN" WHICH "DRAWS" WELL.—*Mr. TERRY*, in his new piece at the Olympic, is immensely funny. As usual nowadays, the Play is a translation from the German. Evidently, when Paris was occupied by the foreigner from beyond the Rhine, the Library of the little Theatre in the Palais Royal must have been sacked, and the contents carried off to the Fatherland. *Mr. BISHOP* is excellent in an eccentric character part. *Mr. TERRY* might advertise the Olympic as a temporary "Church House," with a Bishop and a Churchwarden as the attractions.



THE JUBILEE "MEET."

THE OLD HUNTSMAN. "YOU STICK TO ME, YOUNG SIR. I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY!!"



POOR LETTER "O"!

Signor Mossini. "OW, MY LOVE! I LOVED HER SOW!
MY LOVE THAT LOVED ME YEARS AGOW!"

PUNCH'S OWN ZADKIEL FOR 1887.

January.—The year opens coldly. The appearance of the Great Bear in conjunction with Orion's Belt denotes that persons born on a Friday will suffer much distress of mind, caused either by a disappointment in love, or German measles. Aged Sovereign will suffer from headache. Political complications. Persons travelling on the 15th of the month should beware of storms. Prince BISMARCK will create suspicion.

February.—Parliament, now open, will see many changes. The Milky Way being in the house of Mars, there is reason to fear great pestilence in Eastern Australia. The 17th will be an unfortunate day for travelling to persons with red hair, and the Emperor of China. Aged Sovereign much better. Further complications. Prince BISMARCK will cause alarm.

March.—An event of great interest to the Royal Family will occur early in the month, and cause much rejoicing in some quarters, while in others it will be regarded with concealed suspicion. The appearance of Jupiter in Saturn's belt denotes that colds will be prevalent amongst persons with blue eyes, Arab agents, and the President of the United States. Aged Sovereign not quite so well. Balance of power affected. Prince BISMARCK will be carefully watched, and arouse conjectures.

April.—There will be several debates in Parliament, of very long duration. The 3rd will be unwholesome to children having mothers born on a Friday, tallow-chandlers, and the Queen of SPAIN. During the month, Venus governs the Southern Cross, denoting that there will be much rain in Suffolk, and a revolution in North America. An aged Sovereign sneezes, thus causing complications amongst the European Powers. Prince BISMARCK will conceal his policy, and create apprehension.

May.—Much stormy and sunshiny weather. The 9th will be unfortunate to those who have been married on a Wednesday, Statesmen, letter-carriers, and the King of PORTUGAL. The concord of Cancer in the house of Uranus forebodes earthquakes in Ireland and the prevalence of influenza in Northern latitudes. Much apprehension is felt in Venezuela. An aged Sovereign goes out for a walk, and returns fatigued, causing European complications of a kind not easily removed. Prince BISMARCK by his conduct provokes comment.

June.—The month commences sadly with a famine in a country ill able to bear the disaster. The 29th will be a day to be avoided by aged persons fond of athletic exercises, mariners, and the Mikado of JAPAN. The eclipse of the Gemini shadows forth much distress in Switzerland, especially amongst those holding high office in the Navy. An aged Sovereign receives intelligence of a

disturbing character. Prince BISMARCK, by a stroke of unexpected policy, promotes distrust in some influential quarters.

July.—Rain and snow, in spite of the season of the year, are found in Greenland and further North. Between the 14th and 22nd poulterers and the Ex-Khedive of EGYPT should beware of playing on the German flute. An aged Sovereign takes a bath, a fact that has to be considered in international councils. Prince BISMARCK attracts attention.

August.—Hard times are experienced in Mexico owing to the failure of the harvest of a vegetable closely resembling the potato. The 12th is not a day to be chosen by mariners and children under four years of age for embarking in adventures requiring great energy and discrimination. An aged Sovereign was never better in his life. Prince BISMARCK causes a feeling of insecurity.

September.—Much storm in various parts of the world. Neptune, crossing the orbit of Jupiter, forebodes ill tidings to persons with red hair, and especially the Emperor of BRAZIL. An aged Sovereign suffers much from the extreme heat of the weather, and his state is regarded with interest by neighbouring monarchs. Prince BISMARCK's utterances are discredited in some quarters.

October.—The month opens with much excitement in America, produced by the dissemination of news of an alarming character. The 4th should be avoided by those intending to make a bargain, and the Imperial Family of Russia. An aged Sovereign dines half-an-hour later than usual, which causes some uneasiness. Prince BISMARCK's policy is regarded with disfavour in Southern Europe, especially Turkey, or its dependencies.

November.—London is invaded by a dense fog, which lasts for some time. The 9th is a fortunate day for the adventures of shipowners, burglars, and the President of the French Republic. An aged Sovereign is reported to be in weak health, a rumour that has its effect in the councils of Europe. Prince BISMARCK is regarded with suspicion by his fellow-statesmen.

December.—The month commences sadly in the more unhealthy parts of the West Coast of Africa. The conjunction of the Great Bear, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars, and Uranus, in the Milky Way denotes that some disaster may occur to the junior branches of the family of the Emperor of Austria. Great fires are seen in London on or about the 24th. Ireland is threatened with commotion, and the potato is eaten largely as food by the people of that unhappy island. An aged Monarch is said to feel the cold intensely, and the report is received with interest by adjacent Monarchs. Prince BISMARCK is very reticent in his utterances, but is still regarded with surprise, distrust, unbelief, suspicion, dislike, and apprehension.

THE TRUE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY:—The proposed Victoria Jubilee Tower.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

(Dis-played by D. Crambo, Junior.)



Share 'ards.

'Ole made.



Van Toon.

Blind Man's Buff!



FELINE AMENITIES.

'NOW WHICH OF THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOU MAY I HAVE, DEAREST! THE BEAUTIFUL ONE, OR THE ONE AS I KNOW YOU!'

ADVICE GRATIS.

JIMMY.—The correct pronunciation of "Psyche" is not "Psitch," as you seem to think. It rhymes with "Mikey." **GOETHE** is pronounced so as to rhyme with "Shirly." Your verses are promising.

STUDENT.—1. No; **POPE** did not write the *Iliad*. 2. The Great Seal is the impression on wax of the Arms of the Kingdom, and is always borne by the **LORD CHANCELLOR**. It is not a marine animal of unusually large dimensions. 3. Write to the Secretary of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. Possibly he may reply to your other queries.

BROKEN-HEARTED.—We cannot really undertake to advise you as to what is your best course. Yours is a peculiar case. It is rare for any one person to be simultaneously threatened with epilepsy, deserted by her affianced lover after the banns have been already published, bitten by a dog which has been rendered insane through being led about by a string, expelled from her lodgings for non-payment of rent, and thrown out of an active volcano. These events do not often happen together. Do not, at any rate, return the presents your lover gave you. If we were in your place we should convert them into cash. Then you might take out a County Court Summons against the owner of the dog, also of the volcano, and have something over for a Breach of Promise action.

VOTARY OF FASHION.—1. In paying afternoon calls, be careful to leave as many cards as there are persons in the family. Thus, if there are thirteen in all, leave thirteen cards. This is always done in the highest circles. 2. If you wish to make "kind inquiries," write P. P. C. in one corner. It is a formula which is well understood. 3. Do not take up the gravy in your plate with a spoon. It is contrary to good etiquette. You can get up as much as you want on the blade of your knife, but be sure not to cut yourself in so doing. 4. Buy *Etiquette for the Million*; or, *How to Behave like a Gentleman on Nothing a Year*—published at this office.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—The "Venus Milonis" means "the Venus

DOMESTIC MELODIES.

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

(By Sancho Preston Panza.)

No. I.—"MY WIFE HAS GONE AWAY."

AGAINST a leaden sky the tree
(There's one in my suburban garden)
Uplifts its ebon tracery,
And, as I gaze, I almost see
The scanty gravel freeze and harden;
And yet my heart is glad as May,
Because my Wife has gone away.

Sweet ties of Home! New cares in vain
Their piety essay to smother,
While those old spells the bride constrain
To play at maidenhood again,
And stay, a child once more, with Mother.
Thank goodness, Mother was not led
To come and stay with her instead.

Come hither, button-studded boy!
South, North, and West dispatch the fiery
Cross, with its tale of festal joy;
With plectral sixpences employ
The strings of the electric lyre!
Bid **SMITH** and **BROWN** and **JONES** attend
The feast of their recover'd friend.

To-day in Cambridge guise we'll meet,
As when some startling work we still
meant,

When dancing measures stirr'd our feet,
And hope made all the future sweet—
Before we met with its fulfilment.
We'll spend a true Ambrosian day,
Because my Wife has gone away.

Not that I love **AMANDA** less,
But that I wish to love her better,
'Tis well to loose the loving stress
That makes me sometimes fail to bless
The memorable day I met her;
She putting on the final word
A value that I deem absurd.

And soon to more marital mind
You bring me back, you careless Cook,
And, thanks to **MARY JANE**, I find, [you!
(Like mouse unwatch'd to play inblack,)
Μεταβολή not παντῶν γλυκὺ.
When kettles boil and boots are black,
Be sure my Wife is coming back!

of, or belonging to, **MILIO**." **MILIO** was a celebrated Greek athlete, famed for his prodigious strength. He is said to have dragged **HECTOR** three times round the walls of Troy *before breakfast*! He was the possessor of a beautiful Statue of Venus, the Goddess of Love, which he took, on a judgment-summons, from the house of one of his ancient Greek debtors. It is now in the British Museum.

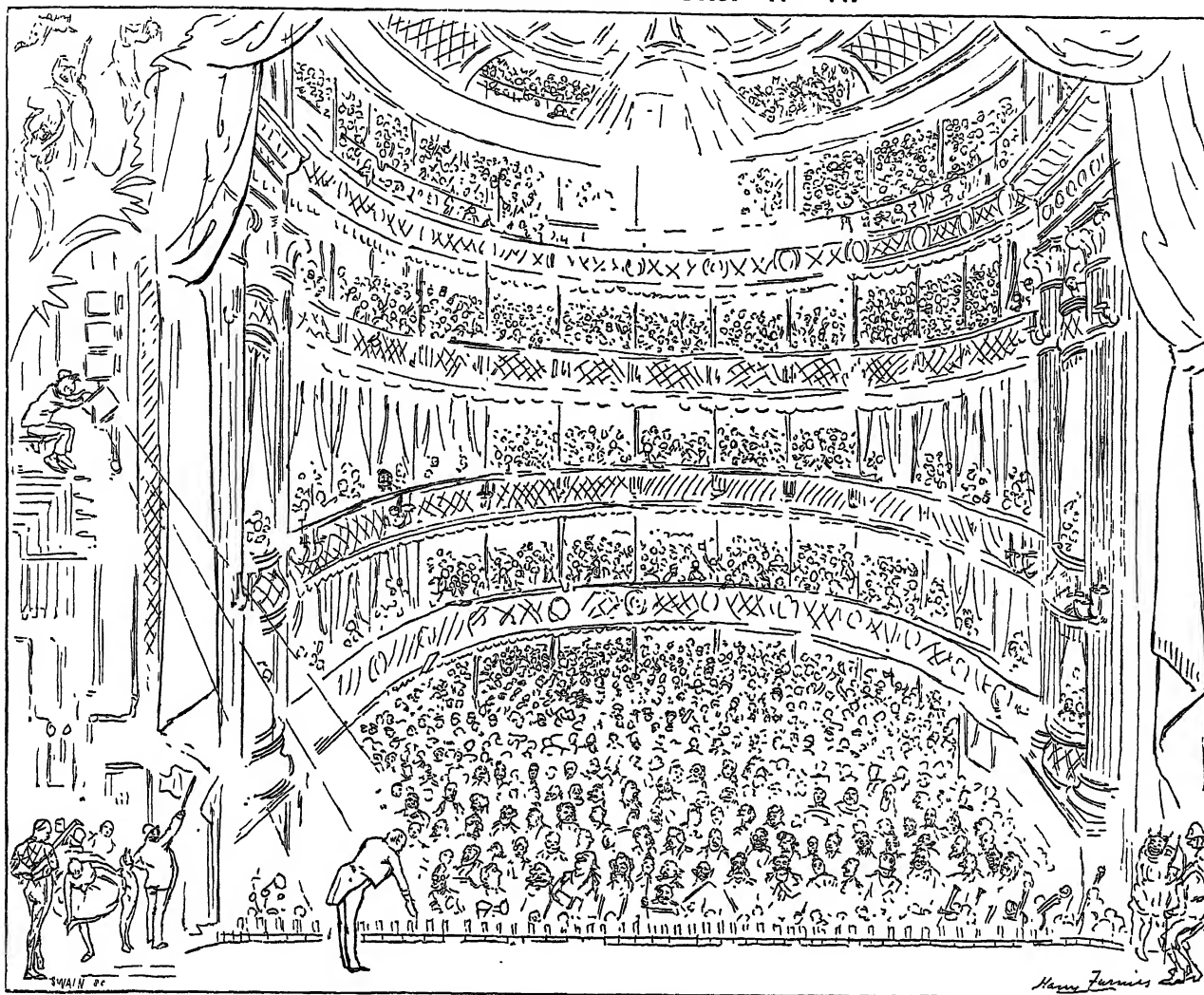
PERPLEXED.—The best handbook on bees and their management is *How I made £500 a-year out of Honey*, printed by the publisher of this paper, and to be obtained at this office.

JOHN BULL.—As nearly as possible the pronunciation is "*Partong poor lar Siry*." The words mean, "Departing for the Far East," and are part of a song invented by **GAMBETTA** when the French troops set out for Tonkin. French pronunciation is easily picked up. Get *How I learned French, German, Italian, and Spanish in Three Weeks*—sold at this office.

ENTERPRISE.—You have discovered a new explosive fifty times stronger than dynamite, a single pound being capable of blowing up the largest ironclad. You ask what we should advise your doing with it. If you do not feel inclined to experiment on the Temple Bar Griffin some dark night, we should advise your communicating with the Admiralty, or the Ordnance Department, who are always overjoyed to welcome any invention which is for the public good, and which is likely to give them a great deal of trouble by superseding the methods now in use. If this plan fails, try Scotland Yard.

HARD UP.—Professors, Clerks, Pianoforte-tuners, Company-Promoters, and Beadles, are certain to get on well in the unsettled parts of North-West Manitoba. But agricultural labourers had better stay at home. They are not wanted. You say you are slightly crippled, and an invalid, and that you have been successively turned out of all your employments in England owing to incapacity, but that you are "very hopeful," and you ask whether you are likely to make a fortune easiest and quickest in Canada, the United States, or Australia. We should say your best chance would be at the South Pole. Try it.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 44.



DRURY LANE ON BOXING-NIGHT. AUGUSTO DRURIOLANO IMPERATORE.

(Rapid Sketch by Our Lime-Lightning Artist.)

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

"The glaring sins against taste, and the most ordinary dictates of reason, perpetuated of late under the pretext of celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, furnish a sad and solemn warning."—*Times*.

THE following suggestive schemes for the celebration of the coming Royal Jubilee are among the latest that have come to hand:—

DITCHBOROUGH.—At a Meeting of the Town Council of this ancient borough, held yesterday morning, it was unanimously decided to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Her Gracious Majesty's accession to the Throne by the establishment of a Central Pig Market. Seeing that the town is noted for its production of pork sausages, and does an active trade in this commodity, it is felt that, while paying a delicate compliment to HER MAJESTY, the inauguration of the Market in question will at the same time subserve usefully the interests of local commerce. The Motion was received with great favour in the borough, and much enthusiasm prevailed.

WAPPINGHAM.—It has been decided that Wappingham shall mark the event of the Royal Jubilee by the erection of a new Town-pump and the opening of a local Cemetery. It is thought that the idea which thus happily associates the occasion with the supply of two public wants that have for some time been experienced in the borough, cannot fail to recommend itself favourably to HER MAJESTY's consideration; and it has been arranged that a deputation shall visit her at Windsor for the purpose of submitting the proposition to her judgment forthwith. Local feeling runs high on the subject, and will anxiously await the Royal approval.

KETTLINGTON.—The Corporation of this town have decided to utilise the New Sewage Scheme for the purpose of celebrating the

keeping of their gracious Sovereign's year of Jubilee. It is thought that a handsome public subscription will be forthcoming under the exceptional circumstances, and so enable the Corporation to complete in a substantial manner this necessary public work, and at the same time appropriately do honour to a memorable epoch in HER MAJESTY's reign. Much local confidence is expressed that the happy idea will meet with the Royal approbation.

BLINKSWORTH.—After a good deal of discussion over several rival schemes for the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, it has at length been decided to commemorate the great occasion by the erection, subject to the control of a Limited Liability Company, of a first-class Hotel, an institution the lack of which has long been a reproach to the borough. It is hoped too, if sufficient funds are left over for the purpose, to supplement the idea by the further erection of a plaster statue of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, on a suitable pedestal, on a convenient site facing the coffee-room of the building, and it is conceived by the Authorities, that if HER MAJESTY can be induced to visit our loyal borough for the purpose of inaugurating the undertaking, that the bestowal of some local honours cannot fail to follow upon such an auspicious occasion. Altogether a most excellent feeling has been manifested in the borough on the subject.

DAMPOVER.—It was unanimously decided at the meeting of the Town Council held here yesterday, that the happiest and most fitting memorial of Her Gracious MAJESTY's fiftieth anniversary of accession to the Throne, would be the inauguration of the New Borough Gasworks. Steps have, therefore, already been taken to organise a Committee for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the preliminaries of the undertaking, which appears to be extremely popular, and promises to enlist a large amount of sympathy.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. X.—THE OPEN-AIR RECITER.

THE scene is Hyde Park on a Sunday evening. Enthusiasts of nearly every shade of conviction and complexion are haranguing groups



more or less numerous. A ringletted Italian is defending some peculiar doctrine he has brought over with him, as he sits on one of the benches, and, hard by, affluent but incoherent Negro revivalist is waving his pinkish palms behind some railings. Here is the Positivist who undertakes to disprove Christianity in the short space of ten minutes; and there a gloomy gentleman exhorts to repentance a congregation consisting of one very small girl with an infant in arms.

A Cockney (Atheist disputes publicly against a German Protestant amidst the applause of a thoroughly impartial circle; and, a few paces on, a constant succession of pallid youths drop their aspirates from a portable pulpit.

So that when we come to the next small cluster, and find its nucleus is a short sickly young man in a highly respectable black frock-coat, and with a book

under his arm, it is not unnatural to expect some further exposition of doctrine, nor is this expectation entirely dissipated by the first words we are able to hear.

The young man has a weak voice, and his manner is one of studied self-repression, with a dash of that consciousness of intellectual superiority which a course of miscellaneous reading is apt to induce. He sees a nasty "h" looming ahead, and generally negotiates it with some skill, though he seems a little shaken on landing.

"The crime of murder, my friends," he is saying, "is one of those events which few can be guilty of without their consciences are more or less haunted by the memory of so awful a deed. This peculiarity has been noted by some of our greatest poets, and by none more so than the piece entitled *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, which, as some of you may perhaps recollect"—(this with a very dubious optimism)—"was written by the late Tom OOHOOO. With your permission, I shall now endeavour to recite this piece from memory."

The circle of idlers are pressing close round him, and yet one and all avoid meeting his eye, and maintain a noble British stolidity. The young man seems to have something to say, and they may as well stay where they are till they have had enough of it.

And the young man gives his rendering of the famous poem—a rendering which, it must be admitted, is consistently tame throughout. The reek from the pipes, which are within an inch or so from his nose, makes him cough at all the crises. When he addresses an impudent Street Arab, who is staring up at him, as "my gentle boy," and reminds him that it is nothing but a dream, the urchin yelps suddenly, and plunges through the ring, shrieking with impish laughter. The pallid youths close by strike suddenly into melody, and our reciter gives a shrug of despair. "Gentlemen, I'm sorry to interrupt my course, but the opposition is really too strong for me just 'ere. It's not my desire to say anything against anyone's opinions; but so much as this I will say, that some people might employ their spare time far better in storing their minds with improving literature than what they are owling out im's. I must ask you all to adjourn with me, where we shall be less disturbed."

Hereupon he moves on, but his audience remains behind, doubtful, apparently, whether their interest is sufficient, or their dignity sufficiently accommodating, to warrant any additional exertion. At last one or two bolder spirits shuffle towards him sheepishly, with an apologetic giggle, and most of the rest drift after them.

"When we were interrupted," says the Reciter, who has obviously forgotten all about it, "I had arrived at that portion of the narrative when the murderer—in which the corpse—"

"You was a sayin'," says a surly man, "as you was like a Devil of the Pit."

"Quite right," says the Reciter, scholastically, and continues without further mishap. When he leaves ARAM in the mist,

between the two storn-faced men, there is a silence—no face expresses the slightest emotion, no voice utters a word of thanks, or even criticism.

But the Reciter is apparently used to this, for he is not in the least damped. "There is yet another piece by the same hand," he opens, "on the companion subject of suicide. Suicide, whether we regard it as proceeding from a disordered intellect, or as the result of—of similar unpleasantness, is liable to serious disapproval, being calculated to reduce the population. Some of you, who occasionally peruse a paper, may have remarked a case of this kind, which is very aptly depicted by Tom 'Oon, and which I shall now have the honour of repeating by heart before you."

So he proceeds to recite the poem, and again there is the same apathy in the audience; some whisper personal remarks to one another on his appearance; others look at him with a blank surprise, as if he was something exhibited in a tent; now and then an old lady, who has been flitting from group to group sipping theological honey, like a serious-minded bee, approaches and, discovering her error, sails off with a volley of very audible sniffs.

"I don't know if I weary you," he says on concluding, "I can, if required, repeat passages, for two hours on end, without needing to refer to any text. I have done as much as two hours and a-half, and I'm quite agreeable to going on longer now, if it is the general wish that I should do so."

There is another pause; there is no enthusiasm, but no dissent, and at length a more appreciative member of the audience responds, "Spout away if yer like, old man, no one's 'inderin' of yer!" which the Reciter, perhaps not without grounds, accepts as warm encouragement.

"Well," he concedes, "I shall be happy to oblige the company. Some among you may have studied English Istry, as recorded in the learned and luminous pages of YUMIE and SMOLLIT, and will recollect that great writer's pathetic description of the execution of MARY, the so-called Queen of Scots. I shall now give you a dialogue she is supposed to have uttered a few moments before she laid her 'ead on the fatal block."

It would be tedious to follow the young man through the whole of his programme, which resembles one of those revolving fireworks which are always about to stop, and suddenly starting again, with a whiz, and a total change of colour and design.

On returning to his neighbourhood, after various short absences, we find him alternately exulting over the destruction of Sennacherib, and explaining what battle is to "Little PETERKIN," and finally conducting a reduced and exhausted party through portions of the *Deserted Village*.

When the last feat is accomplished, the Reciter stops, satiated at length.

"I hope, Gentlemen," he says, "my efforts to provide you with mental entertainment of a more intellectual sort than that you get elsewhere have not been unwelcome. It is coming on dark, and the night air is not good for my voice, so, with your permission, I'll wish you good evening."

His hearers make no response, with one exception,—a young man, who offers him a penny, which he declines with dignity.

"You misunderstand," says the Reciter. "I do what I have done to-night with no idea of making money by it,—only to improve the popular taste, and lead them, if possible, to read and think for themselves."

The crowd disperses, too indifferent, or, it may be, too shy, to express any gratitude for his exertions; and the Open-Air Reciter goes away alone, with the sense of being a public benefactor for his sole reward.

One cannot help suspecting that, whether he is conscious of it or not, some more personal motives have been at the bottom of his proceedings; but who will grudge him a vanity which assumes so harmless and well-meaning a form, and which will probably gild his week's work for him with the recollection of the evening past on which he had an audience all to himself, and the anticipation of the evening to come when his innocent excitement may be repeated?

Mr. Punch rather fancies he has met amateurs of far higher standing whose self-satisfaction and incompetence were not less pronounced, whilst their taste in selection was decidedly inferior to those exhibited by this humble specimen of the irrepressible race of reciters, to whom, as he takes a not unkindly leave of him, he will only wish increased lung-power, and a more demonstrative audience on the next occasion on which it pleases him to take the field.

Two Jubilee Editions of *Shakspeare* are to be issued; one, we are told, is the work of MESSRS. IRVING and MARSHALL, and the other is brought out by MESSRS. VIRTUE. We hope the names are synonymous.

MRS. RAM came over from Calais to Dover the other day. She said that it wasn't so much the sea as the osculation of the boat that upset her.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



CH-PL-N'S OPPORTUNITY.

"A ready wit and a fluent tongue are valuable auxiliaries. But force of character, consciousness of power, masculine ability in grappling with complicated questions, and that species of eloquence, the effect of which arises rather from earnestness, straightforwardness, and elevation of sentiment, than from sparkling or elaborate rhetoric, give a man a position in the House of Commons which leaves him little in need of such other gifts as we have mentioned."—*Standard*, Dec. 30.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.
OUR CHIEF IN A RAGE.

DEAR TOBY, MONTE CARLO, Monday.

I SUPPOSE I may as well address you by your proper name. This foolery about "BYRO" has now, doubtless, served its purpose, and we may be assumed to have come to our senses. It was RANDOLPH began this, as he does everything else that is bad. If there had been no "Mr. SPENCER," there would have been no "BYRO, M.P.," and, I daresay you will add, no "Mr. BISHOP." But I took that name only for a few days, have cast it off with the cloak, and you can now address me by my proper name, of which I have no reason to be ashamed.

Since we parted at the foot of Mount Vesuvius a great deal has happened, for which I hold you directly responsible. If you had only been content to hold your peace, there would have been no Ministerial Crisis. But you must needs go writing "Memoirs," letting cats out of the bag, and otherwise playing the doose with me and high politics. Why will people write Diaries and Memoirs? Do you forget what a distinguished lady said in a recent trial about the danger of writing Diaries? But you plunge in, and bring down about our heads one of the best built architectural constructions that has been reared for many years, though I say it that should not.

Up to the date of the publication of your confounded "Memoir," everything was going on swimmingly. Had got HARTINGTON out here and was gradually bringing him round. In another week he would have been entirely with us. The Prince of MONACO—and though I am seriously displeased with you, I am bound to admit you managed that business well—has left nothing to be desired. He has entered into our scheme with an enthusiasm far beyond what might have been expected from him. I daresay you have seen that paragraph in the newspapers about him cruising in the Mediterranean "studying the speed of the ocean currents." I got that circulated. Fact is, MONACO has been acting as my emissary in negotiating the Great International Alliance that shall reduce BISMARCK to his proper proportions, and bring England, under my leadership, back into the place she filled in Elizabethan days. In addition to the Day of Algiers and the Nights of Malta, whose alliance you secured, MONACO has sworn in the BEY of Tunis, the DOGE of Venice, and the ARCHIMANDRITE.

There is no saying what other ramifications this work of statecraft might not have reached but for your reckless meddling. Everything was working admirably

in the profoundest secrecy. HARTINGTON was supposed to be taking an innocent holiday. No one recognised in the stately figure draped in sleeveless cloak, wearing blue spectacles and entered in the hotel books as "Mr. BISHOP," the Leader of the only genuine Conservative Party in England. As for MONACO he was, as we have seen, engaged in scientific pursuits in the blue Mediterranean. RANDOLPH was lulled to sleep; the Markiss was in a state of somnolence. In another fortnight or three weeks we should have been able to throw off all disguises, seize upon the helm of State, and steer the hoary vessel on to the loftiest pinnacle of national fame. When you, forsooth, must betray us! I do not accuse you of traitorous design, or of lack of fidelity to me and the cause. It was stupidity, my dear TOBY, crass stupidity.

What followed was easily foreseen. RANDOLPH is a man of resolution and resource. You showed our hand; he trumped it. Never was so fair a game spoiled by the maladroitness of an inconsiderate confederate. Our *coup de main* must necessarily be postponed, perhaps indefinitely. HARTINGTON has been summoned back by the Markiss. MONACO is tearing his hair, and wants to know whether he can get to Central Asia in his yacht. The DOGE is dazed, the BEY despondent, the BEY baffled, and the ARCHIMANDRITE seeks solace in strong language. England's chance of reassuming its place among nations is sunk in the abyss, and BISMARCK is more blatant than ever. And all this because you could not restrain your too facile pen! I hope at least it will be a warning to you.

As for me, I tarry here awhile, listening with dulled ears to the croupier's cry, "*Le jeu est fait! On ne va plus!*" Yours, broken-heartedly, H-NRY CH-PL-N.

NO WORK TO DO!

Brief Comedy, as performed recently, with some success, by certain Members of the Unemployed in Suburban Districts.

ACT I.—SCENE—An Unfrequented Back Suburban Street. Enter Six of the "Unemployed." After making sure that there is no Policeman about, they commence bawling a popular hymn. Chorus of Unemployed, concluding ninth verse of popular hymn with redoubled vigour—

Hangels of light,

A singing to welcome the pilgrims ho-of the night,
A singing to welcome the pilgrims ho-of the night!

Mrs. Bungler Bountiful (at window). Ah! those poor men out of work! How cold and famished they look! I wonder they've got any voice left to sing with. It's really too bad of the Government, or somebody, not finding them any work to do. Dear me! it's very sad. I must really give them a trifle. (Goes to door, and gives them a shilling.)

Spokesman of the Unemployed. Thank you kindly, lady, to help poor, honest, starvin' working-men, who can't get a job nowheres, though their wives and children is 'ungry and forlorn at home, and cryin' for the crust as they'd be thankful for. Thank you kindly. (Is about to recommence bawling popular hymn, but noticing Policeman approaching at the end of the street, retreats hurriedly with his companions round the corner into the adjacent Square.)

Mrs. Bungler Bountiful (watching their departing figures with benevolent interest). Poor men! I'm sure their distress was quite genuine!

ACT II.—Another spot in the neighbourhood. Parish Official discovered superintending the removal of accumulated snow. Enter Six of the Unemployed. They slouch about and survey the operations surlily.

Parish Official (noticing them. Cheerily). Ah, my men, out of work. Do you want a job?

Spokesman of the Unemployed. P'raps we does. P'raps we doesn't. Depends on what it is.

Parish Official. It's to clear this snow away.

Spokesman of the Unemployed. What clear that there away? and what's the swag?

Parish Official. Your pay will be fourpence an hour.

Spokesman of the Unemployed. Chivey! Fourpence an hour! Why, what do you think me and my mates is made of, to be slave-driven like that! Why it would be no bargain at heightpence!

Parish Official. I thought that as you had no work—
Spokesman of the Unemployed. Who said we had no work to do? Come along, mates! let's give 'em the "Pilgrims" down along the hother side. (Escort to support their starving families in a more excellent way.)

WRANGLERS AT OXFORD!!

In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, last Friday, a Correspondent wrote to say that the Rev. E. S. FFOULKES had complained of the Rev. Mr. FLETCHER to his Bishop for putting forward doubts as to the fall of ADAM. Ahem! so "FFOULKES rush in where angels fear to tread." Much better be happy together, and join in the old nigger chorus—

Some FFOULKES do,
Some FFOULKES don't,
Long live the merry time!
We'll laugh both night and day
In the Jubilee!
No matter what some FFOULKES say.

And if it is a theological controversy in which it may be said of him that he is "Old FFOULKES at home," then the sooner the Rev. Mr. FLETCHER drops the subject (and whoever heard of FLETCHER doing anything without BEAUMONT?) the better for him—and everybody. Finally, Wranglers are quite out of place at Oxford, and at Cambridge they only wrangle about Mathematics.

CROCODILE'S TEARS.—M. SARDOU'S regret that in his last new play he should unconsciously have plagiarised TOM TAYLOR'S *Overland Route*.



RATHER STARTLING.

"WELL, COUNT! ANY SPORT THIS MORNING?"
"HÉLAS! MON AMI, VERY SAD SPORT! I'AVE SHOT THREE BEAUTIFUL MISSES!"
[He means he has missed three beautiful shots.]

ON DIT.

THE series of Articles on Foreign Affairs in the *Fortnightly* are to be signed "*Ipse Dixit*." The MACDERMOTT is to have a new seasonable version of his Song, supposed now to be sung by a man with "a cold id 'is 'ed," commencing, "CHARLEY DILKE with pel ald ilk, Is writil for the *Fortnightly*."

UNDER the heading of "A Novel Feature at a Wedding," we read in our favourite evening newspaper that on the departure of the bride and bridegroom there was a torchlight procession headed by Sir ARCHIBALD LAMB. Let him be henceforth styled Sir ARCHIBALD LAMP.

WHAT a night it was! The New Year came in here, through the fog, with a new set of stamps. No wonder! Any amount of stamps wouldn't have done much towards warming his poor feet between midnight, 1886, and one A.M. 1887. The New Year came in with new stamps—we'll hope he won't go out with an old break-down.

ANOTHER NAME FOR HIM.—Lord RANDOM, of course; but why not, *pro hac vice*, Lord RAN-OFF?

TAPPERTIT'S REVOLT.

DICKENS ADAPTED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

Gabriel Varden . . .	Lord S-L-SB-RY.
Simon Tappertit . .	Lord R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.
Mrs. Varden . . .	C-ns-rv-t-ve P-rtly.
Miggs . . .	The St-nd-rd.

CHRISTMAS was close at hand—all seemed to be going with reasonable ease and cheerfulness; but SIMON TAPPERTIT, whose mysterious demeanour and erratic ways had lately given the worthy locksmith some disquiet, was very late.

GABRIEL VARDEN, with his lady, and Miss MIGGS, sat watching in the little Cabinet.

Miss MIGGS, who had arrived at that restless and sensitive condition of the nervous system which are the result of long watching, and considerable snubbing, did, by constant rubbing and tweaking of her nose, a perpetual change of attitude, frequent surprised elevation and frowning depression of her eyebrows, the incessant recurrence of a small cough, a gasp, a sniff, a sigh, a spasmodic start, and by other demonstrations of that nature, give the beholders to understand that she was far from satisfied with the existing condition of things, and that only a sense of duty upheld her, and nerved her to endurance.

Mrs. VARDEN seemed too sleepy to say much, though she may possibly have been thinking a good deal.

"Ally Looyer, Mim!" cried Miss MIGGS, "there's SIMMUN'S knock!"

"Who's there?" said GABRIEL.

"Me!" cried the well-known voice of Mr. TAPPERTIT.

GABRIEL opened the door and gave him admission.

He stalked haughtily into the room, and throwing himself into a chair, and endeavouring to thrust his hands into the pockets of his small clothes, which were turned inside out, as indeed his coat seemed to be also, surveyed the household with gloomy dignity.

"SIMON," said the locksmith, gravely, "how comes it that you

return in this condition? Give me an assurance that you have not been among those confounded Radical associates of yours, and I am satisfied."

"Sir," replied Mr. TAPPERTIT, with a contemptuous look, "I wonder at your assurance in making such a demand."

"MARTHA," said the locksmith, turning to his wife, and shaking his head sorrowfully, "I trust it may not turn out that this poor lad is the victim of the fools and fanatics we have so often had words about. If he has been at H-w-rd-n or B-rm-ngh-m—"

"He has been at neither, Sir," cried Mr. TAPPERTIT in a loud voice, which he suddenly dropped into a whisper as he repeated, with eyes fixed upon the locksmith, "he has been at neither."

"I'm glad of it with all my heart," said the locksmith, in a serious tone, "for if he had been, and it could be proved against him, our Great Association would never have forgiven him."

"He was not at H-w-rd-n nor at B-rm-ngh-m, G. VARDEN," said SIMON, sternly; "but he *was* at Westminster. Perhaps, Sir, he snubbed a Metropolitan Member; perhaps, Sir, he tapped a Naval Lord. You may stare, Sir, I repeat it—perhaps he tapped a Naval Lord. Who knows? Beware, G. VARDEN!"

"You spoke of MIGGS, Sir," ejaculated Mr. TAPPERTIT, scornfully. "You spoke of MIGGS, ah! and MIGGS has spoke of *me* on several occasions in a manner I shall not demean myself by describing. MIGGS be smothered!"

"Oh, SIMMUN!" ejaculated that lady in a faint voice. "Oh, Mim! Oh, Sir! Oh, goodness gracious, what a turn he has give me!"

"This Party may *all* be smothered, Sir," returned Mr. TAPPERTIT, after glancing at her with a smile of ineffable disdain. "Be warned in time, G. VARDEN!"

But here the two women threw themselves in the way—especially Miss MIGGS, who fell upon him with such fervour that she pinned him against the wall—and conjured him, in moving words, not to go forth till he was sober; to listen to reason; to think of it; to take some rest, and then determine.

"I tell you," said Mr. TAPPERTIT, "that my mind is made up. My bleeding, o'ertaxed country calls me, and I go! MIGGS, if you don't get out of the way, I'll pinch you!"



SEASONABLE REJOICINGS OF GOG AND MAGOG.

Duel. "WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE
THE COAL AND WINE DOOS !

NONE SUCH BENEFACTORS AS US,
AND NOBODY NOT ONE PENNY THE WUSS !"

"Oh, SIMMUN!" cried Miss MIGGS. "Oh, my blessed SIMMUN! Oh, Mim! what are my feelings at this conflicting moment!"

"I leave," said SIMON, turning to his master, with an utter disregard of Miggs's maidenly affection, "a cash-box up-stairs. Do what you like with it. I don't want it. Provide yourself, Sir, with a journeyman or a cashier. I'm my country's journeyman, my country's cashier! Henceforth that's my line of business." Hereupon SIMON, gathering himself up as straight as he could, plunged head-foremost at his old master, doubled him up, and darted down the street like a mad dog.

"Go thy ways, SIM, go thy ways," said the locksmith, as soon as he could speak. "I've done my best with thee, my lad, and would gladly have kept thee in good company and from a bad end, but the Radical rope is round thy neck, I fear."


So saying, and shaking his head in a very sorrowful and disconsolate manner, he turned back and soon re-entered his own house, where Mrs. VARDEN and the faithful Miggs had been anxiously expecting his return.

THE DRAMA IN OXFORD STREET.

Mr. Punch. You have asked my opinion of Mr. JONES's piece—

Mr. Nibbs. Excuse me, Sir. But the author's distinguished name should be given with the sort of flourish with which it is set off on the programme, where it is printed thus:— [Produces it.]

++ Henry * Arthur * Jones. ++

Pardon my drawing your attention to the fact, Sir, but it is so evident that the gentleman who has put his name to this bill wishes it to be understood that, though it is only JONES, he is the Onliest JONES, and must be announced in the arena as "HENRY (alarums) ARTHUR (fanfare) JONES! (Grand flourish of trumpets)." 

Mr. Punch. Surely, Mr. NIBBS, this is a small matter, which, if it please Mr. JONES, does not hurt us. I was about to say that the Noble Vagabond, up to the end of the

Second Scene of the Third Act, is as exciting and ingeniously contrived a melodrama as one would wish to see. But at this point, just when a strong climax is essential, it collapses in a muddled situation, which very naturally disappoints an expectant audience.

Mr. Nibbs. I am entirely of your opinion. The Scene at the Fair was spun out with a purposeless boxing-match, and if the Professor who was floored had only got up and sung "Oh, what a surprise! Two lovely black eyes!" the audience could not have been more astonished than they were at the termination of the Act, though they might have been more pleased.

Mr. Punch. Then in the last Act, though all that acting can do is done to re-kindle the excitement, yet in the scene of *équivoque* between the hero, the heroine, and the returned Baronet, there is such a strong element of comedy, as there must always be in a dialogue of cross-purposes, that the dramatic instinct of any intelligent audience is opposed to taking it seriously; and a laugh in the wrong place is, at such a critical moment, fatal to the melodrama.

Mr. Nibbs. But, Sir, having placed your finger on the weak part of the play, can you at all suggest how it might have been avoided?

Mr. Punch. Only by reconstruction. The materials are all there. The idea of impersonating a murdered man is not, of course, new,—it was done most effectively in *Henry Dunbar*,—but the motive in the *Noble Vagabond* gives the requisite novelty.

Mr. Nibbs. It struck me that the dialogue was terse and telling.

Mr. Punch. Undoubtedly, and we were not overwhelmed with sermons and elocutionary essays, which threatened at one time to become a Princess's tradition,—just when everybody wanted the action of the piece to "get on," and the elocutionist to get off.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. WARNER is good.

Mr. Punch. It is fair to assume that he realises Mr. JONES's ideal of a Noble Vagabond as nearly as possible, or he would not be playing the part. His imitation of *Old Scourier* is certainly excellent.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT, too, is one of our best low comedians in a homely part like this of the Showman.

Mr. Punch. A part not strikingly original, but always popular and safe. I should like to see Mr. GEORGE BARRETT play ROBSON's part in the *Porter's Knot*. I was delighted with Miss DOROTHY DENE as *Maud Deveson*; she is thoroughly in earnest.

Mr. Nibbs. She is comparatively a novice.

Mr. Punch. We only heard of her coming out last year, and by this time she has achieved a very marked success. She is a young actress of great performance and of still greater promise. She possesses that spark of dramatic genius which may be fanned into a flame, not by the puffing of flatterers,—which would extinguish it,—but by the gentle breath of judicious critics. Seeing her so good as she is—and I much doubt whether there is anybody of her youthful standing on the stage who could have played this part half as well—I am inclined to ask where was the stage manager, just to give her performance that finishing touch, which otherwise she can only acquire by experience, or may, as too frequently happens, fail to acquire at all?

Mr. Nibbs. I know exactly what you mean, Sir, and suppose that the fault lies with a defective system of rehearsal. Of the actors I thought Mr. CARTWRIGHT uncommonly good as the villain, and Miss ANNIE HUGHES very nice and sympathetic as *Dinah Vimpany*.

Mr. Punch. Mr. WALTER HANN'S Scenery is most picturesque and appropriate. I shall tell all my friends to go and see this piece for the sake of Miss DOROTHY DENE's performance and Mr. WARNER'S remarkable imitation of the make-up and manner of Mr. JULIAN CROSS as *Old Scourier*. I shall warn them against disappointment in the Third Act. Good evening, Mr. NIBBS. I am going to see the Extravaganza-Pantomime at the Avenue, where I shall be pleased to meet you; and next week, perhaps, we can discuss it. *Au revoir!*

HOW WARS ARE GOT UP.

(By Our Special Foreign Correspondent—but we've stopped him in time.)

VIENNA, Jan. 1st.—Just now I am sure your readers will be thirsting for a new sensation, in place of the one provided by a recent *cause célèbre*, prematurely concluded, so I hasten to wire you a most extraordinary rumour which is circulating in the highest circles of this Capital, in which I invariably move. It has reference to the mental condition of the Emperor of GERMANY. I was talking to-day to a Diplomatist, whose name, were I to give it to you, which I, unfortunately, can't do, would in itself be a guarantee of the complete credibility of every word he utters, and he assured me, as a fact, that the German Emperor is under the impression that war with France and Russia has *already broken out*, and that BISMARCK only keeps him quiet by forging bogus telegrams from the seat of war, describing victories for the Fatherland! Also, in his occasional paroxysms that Kaiser WILHELM is in the habit of taking pot-shots at passers-by from one of the windows of the Palace Unter den Linden, and the amount of hush-money which the Crown Prince has already paid to relatives of persons killed in this way is enormous. An unlucky attendant who hid the Emperor's revolver the other day, as a measure of precaution, was *actually scalped* by the infuriated monarch, and none of his *entourage* come near him without wearing bullet-proof armour under their Court uniforms, and being provided with chloroformed handkerchiefs to wave in the aged Kaiser's face in case of necessity. You can judge from these incidents on how slender a thread the peace of Europe now hangs.

PARIS, Jan. 2nd.—I may mention, under all possible reserve, a fact which has just come to my knowledge. General BOULANGER, acting on a hint from his friend, a sworn ally of the Czar, has executed a masterly *coup*, which forms a Gallic counterpart to the kidnapping of Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria. You have been informed in previous trustworthy communications from me that the French War Minister desires an addition of one hundred million pounds sterling to the French Budget, in order to provide a supply of new epanulettes and tinned-meats to the Army. Finding M. GOBLET unwilling to sanction this expenditure, he took down a couple of hundred masked men, one dark night recently, to the country residence of the Prime Minister, and surrounding the place so as to prevent any of the inmates escaping, forced that Statesman (who at the time was having a modest supper of anchovy-toast and *vin ordinaire*, preparatory to retiring to bed) to sign the order to the different manufacturers and to the Treasury. The apparition of General BOULANGER late at night, with a sword between his teeth, and a loaded revolver in each hand, uttering tremendous threats, is stated to have unnerved M. GOBLET, so that you need not be surprised to hear of his resignation at any moment. Can anybody doubt, after this, that we are on the eve of a devastating European conflict?

VIENNA, Jan. 3rd.—I told you before that the Emperor WILLIAM is now a raging lunatic. His last freak is to imagine himself a Fasting Man, and to refuse to take any nourishment of any sort. BISMARCK and MOLTKE have to stand over him, and force him to eat at the sword's point! BISMARCK has already been twice shot in the leg, and MOLTKE's cocked hat (which he always wears) has been carried away by a bullet from his Royal Master, and the Chancellor and the veteran soldier both threaten to resign in consequence. This intelligence is *absolutely authentic*. War (against somebody or other) *may be declared at any instant!*

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 5th.—To-day's *Official Messenger* has the following passage:—

"The idea that a great European war is preparing for next spring, is chiefly kept alive by the hysterical correspondents of certain foreign newspapers. These journals do not perceive that by perpetually harping on the subject, they are themselves helping to produce the catastrophe they pretend to deprecate."

Your readers will be able to judge from this extract, that the Franco-Russo-Germano-Austro-Turko-Italian war is *really very near indeed*. I have been busy prophesying it, as you know, for some time past, but this official *communiqué* (which, to be understood, must of course be read as meaning exactly the contrary of what it states) puts the imminence of the conflict beyond a doubt. I should advise anybody who holds foreign stocks to sell out without a moment's delay, especially as I have just wired my London broker to take advantage of the fall, which I trust this telegram will cause, to buy into most of them, and look sharp about it.

VIENNA, Jan. 6th.—I have just found out that my previous authentic information about the German Emperor was not quite so authentic as I thought it. I now have it on *unimpeachable authority* that the Kaiser WILHELM is perfectly sane, only rather feeble from age. I hasten to send you this reassuring intelligence all the more readily because the member of the Austrian Imperial family who imparted it to me, and who is an intimate friend of mine, seemed quite hurt at my recent statements, and, in fact, threatened to call me out, if I did not at once retract and apologise. My personal liking for His Imperial Arch-Highness, who is an excellent

shot, and practised duellist, renders this task not so much a duty as a positive pleasure for me to perform.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 7th.—Expect me in London shortly. I am expelled from Russia by fiat of the Czar! Your readers will remember that I quoted a short extract from the *Official Messenger* as to the chances of a great European War. Unfortunately, nobody here is allowed to quote from the official journal without leave, so they say, but I believe it is an excuse. After being chained in a dungeon to a Nihilist for four-and-twenty hours, as a sort of "first warning to the Press," I have been politely told that I must choose between leaving Russia for England or for Siberia. I don't like to say what I think of this treatment, as this telegram will have to pass the official Press Censor; but I reserve for your private ear my reasons for adhering to the idea that *war is absolutely certain*, and at no distant date.*

* And we reserve something for his private ear when he shows himself at our Office.—Ed.

"HARRIS' IN WONDERLAND."

WONDERLAND! rather! Sure such a sight was never seen on the stage of Old Drury. Wonderland! a land full of marvels, marvelous even to Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, whose magic pen has been busy over this Jubilee Pantomime.

Hail, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR, hail! or rather snow, for on what a Boxing Night was thy Pantomime produced! Yet the people crowded in, glad to get out of the cold, and eager to give their great AUGUSTUS a warm and hearty greeting. Gorgeous is the Druriolanian Pantomime called *The Forty Thieves*, and well worthy of the Augustan Age. Until now we had no idea what an enormous number was forty! Forty Thieves!—four hundred more likely, and these the very pick of pickpockets, splendid women, handsome girls, shapely forms and pretty faces, resplendent in all the bravery of glittering armour, of many-hued silks and satins, their eyes gleaming with the ardour that Indian-inked lashes alone can impart, their cheeks aglow with the healthy flush of the rouge-pot, and their skins fair with the sheen of delicate bismuth, and soft with the pearliest powder. Steel your hearts against such thieves, or they'll steal them. Year after year we are saying, Never was there such a scene as this! Each new Pantomime eclipsing the previous one in scenery and costumes. Welcome again to our BEVERLEY! It is no disparagement to the other talented artists that the veteran's work is *facile princeps*. Long may it be so!

But the fun? Well, on the first night it was only possible to see where the fun would be after the third or fourth performance, when the Pantomime works closer, and when the three low comedians, Messrs. NICHOLLS, CAMPBELL, and STEPHENS, shall be on such familiar terms with their author as to warrant them in getting along without his aid. Such names as theirs to a Pantomime bill speak for themselves. By the time these lines appear the fun will have begun. What larks the Donkey (Mr. LAUREN) and the Monkey (Mr. MARTINETTI) will have when they are quite at home for the holidays, it is easy to foresee; and that they will be the delight of thousands of children of all ages is a certainty; but let the two gymnasts limit their animal spirits to the stage.

As to the story, "the long and short of it" was represented by Miss EDITH BLAND-BRETON, six feet high, as the dashing leader of the harmonious band, with Miss DOT MARIO, three feet nothing, as her lieutenant. Miss CONSTANCE GILCHRIST was not a very dashing *Morgiana*, but Miss EDITH BRUCE, as *Ganem*, was lively enough for two. Mr. PATEMAN played the avaricious brother in a style that shows us he has a soul above pantomime.

The energy of the Conductor, Herr WALLENSTEIN, made up for the brevity of the Overture, and anything like the enthusiasm with which this Boxing Night audience cheered the National Anthem has not been heard within the walls of Old Drury for years. It was a thorough Jubilee thrill that ran through the house. The spectacle is costly and brilliant, the designs and the combinations of colour are in exquisite taste. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS may well sing—



"Pleased as Mr. Punch."

"I'm monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute.
My Pantomime's splendid and gay,
And every taste it will suit."

True, O AUGUSTUS, but, when next Christmastide comes round, couldn't you try to give us a shorter Pantomime? couldn't you contrive to let your opening scenes be in the dark caves, with the dear old unintelligible demons speaking an unearthly and awful language? Couldn't you then take us to the fairies, and give us a genuine ballet of fays, in which the graceful *ÆNEA* could have a part, having by that time invented some novel aerial flight of fancy? Couldn't you arrange with a Fairy to come and change the lovers into Harlequin and Columbine, and with a Demon King to turn the Wicked Baron into Clown, and the miserly old hunks of a father into Pantaloon? Throw in the swell and the policeman, and there's your real Christmas party.

AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS! There will be—there must be—a reaction in favour of King Clown, deposed by cabal and not by the voice of the People. But at the same time one word in the ear of the last of the great PAYNE-tomime Family, Mr. HARRY PAYNE, whom, to our great regret, the lateness of the hour prevented us from seeing on Boxing Night; let him prepare during the year four genuinely good comic scenes, with new tricks and plenty of irresistible drollery, so that when his chance comes he may be ready to assert his position and be himself again. At present *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le Pantomime*.

A CHRISTMAS "CARROLL."

OUR Child-Critic says that the place to spend a really happy afternoon is at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where *Alice in Wonderland* is being played. "They must know the book," she says, "and then they'll recognise all Mr. TENNIEL's pictures walking about." The Dormouse is delightful, she adds, and the Oysters charming. Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee are very funny, and *Alice's* introduction to the Mutton and the Plum Pudding—illustrated with "cuts"—is one of the best things in Messrs. SAVILE CLARKE and EDGAR BRUCE's entertainment.

MR. C. F. KEARY, we are told, has written an essay, for private circulation, on the Evolution of Money, and Heredity and Variation in the World's coinage. If he wants a good Darwinian-sounding title for his book, he might surely call it "The Origin of Specie."

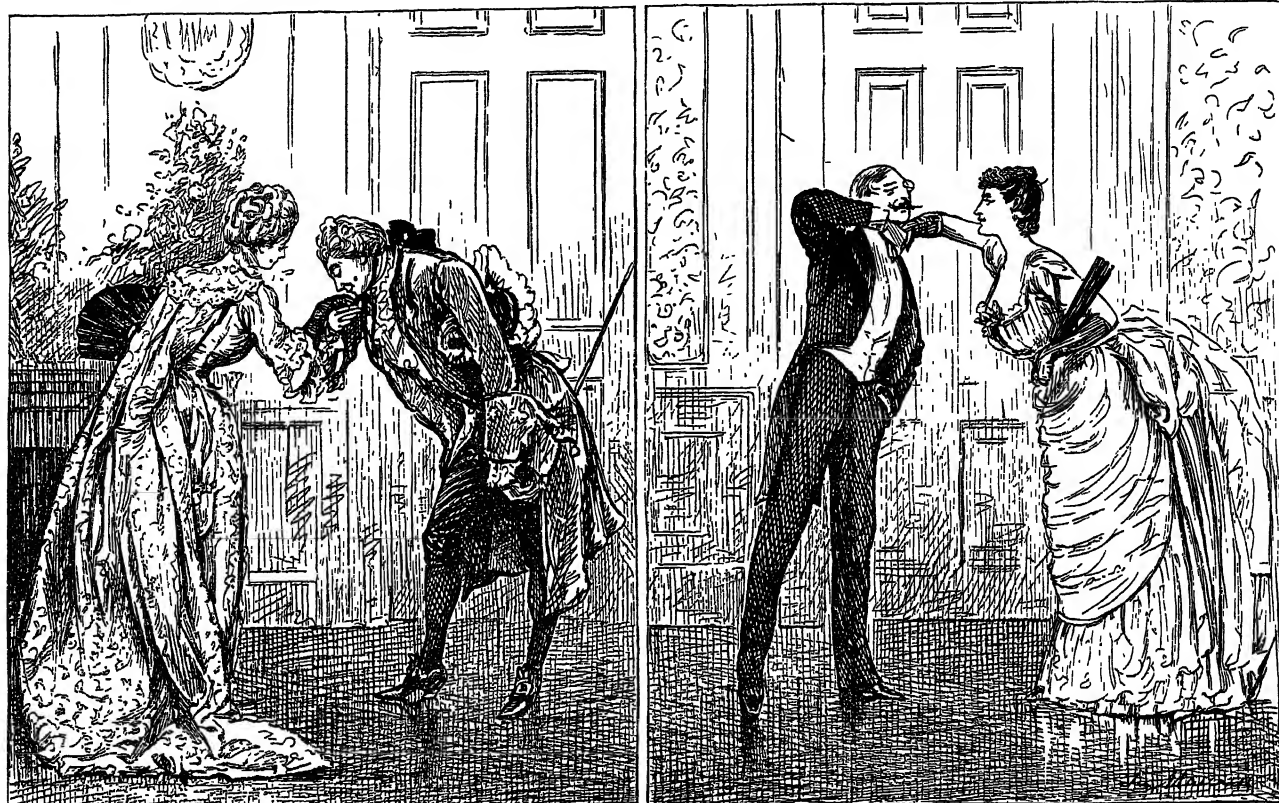
"FARJEON SMILES UPON US!"

ORIGINALITY of design, considerable humour and consistent development of character, combine to make Mr. FARJEON's *The Tragedy of Featherstone*, one of the best romances he has written, perhaps the best from a literary point of view.

But admiring readers of Mr. FARJEON's novels, as of BOISGOBER's, grudge every bit of superfluous work, no matter how good, which distracts their attention from the story in which, from the very first line of the very first chapter (a great point with both authors) they have become deeply interested. Mr. FARJEON doubtless has frequently sacrificed his own likings for the sake of his readers, but when he stops in his narrative to depict a humorous scene, which is only remotely, if at all, connected with the main issue, or when he pauses to give a little extra local colouring, or to bring into prominence the eccentricities of a character to whom readers are only friendly as long as he is kept within his proper limits in the story, he forgets his rule of self-sacrifice, and tries the patience of his many friends, who resent being compelled to skip and jump—alighting sometimes in the wrong places, and having to try back—in order to get on with the tale.

Much of the Cheap Philanthropist, Mr. Pennyfold, in this story could well be spared, including the school treat; but the revenge of Tommy Mayple on Thrifty Miller is genuinely humorous, and well serves its purpose as a "carpenter's scene" in a melodrama. But Mr. FARJEON's mission, we contend, is not to cause laughter, but to "make our flesh creep," which was the *Fat Boy's* sole aim in narrating the story of Mr. Tupman and Miss Wardsle to the Old Lady. He must not break off in the midst of unravelling a thrilling mystery to tell us a good joke. We may laugh at it, if it is a really good one, but we get it over as quickly as politeness will allow, and say, earnestly, "Proceed! Your story interests us much." *The Tragedy of Featherstone* is exciting, humorous, pathetic, and always interesting.





1787.

'HERE'S A HOW-D'Y'-DO!'

1887.

A CHAPTER ON THE EVOLUTION OF DEPORTMENT.

THE GREAT-LITTLE "RANDOM."

PET of the Public and pride of the Ring,
Master of excellent fooling,
Beating in patter and tumble, and fling,
Fellows with ten times his schooling,
Great-Little RANDOM the company led.
Was it a wonder he went off his head?

Went off his head? That, of course, is the
charge;

He, with a fist in each pocket,
Laughs at his elders, who frown and look
large,

Turns, and is off like a rocket.
"What, Mr. Ring-Master, not have *my*
way?"

Do as you like, then, old man; *I* shan't play!"

Does he walk out like a Droll in a huff?

What is this conduct to end in?
Has he indeed, as they say, "Cut up rough?"

Or is he "only puttendin'?"
Clown, tho', best knows his own "business"
himself,

Great-Little RANDOM's a comical elf!

DESCRIPTION OF MR. HENRY IRVING (as
lately given by Mr. Wilson Barrett in *America*).—"A distinguished countryman of
mine." Ha! Now HENRY is indeed distin-
guished. A proud moment for Mr. IRVING.
This was said to the Philadelphians. The
Messrs. GATTI might send their *Harbour*
Lights Company over, as they are regular
Fill-Adelphi-uns. The Messrs. GATTI, being
Italians, cannot be introduced by Mr. W. B.
as "distinguished countrymen of mine."
What a pity!

OFFICIAL MINUTES.

WE have received the following particulars
from the Admiralty and War Office regarding
the British War Preparations. It will be at
once seen that these are of a character
calculated to alarm the British Tax-
payer:—

THE NAVY.

1. Seven men and a boy will be immediately
added to the strength of the Royal Navy, to
assist in washing up the crockery on the Royal
Yachts.

2. A presentation Jubilee violin will be
presented to our Royal Admiral as his *rosin*
d'être.

3. The purchase of two of the river
steamboats to relieve the Channel Fleet in
the event of foreign complications. These
will be armed with a new telescopic gun—
which can be discharged at both ends at once,
—and manned by the Unemployed.

4. The construction of a two-thousand-ton
gun will be commenced immediately, with a
breach action of such elaborate and delicate
construction that it is thought that nobody
will care to go within half-a-mile of it, should
it ever be loaded.

5. H.M.'s ships, *Incapable*, *Unsteerable*,
Harmless, *Blunderer*, and *Unmanageable*,
will be at once pressed forward, and will pro-
ceed to sea without either guns or ammunition.

THE ARMY.

1. New cocked hat for the Duke, warranted
to go off.

2. New Rule for Line Regiments.—"Chil-
dren in arms not admitted."

3. The sending out of a complete Foodless

Battery of Artillery for the defence of the
North-West frontier of India.

4. The purchase of six cab-horses for
remounts in the heavy cavalry regiments.

GENERALLY.

A new button-hole is now occupying the
attention of the Military Authorities. When
approved, it will be sent to Aldershot for
trial with the old buttons.

It is under consideration to enter into a
contract with the Universal Provider, on ad-
vantageous terms, for the supply of two
regiments—one infantry and one cavalry—
complete, and warranted ready for active
service.

A Troubled Tory's Suggestion.

OUR RANDOLPH we've lost, and we cannot get
HARTY—

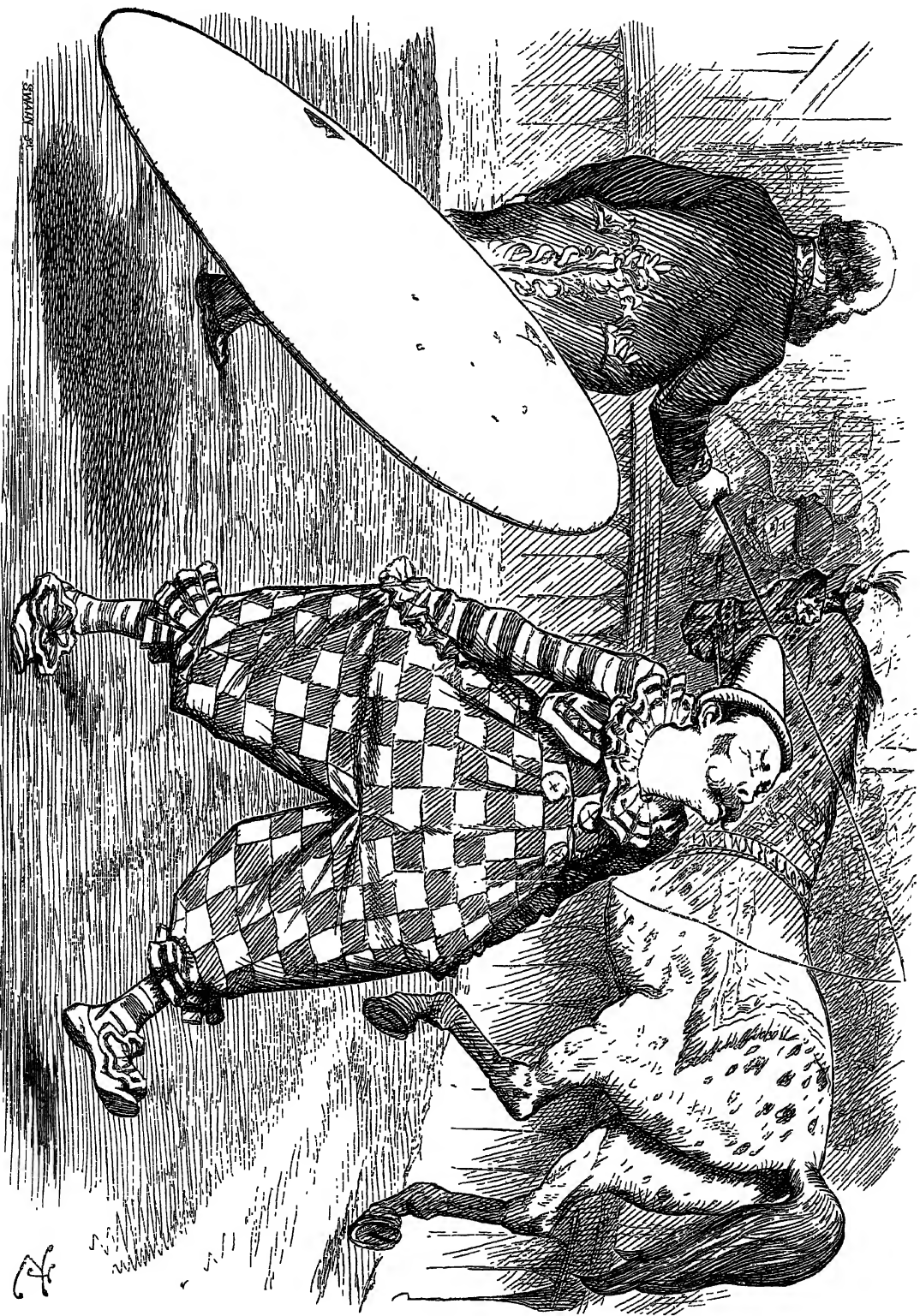
A Leader we *must* have with power and pith;
Well, it seems to need *welding*, the Unionist
Party;

One might have a worse than a SMITH!

Mrs. RAM's nephew did not get through a
College examination. "He was all right,"
his Aunt said, "as long as he was writing the
answers to printed questions, but he failed
when it came to the *vice versa*."

"HUSH! 'tis the Night-Watch!"—no,
not the old song by HENRY RUSSELL, but the
old picture by REMBRANDT, etched by WALT-
NER, and published by BRUSSOT VALADON
& Co., successors to Messrs. GOUPIIL.

AGILE AS KITTENS.—The pupils of KATTI
LANNER.



THE GREAT-LITTLE "RANDOM."

"I SHANT PLAY ANY MORE!" (*Exit.*)



NEW AND STARTLING SLACK-WIRE PERFORMANCE.

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF THE TELEPHONE COMPANIES
AND THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

SALVAGE SMALL-TALK.

SCENE—*A Linendraper's. Large boxes full of cards occupy the counters; behind them are flushed young women, more or less short of temper; double row of undecided customers.*

Enter the Conscientious Purchaser with Sycophantic Companion. This is a cheap place to go to—you only pay twopence three-farthings here for a card they'd ask as much as threepence for at some shops!

S. C. (with enthusiasm). How very nice, dear!

C. P. Now let me see—have you got the list? I always like to make sure that all my cards have something appropriate about them.

S. C. But, then you have such wonderful taste, dear?

C. P. I take a little pains over it—that's all. We'll begin at this tray, shall we, and work round? Would you send one to the SKYRERS—or not? I see I've put them down—but really, it's so long since they asked us to dinner. Well, I can settle that afterwards, can't I? Just tell me when you come across anything you like, and put it aside.

S. C. Don't you like this, SOPHIA, isn't it perfect?

C. P. A little commonplace, I think.

S. C. Yes, perhaps it is, but rather a striking kind of commonplace in its way, don't you think? No? Well, perhaps you're right, dear!

A Simple-Minded Old Gentleman (to Bland Shopman). Look here, I want a card to send to a little girl.

B. S. Certainly, Sir! Now, here's a card we're selling a good many of—"Ye Festive Skeletons," in two subjects—represented as eating plum-pudding, and playing blind-man's buff, you see. The pair for sixpence three-farthings, Sir.

S. O. G. (doubtfully). Um, haven't you got anything livelier?

B. S. (surprised). Livelier, Sir? Those are considered very lively, this year, I assure you.

S. O. G. Don't seem to me quite suitable for a child.

B. S. (tolerantly). Think not, Sir? Do you like this? Churchyard and ruined tower, with moonlight effect—we find that a popular design.

S. O. G. No, no. Haven't you got something more—more Christmassy? Robins, holly,—that kind of thing?

B. S. (with pity). Oh, dear no, Sir! You won't find that class of article at any respectable shop!

C. P. I want something for Mrs. CHARTERHOUSE GREEN. Not a wassail-bowl, my dear! She only came out of that Retreat Place last Friday!

Overworked Shoplady (to Assistant). What are we doing those angels playing the 'arp at?

Assistant. Twopence three-farthings; sixpence set of three. But we're sold out of angels.

O. S. Well, give me some of those cats with fiddles, will you?

C. P. Now, tell me, would dear TIBBIE think I meant anything personal if I send her a cat? It won't do to send FLORIE CRACKENDELT Darby and Joan by the fireside, if it's true he's filed a petition, will it? I think, on the whole, a snow-scene will be safer.

A Vague Purchaser. Oh, I want one of those new Art cards—those with a kind of a little—well, not a sketch exactly, but—dear me, I could explain what I mean exactly, if you were to let me see one. It's too provoking I can't think of it! Not in the least like that! It's published by those people who brought out so many of the same sort last year. (To a Friend.) If it wasn't a linen-draper's, they'd know directly!

A Meek Housemaid. If you please, have you a penny one with two clasped 'ands?

B. S. Not at this time of year. They don't come in season till February, clasped 'ands don't.

Simple-Minded Old Gent. (leaving shop with purchase). I'm not altogether sure, even now, that a photograph of two stuffed toads kissing under the mistletoe is exactly the sort of thing to please a child as young as little ELFIE!

C. P. And you've got me envelopes to fit them all? Very well. How much did you say? Five-and-tencepence three-farthings! Oh, then I must find some others not quite so expensive. No, I won't take any I chose first, thank you! Let me see. Yes, you may pick me out a dozen from this penny tray. It doesn't matter which! (To Companion.) Saves so much trouble, doesn't it?

S. C. Much the most sensible way of doing it, dear. I should never have thought of it myself; but you are so full of clever ideas! I'm sure you must feel this a great tax upon you.

C. P. I don't mind a little trouble for my friends. They like to be remembered so!

The Prudent Francé. Must send MARIA something, I suppose! That's a pretty thing now—Eh, hand-painted on china, is it? Only five shillings? Ah, what was that again I saw in the window—the sole of a slipper with something about "hard times" on it? You may put me up one of those. (To himself.) A girl likes something that makes her laugh.

A Nice Child. I've bought all mine, such beauties! I got Grandma a card with a purse full of sovereigns on it, because she forgot to send us anything last year, you know,—and such a funny fat pig for TOMMY, he always eats too much on Christmas Day. Oh, and two turtle-doves for Papa; he hasn't spoken a word to Mummy, except naughty ones, for two days—fancy! And a picture of five playing-cards for that Mr. REDFLUSH, that, Papa says, can't get anyone at the Club to play with him, and a horrid one for JESSIE—because she sent me one with a monkey on it, before, and a lovely one for you, Aunt MARY, if you don't mind it being not quite clean! You shall see them all if we happen to stop at a confectioner's going home. Do you think we shall, Auntie dear, do you?

Overworked Shoplady (to Assistant). I say!

A. Well, what?

O. S. You remember that party with the 'andbag, at my tray? that chose the tipsy owls, the set of complimentary cards with gilt bats, and the row of sparrers on telegraph wires?

A. Her that took such a time and spoke so pleasant over it? Yes.

O. S. She could afford to speak pleasant—went away and never paid me for one of 'em!

A. Well, I wouldn't stand in your shoes for something when the accounts are gone through!

A Mild Man. Can you tell me how much this one is?

O. S. (tartly). Aren't they marked on the back? No! Sixpence three-farthings, then.

M. M. Are you quite sure? I took it out of a threepenny tray!

O. S. (more tartly). Then it had no business there, that's all! Anyone might tell that wasn't a threepenny card, I should ha' thought!

M. M. I'll take four, if you please.

O. S. (watching him out). If I only get one or two more of his sort, I shouldn't care!

A Feeble Customer (plaintively). I put all my cards down in this corner, and now they've got all mixed, and I don't know which are mine, and which are somebody else's!

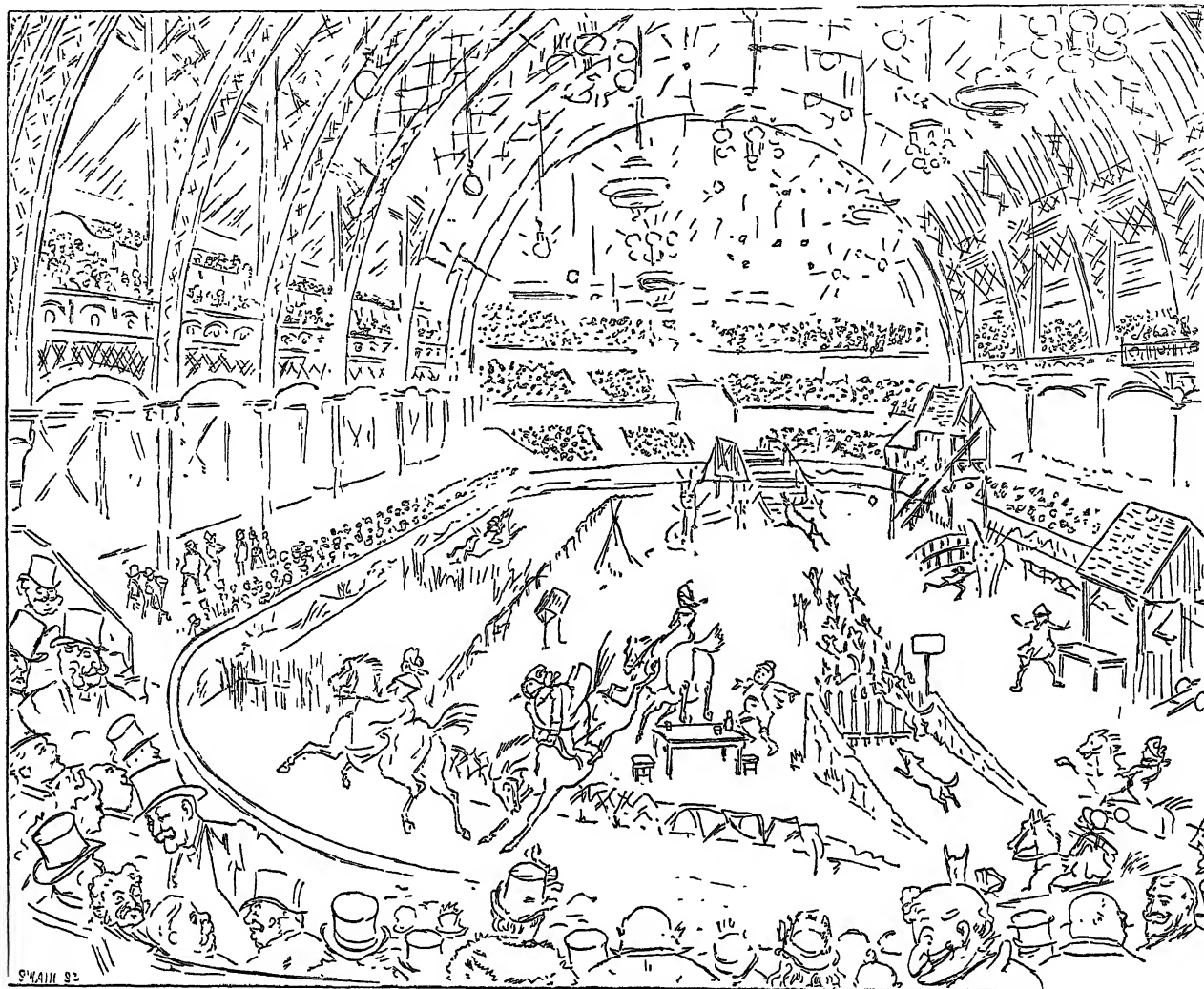
A Part Young Woman. I want a card of small shirt buttons, half-a-yard of narrer tape, and two packets of egg-eyed sharps.

Bland Shopman. Oh, we can't attend to you now—look in another evening.

P. Y. W. I'll see if they've got 'em at the Stationer's!

[Scene closes in.]

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 45.



HIPPODROME AT OLYMPIA. RAPID ACT SKETCH. By Our Electro-Lightning Artist.

IN THE FIRST OLYMPIAD.

THERE has not been seen in London, within the recollection of anyone under thirty, anything equal to the Hippodrome performances now daily and nightly going on at Olympia. It does not enter into rivalry with a circus entertainment.

The comic business is confined to the acrobatic and pantomimic actions of two twin Drolls, who may be termed the Hippodromios, and then the donkey and his master are highly amusing. The race of unriden steeds is a very pretty thing to see, and as regards all these races, if the same horses always run, it is highly probable that the result is invariable, and a sharp frequenter of Olympia might do a good bit of business with casual visitors.

The Roman Games are a feature, though the Roman Feature itself is conspicuous by its absence. The chariot-racing is very exciting.

During an interval of twenty minutes, which might be shortened with advantage, the servants set up an extensive country scene, composed of pieces representing a mill, capable of holding a full-grown family of six, a bridge that would bear a regiment, a stream of painted canvas, trees, hedges, gates, a forge, tables and chairs, all suggestive of having come out of a box of Christmas toys for Giant's children, and of their having been laid out here in this picturesque fashion—quite a hamlet—for the Brobdingnagian infants to come and play with them. No Giants appear, but there is a ballet of action, from which it appears that a young peasant is deeply enamoured of the Maid of the Mill, and persists in his demonstrations of affection in spite of being warned off by the maiden's mother, an elderly lady of peculiar habits and vulgar manners, who slides down the mill-stairs, displaying more underclothing than is

ordinarily consistent with good breeding, and who, when specially aggravated by things going contrary, expresses her disgust with everybody by throwing somersaults and behaving generally in such a way as we should have thought would have disgusted any youthful aspirant for her daughter's hand, with the prospect of saddling himself for life with so undesirable and extraordinary a mother-in-law. However, he is madly in love, and the sporting gentleman pleads his cause and he is married, and everyone connected with the Hippodrome drives to the wedding and witnesses a dance between the newly married couple. In these festivities there is a wonderful doll, well worth seeing. "Oh, what a surprise!"

Then comes the stag-hunt; ladies and gentlemen, well mounted, jump the gates and hedges, race over the bridge, one lady clearing a table and bottles, and, the dogs having gone after the stag, the stag at last, apparently, goes to the dogs. Capital afternoon entertainment for boys home from the Classics during the present Olympiad.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

SPIDERS of Society (F. V. WHITE & Co.), according to Miss FLORENCE MARRYAT, are mostly women, and men are the flies that are victimised in the webs they weave around them. The writer of this novel being of the fair sex, it is absolutely impossible that she could say anything unfair of her sisters. A woman's thoughts about women are always refreshing; and though Miss MARRYAT does not make the mistake of putting too much bitterness in her sherry, she adds just enough to give piquancy to an amusing story. *Randolph Caldecott* (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), by HENRY BLACKBURN, is a truly



OUR CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

The Rector (who conducts the Rehearsal). "SUPPOSE WE TRY THAT MOVEMENT AGAIN? I THINK, MR. FOOTLES, YOU WERE HALF A BAR BEHIND IN TAKING UP YOUR POINT. OH DEAR!—YOU'RE NOT GOING, MR. FOO—"

Mr. Footles (our Flauto Secondo, huffed). "YESSIR. 'F YOU'RE SO PERTIC'LAR 'S T'ALF A BAR, I SHA'N'T JINE THE S'CIEITY!!"

delightful volume. It gives an account of his early life, from the time he was in the bank at Whitechurch, to 1879. To his "picture-book career" this volume is especially dedicated. It has over one hundred and seventy illustrations—among them several from the collection of *Mr. Punch*—and by the study of these we are able to appreciate the wonderfully graphic power and versatility of the artist, to see what marvellous work he did, though dying before the zenith of his powers were reached. We are not surprised to note that this volume is now in its fourth edition. *Wild Animals Photographed and Described* is the title of a portly volume by J. FORTUNE NOTT. Its title hardly, however, gives a good notion of its contents; *Our Private Zoo* would perhaps be a better one. The author's descriptions are nearly as good as a visit to the Regent's Park Gardens along with FRANK BUCKLAND used to be. Our *cicerone* is not too learned, neither is he too superficial. He writes in a popular style, but at the same time he conveys a large amount of information in a palatable form. The illustrations, although phototype reproductions of photographic negatives, are also, on account of their artistic merit, of distinctly "palette-able" form. Among them visitors to the Zoo will recognise capital portraits of many of their old friends. Yet another reprint of the ever-welcome work of CHARLES LAMB! This time Lamb is served up with sauce! What would C. L. have said to us for talking in this fashion? No matter! The sauce is good. It may not be mint-sauce, but then it is not *mint* to be. The sauce is the series of excellent illustrations by C. O. MURRAY, which will prove to be a source of great pleasure to all who peruse *Some Essays of Elia* in their latest form. *Romances of Chivalry* (T. FISHER UNWIN), by JOHN ASHTON, convince us that there really was romance in chivalry as well as chivalry in romance. The illustrations are quaintly humorous; and if the people of those days were only half so funny as they are represented, there is no doubt the human race has sadly deteriorated. Our gallant knights are dull dogs indeed compared with the merry family that gaily disported itself in days gone by.

ILLUMINATED BY G. A. S.—His promised Autobiography.

OUR WINTER GARDEN.



"'Tis true, 'tis Piggy, and Piggy 'tis 'tis true!"

Shakspeare on the Scene in C. G. Circus.

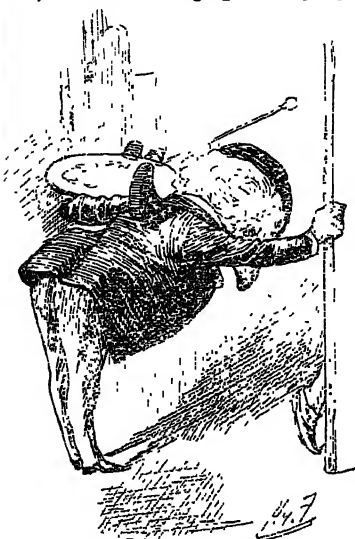
latter is especially, that is pig-culiarly, amusing, and where all is so attractive in the Horse-Show provided by Messrs. DOUGLAS COX and HENRY—(why didn't Cox get Box to join him?)—this is saying a deal.

IN PUDDING-TIME.—On Saturday, the 1st instant, the Bulgarian Deputies enjoyed, at dinner, the hospitality of the Servian Consul-General in London, Mr. H. W. CHRISTMAS, who of course regaled them with substantial Christmas fare. (Pity that Government couldn't promise them a treat still more substantial.) Happy conjunction of Christmas with New Year. *Prosit omen*, and many Happy New Years to the brave Bulgarians!

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XI.—SEPTIMUS SWALLUM, THE CONFIRMED HYPOCHONDRIAC.

It is now quite ten years ago since SEPTIMUS SWALLUM may be said, to use his own graphic language, fairly to have "broken up."



Yet he is still about. Any afternoon you may meet him being dragged towards the Park in a Bath-chair, wearing on his face that expression of aggressive scowl that seems characteristic of the blighted fraternity who usually patronise those invalid vehicles; yet if you stop him, and tell him, which is probably a fact, that you think him looking much better, he will resent it almost as an insult, and reply, with a smile of sickly sarcasm, "Am I? Well, I wish I felt so," that leaves you no courteous alternative but to express a regretful sympathy, and inquire after his symptoms. These he will catalogue to you, dwelling on their worst features almost with relish, and they certainly are sufficiently appalling. Indeed, as he is jolted out of sight in his conveyance amidst the

crowd, you look after him with a feeling of wonder how, taking him at his own account, he can manage to hold together at all. Yet SEPTIMUS SWALLUM was not always thus. Ten years ago, before his "break-up," he was what he called a regular liver.

"I can't put my finger on anything in my present mode of life," he said, addressing the eminent practitioner whom he first consulted as to his state of health at the time, "to account in the least for my existing symptoms." He had been describing an overwhelming sense of lassitude that oppressed him in the morning, coupled with a sensation as if the ground were swaying under his feet as he walked home at night, together with a tendency to see two of everything—two doors, two windows, two shaving-glasses, two sets of fire-irons, and two newspapers, accompanied by a sharp pang something between a kick and a stab in his back. "And yet," he continued, "I'm a moderate man, and very careful about my food. I dine out a good deal, and am what you may call a hearty feeder, and I mix my wines pretty freely, and I'm fond of nuts, but I don't overdo it. Then in the course of the day I may take an occasional 'nip' as a pick-me-up, and I generally finish up with a 'nightcap' when I go to bed, but I'm confident I don't do anything to put me out of order in this fashion."

The eminent practitioner listened attentively, and giving his patient a prescription, in which the chief ingredient was a combination of potassium, and enjoining on him a daily diet of two underdone mutton-chops, and half a wine-glass of claret, took his two-guinea fee, and smilingly bowed him out.

SEPTIMUS SWALLUM tried his diet of underdone mutton-chops for three days, but finding, at the expiration of that period, that the ground swayed about under his feet more than ever, resumed his nuts, his nips, and his nightcap, and, making up his mind that something must be the matter with his head, determined to consult a famous specialist, noted for his success in treatment of obscure diseases of the brain. The interview took place, and the famous specialist, shaking his head blandly over the eminent practitioner's prescription, wrote out another, in which this time phosphorus, and not potassium, figured conspicuously. Moreover, he removed all restrictions in the matter of diet, advising a "generous table," and SEPTIMUS SWALLUM left him, hopeful and satisfied.

But neither his hope nor his satisfaction were destined to be of long duration. Not only was there no abatement in the old symptoms, but on the third day of the new treatment fresh and alarming ones, of a novel character, developed themselves, and SEPTIMUS SWALLUM, when sitting down, or rising from his chair, suddenly saw sundry luminous balls and stars floating about the room before his eyes. This frightened him. He expressed his opinion "that something must be very wrong with him," and the very next morning he put his case into the hands of a celebrated nerve doctor.

The celebrated nerve doctor was equal to the occasion. He quietly discontinued the phosphorus, but gave him instead a powerful acid tonic that, after a dose or two, bound an iron band round SEPTIMUS SWALLUM's head, and set up a singing in his ears that nearly deafened him and robbed him entirely of all sleep.

Then he grew desperate, and beat about wildly in search of fresh

advice. He consulted another specialist—this time fixing on one noted for his success in dealing with spinal mischief—and was treated liberally with nux vomica and strychnine, with the result that his facial muscles began to twitch convulsively, while a sudden, overpowering constriction set up simultaneously in his hands, arms, back, and legs. Then he decided that the doctors were killing him, and determined to take his case, as he put it, "into his own hands." This he did by having recourse to Patent Medicines. It was a sombre and severe experience, for in turns he tried them all! Indeed those who came across him during the progress of the experiment describe his condition at the time as apparently "much shattered." He lost flesh visibly, and by the end of a twelvemonth had come to the conclusion that drugs were even more deadly than doctors, and, in this frame of mind, stretching out his hands for succour, he had it thrust into them in the shape of an advertising pamphlet on the subject of Galvanism. He turned to it with the alacrity of despair, and forthwith invested in all the known appliances of the hidden recuperative force. He now walked about incased in belts, chain-bands and batteries. He went even further.

Those who called upon him when in the full flood of this phase of his therapeutic career, would find him frequently seated on a metallic plate, holding in his right and left hand respectively the positive and negative pole of a seventeen-guinea battery that was simmering on a table before him. Three months of this, however, "took it out" of him, and he became hysterical, and in this condition he fell into the willing hands of the proprietor of a great Hydro-pathic Sanatorium.

"You are poisoned with drugs, Sir," remarked the enterprising proprietor, heartily, "but we must eliminate them from the system," and so saying he instantly "packed" SEPTIMUS SWALLUM up in a damp sheet. The result of this "treatment" was, that after three months of it, he found himself so feeble that it was with a positive effort he broke away from it, scarcely able to hobble to the fly that took him to the station.

"Eliminate poison from the system, indeed!" he cried, threatening the proprietor of the establishment with exposure as he left; "why, you have eliminated nothing but my strength; but you have added chronic rheumatism to my other symptoms with your confounded cold water. You ought to be prosecuted." And so fuming he dragged himself up to town, where he sought relief from the mischief induced at the Sanatorium, for a short time, in a system of Scandinavian Massage, that he however soon abandoned, declaring that it only aggravated his pains, and made matters ten times worse, and from this period he may be said slowly but surely to have descended the remedial ladder, clutching wildly at and giving a temporary trial first to this nostrum then to that, suggested in turn by officiously advising friends.

A broken-down, battered, nervous, dyspeptic individual—such is SEPTIMUS SWALLUM at present; and it is not easy to say what possible further downward developments await his shattered constitution. It is true he still has the experience of the famous German and other Continental Spas open to him; but such is his terror of damp beds and draughts, and so strong is his disinclination to move out of his own arm-chair, and away from his own fireside, that he is not likely, except in a state of coma, to try the experiment, and be found whisking away in some foreign express, even though propped up by india-rubber hot-water bottles, and supported by continuous "nips" of brandy from a medicine glass. For when he is persuaded to leave his home to pay a short visit, he carries into the house of his temporary host all the discipline and paraphernalia of a hospital, and both breakfasts and lunches in bed, sleeps in a flannel bag, and when he does appear in the drawing-room, sits apart, wrapped up in a blanket, gazing at the fire in a settled gloom, which no conversational powers of those present, be they practised with ever such skill, are able not only not to dispel but even to penetrate.

But if you manage by any chance to draw SEPTIMUS SWALLUM out of that inner contemplation of himself which is now his habitual mood, and get him to hold forth for a few minutes on any subject whatever, you will quickly find him relapse into the one congenial topic that is ever uppermost in his thoughts—his symptoms, upon which dilating for a few moments with nervous insistence, he however soon relapses into his settled and familiar gloom.

"What I go through with, nobody knows," he complains, with a melancholy wail. "I don't sleep. I don't eat. I scarcely live. I can hardly see you where you stand, or hear what you say. That has come on only lately. But it gets worse every day. Ah! if you had only to go through half that I have, you'd precious soon cry out, I can tell you!"

Very likely! POOR SEPTIMUS SWALLUM! A victim? Yes—but a victim to himself. For it seems with all his aches, and his pains, his experiences, and his treatments, he has never got out of certain old bad habits. He still sticks to his nuts, his nips, and his nightcaps, and as, whatever else he may do, to the end he will never relinquish these, he is destined, to the close of his mournful mortal days, to be known among men, to the sport of his foes, to the terror of his friends, as that recognised social incubus, a confirmed hypochondriac!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover,

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE CLOWN'S LAMENT.



What has become of your fun and frivolity?
Where is the laughter that lifted the roof?
Gone are the highest of jinks and of jollity,
Holiday spirits are under the proof!
Where is the merriment blue devils banishing,
Sending a thrill through the heart of the town?
Gone with old friends everlastingly vanishing—
This is the weary Lament of the Clown!

Pantomime past, can we never recover it,
See it again in its glory alive?
If under down-trodden grass we discover it,
Who will have faith in the past to revive?
Is there no magic once more to restore to us
Laughter of little ones? childhood of man?
Can it be true that sweet fancy's a bore to us?
Who placed the fairy tales under a ban?

Ah! for the days when the curtain unclosed to us
Regions of mystery, demon and sprite!
Who can forget how all Fairyland posed to us,
Some in pink tarlatane, others in white!
Those were the times when the giant's voice stormed to us
Out of a mask of Dykwyntyn renown;
Happy the hour when the fairy transformed to us
Silly young farmer to jolly old Clown!

Then came a voice pealing out from the gallery,
"Give us, old friend, of 'Hot Codlins' a taste.
'Tippitwitchet!'—it's all in your salary—
Tip us a stave, you old rascal! make haste!"
Who could be weary when slides were a-buttering?
Days of hot poker and sausage galore!
Out, neck and crop, they'd have turned a fool muttering,
"Don't you think Harlequinades are a bore?"

If it be true that *mutantur* our tempora,
That *nos et mutantur in illis* as well,
Far better to call for a halter of hemp or a
Gallows to strangle the past as a sell!
Tradition lies dead, with a pall for a covering
Of satins and silks and fantastic brocade;
But over its gorgeous bier there are hovering
Ghosts of delight that new fashion has laid!

Where is the end to this jewelled magnificence,
Gorgeous processions, and money in heaps?
Cannot a pantomime fairy's beneficence
Change it as quick as a Harlequin leaps?
Is there no hope that, remote as a star away,
A dynasty banished will rule us again?
Recalling our vanished companions from far away,
That innocent laughter may ring through the Lane!

One cheer for the past, when its perfume is tost to us!
GRIMALDI and FLEXMORE, their spirits are free;
But the soul of pure Pantomime never is lost to us,
When merry TOM MATTHEWS lives down by the sea!
So in bumpers of port that is nutty and nourishing,
Let us toast to their names and their deathless renown,
And in days when the last of the PAYNES is still flourishing,
Let us claim a reprieve for the Jolly Old Clown!

BUMBLE AT BAY.

SIR,—Your Correspondents, who complain of the "apathy and imbecility of all the London Vestries in dealing with the snow nuisance," can hardly be aware of the facts with regard to the parish which I have the honour to represent. The recent heavy snow-fall took place between eight and ten on a Sunday evening, and in the incredibly short space of *thirty-six hours from that time* my Vestry had not only met to consider what should be done, but actually exhausted themselves so much in discussing the subject that refreshments of a rather expensive character had to be supplied to them at the cost of the ratepayers! What, Sir, was the result of this public-spirited action? Why, in the course of the *very next day* fifteen infirm old men and an orphan lad were engaged as scavengers, attracted by the promise of the really munificent wages of one-shilling-and-sixpence for a day's work of twelve hours. Is it fair to blame the Vestry if these men proved so hopelessly inefficient that a deputation of indignant ratepayers called at the Vestry Hall, and threatened to lynch the office-boy—the only official then on the premises? Is it just to point out that ten times the number of men ought to have been hired, or to make unfeeling allusions to the fact that all the fifteen were found drunk in the gutter, and that the orphan lad most ungratefully ran away with the wheelbarrow and spade that were supplied to him, and has not been seen since? Certainly not, at least in the opinion of

Yours obediently,
SIMON SLOWCOACH,
Clerk to the Guzzlington Vestry.

SIR,—The Vestry which I belong to can hardly be accused of slackness in the matter of using snow-ploughs. A timber-merchant, whose brother is on the Vestry, kindly consented to construct twenty at the low price of one hundred pounds *a-piece*, and the Chairman, who is himself an eminent Contractor, generously offered to supply teams of four horses for each plough, at the moderate rate of *ten pounds a team per diem*. Not only has all the snow in our parish been cleared away (at the cost to the ratepayers of a mere bagatelle of three thousand pounds, so far), but the ploughs were of such a powerful nature that, through some trifling error in their construction, a good deal of the wood pavement in our main thoroughfares has also been scraped up, and rendered totally unfit for traffic. The relaying of the wood will give employment to hundreds of workmen for some time to come, under the able superintendence of one of the Vestry, who happens to be Managing Director of the "Patent Compressed Sawdust Paving Company, Limited." The publication of these facts ought to put a stop to the croakings of penurious ratepayers, and show the Vestry, besides, what an admirable (and insufficiently remunerated) Surveyor they possess in

Yours,
TIMOTHY TAXEM.
*For the Vestry of the Parish of St. Jobbery's,
Hanwell Square.*

SIR,—Nobody can regret more than my Vestry does the fact that the method of stacking the mingled snow and refuse of the streets in front of private houses, and leaving it there for weeks, should be a source of annoyance to the various residents in different parts of London who have written to complain on the subject. But I can assure them that in course of time they will learn to regard the snow-heaps as quite picturesque, and when the summer comes they will most probably disappear. Of course, if fatal accidents happen because cabmen will drive up against these snow-heaps on dark nights, that is not the fault of the Vestry. Your Correspondent, "SPLASHED FROM HEAD TO FOOT," who writes angrily about the system of "lining the roads with ramparts of sloshy snow," is evidently either a sufferer from confirmed biliousness or a disguised member of the Municipal Reform League, and does not require any answer from

Yours, &c.,
URIAH HEEP.
General Manager of the Local Authority for Spattersea.

LAPSUS CALAMI.—A slip has been sent us as an extract from the *Press News*, purporting to give "recollections" concerning the "First Editorial Staff" of *Punch*. It is "a slip," indeed!—a slip of the memory of the worthy individual who compiled it, as most of the statements are absurdly inaccurate. One example will suffice,—it records how TENNIEL, MARK LEMON, DU MAURIER, DOUGLAS JERROLD, the Brothers MAYHEW, all regularly, and with them SHIRLEY BROOKS and DICKENS, and others occasionally, dined at the Sussex Head Hotel every Saturday. Well, first, these Saturday "business dinners" were in the earliest days of *Punch*, in 1841. Secondly, Mr. TENNIEL didn't join till 1851, when these particular dinners had ceased. Thirdly, Mr. DU MAURIER, at the time he is said to have been enjoying the society of DOUGLAS JERROLD, TENNIEL (who wasn't there), and so forth, was about eight years old. Perhaps, being very precocious, he stole out of the nursery. Lastly, SHIRLEY BROOKS was not a Member of the Staff till some time afterwards. It is doubtful whether DICKENS was ever present at one of the regular "*Punch* business dinners"; he might, perhaps, have been there once; but "PHIZ" KNIGHT, BARHAM, HOOD, AINSWORTH, were never at these dinners, and only foregathered with the *Punch* men on "off" nights.

INSCRIPTION ON A STONE—"R.A."—These letters mark him as a precious stone. MARCUS was elected for his artistic merits and social qualities; that is, they wouldn't have chosen this Stone if he hadn't been a regular brick.

MRS. RAM says that at Olympia the Roman Charioteers are in classic costume, with fillets on their heads and saddles on their feet.



"THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES," &c.

The Bishop. "I HOPE YOUR GRANDCHILDREN LIKED THE CIRCUS, LADY GODIVA. THAT WAS A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF M^{LE}. PETITPAS ON THE BARE-BACKED STEED, WASN'T IT?"

Lady Godiva. "YES—A—BUT I DISLIKE THOSE BARE-BACKED PERFORMANCES. THEY'RE SO RISKY, YOU KNOW!"

A WINTER GARDEN.

FAT children, and food-stuffs, and holly,
The tributes of Art to his sway,
And the struggle all round to be jolly,
Have vanished with Christmas away.

But, true to the season, the weather
Has banded again with the Parks,
To start on the war-path together
For a glacial epoch of larks.

When pale snows on ice-levels glinter,
What cheer for the sun-loving souls
Who seek to escape from the winter
Unaided by skating or coals?

Though frost the broad gravel-path hardens,
The glasses are beaded with dew;
Though it's desolate out in the gardens,
There's life in the greenhouse at Kew.

Good-bye to the reign of December,
To boughs that are leafless and wet;
From the fires of the summer an ember
Keeps warm the chrysanthemums yet.

Narcissus and tulip and lily
The siege of the season abide,
While the fog-demons chubby and chilly
Throng thriftless and baffled outside.

They stand the dull atmosphere scorning,
Like beautiful captives arow,

As white as the mists of the morning,
Or flushing like sunset on snow—

The dress of a fairy of fashion,
Whose skirt a wet rainbow has swept;
The cheek of a pearl in a passion,
Whom a moonbeam has kiss'd while she slept.

Fast-frozen the grey grass beseeches
A token of hope for the lawn
From the high-tow'ring poplars and beeches,
The wind-whisper'd watchtow'rs of dawn.

But we turn from the climate of Sweden
To breathe the perennial balm,
Where aisles like the alleys of Eden
Are arch'd by the fronds of the palm.

And silvered, unvex'd by the raw gust,
Benignant, and happy and hot,
Is lull'd by that music of August,
The clank of the watering-pot.

Where gardeners, passive and pensive,
Their leisurely labours pursue,
And tropical trunks, comprehensive,
In charity hide them from view.

Though man, more and more, with his crass
works
Profanes this sweet Goshen of trees,
Though Brentford, with whistles and gas-
works,
Claims more than its share of the breeze,

UNWELCOME GUESTS.

By an Unwilling Host.

"Many people like to pose as 'hosts,' but not in the sense of being feasted upon by germs and parasites—a sense in which the term is understood by Zoologists and Physicians."—*Dr. Morrison's "Notes on Consumption."*

TRUE, genial Doctor! Curious use of terms,
To call him "host" who's feasted on by germs!
With horror it must fill us,
To think that hospitality's New Years' guests
May be nought else than parasitic pests,—
Bacterium or *Bacillus*.

'Tis pleasant though to know it is your practice,
Bacterium Termo or *Bacterium Lactic*,
(Most grateful, pray, suppose us)
Germs, gentle, harmless, that won't hurt or kill us,
To pit against that horrible *Bacillus*,
That's called *Tuberculosis*.

To those who are not up in learned tongues,
'Tis hardly nice to picture their poor lungs
A field for germ-contention.
Latinised parasites perchance to you
Have many charms; we feel we'd rather do
Without their intervention.

Still, if to such strange guests we must be "hosts,"
We trust you'll justify CANTANT's boasts,
And make them few, not many,—
Nay, rather that *Bacteria* and *Bacilli*
May kill each other out, Sir, willy-nilly,
Like cats of famed Kilkenny.

"THE Benjamin Hatfield Lodge of the Original Grand Order of the Total Abstinent Sons of the Phoenix." There's a title for a Benefit Society which won't allow its members to take a little wine, even when the port is ordered by the Doctor. If the Doctor who gives such advice to one of these patients depends on his patient's Society for his money, the reply will probably be, that the sick member who broke the rules by taking a little alcoholic sip-port, was one of the sons of the "*Fee-nix*."

BLACK'S WHITE.—MR. WILLIAM BLACK won an action for libel the other day, and proved that he wasn't so Black as he had been painted. He left the Court with *White Wings*. Why did he fash himself? his fair fame extends far beyond the sound of Bow Bells.

So much of the fugitive Summer
Is caught in the crystalline cage,
That the thought of sweet Spring, the new-
comer,
Makes mirth of Jack Frost and his rage.
The River, again, in the twilight
Gleams silvery grey like a dove,
And birds twitter clear in the shy light
That dawns upon April and love.

LORD DUNRAVEN is reported by the *St. James's Gazette* to have said to the Runcomers last week, that "he would venture to stake his head" if, in all cases in which the Union was in question, they would not find Lord RANDOLPH on the side of the Tory Government. Lord RANDOLPH is already by his own act and deed a Separatist, as he has separated himself from Lord SALISBURY's Cabinet. But, in a difficulty, it might happen that Lord DUNRAVEN would lose his head and the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer keep his. As to the value of the stake which Lord DUNRAVEN is prepared to lay down, we would not offer an opinion; but—*will he bet six-pence?*

ABST OMEN!—Bad title for The Onliest JONES's play at the Haymarket, *Hard Hat*. Suppose it shouldn't be any hit at all—might this change hit into *Frost*?

THE DRAFT HOUND.



Master of Hounds, loquitur:—

HUMPH! So he's here! Will he ever go back?

Call him the pick of the opposite pack, Lent me awhile. It's exceedingly kind! Know him of old; wasn't quite to my mind Not so long since. Thought him most unreliable.

Still, I've had losses, and so must be pliable. Looks a bit lonely! Would like to have had One or two kennel-mates, eh, my old lad?

Somehow, however, that couldn't be squared; Others hung back, but thought *you* could be spared.

Compliment, truly! Your points they could never

Appreciate fully. And yet you *are* clever!

Promising pups, like the one I've just lost,

Bring heaps of bother, involve lots of cost.

You'll fill his place in a steadier style.

Hope you'll get on with my kennel awhile.

Should have liked "Harty"; such hounds are so few! [do!]

Still, you *have* points, and—I think you may

At the annual Twelfth Night festivity given on the stage of Old Drury last Thursday, a Shakspearian actor cautiously declined the proffered slice. Quoting the reply of *Hubert*, he exclaimed, "BADDELEY I fear!" And he did not "take the cake."



PROBABLY.

Nervous Stout Gentlemen (to Cabdriver). "I SAY! I SAY!"

Driver. "ALL RIGHT, GEN'ELM'N. SHE'LL BE QUIET ENOUGH WHEN YOU'RE BOTH IN!"

A SHILLING'S-WORTH OF OLD MASTERS.



MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to that Old Master, J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., and Treasurer to the Royal Academy. Never has this energetic Academical Official discharged his office with greater ability than on this occasion, when he has collected these invaluable treasures, and stored them, for the winter, under the roof of Burlington House. The very man to do this sort of thing capitally is JOHN CLOTHES HORSLEY, and well he "knew'd" it. Ahem!

The arrangements are excellent, and we may say thoroughly carried out, as on our arrival under the portico we were confronted by two splendid Constables in an excellent state of preservation. Their colour was as good as could be expected considering the atmosphere in which

they were exhibited, and their tone left nothing to be desired.

After confiding our gold-stick-in-waiting to the custody of the Charon below, who has the entire control of the Styx,—a wise precaution, as so many umbrellas, canes, and crutches, if carelessly carried up-stairs, would be used as "maul-sticks"—we, after receiving a Catalogue from an Art-Commissioner in uniform, upon whom we bestowed a small silver medal, ascended the staircase, preceded by several people in full dress (it was uncommonly cold), and were received by the working Models, the presiding Genii of the place, who lead, what appears to our limited mortal intelligence, a monotonous existence, with "No change" from day to day, and ever attracting the notice of visitors with much the same enticement that

is offered by the photographer's touts to the passers-by—"This stifle one shilling."

Need we say that our loyal instincts at once led us to the Third Gallery, where inspired by a happy thought for the Jubilee Year, the Providential Treasurer has hung No. 117, *The First Council of Her Majesty the Queen*, painted Sir DAVID WILKIE, R. A.—needless to say a most interesting picture—showing the youthful QUEEN looking rather pale and nervous, the Marquis of LANDOWNE, with a very comic expression on his face, not unlike the portrait of LISTON as *Paul Pry*, and next to him the LORD CHANCELLOR frowning severely on such untimely levity, the Duke of WELLINGTON blushing and the burly Duke of SUSSEX, with his black skull-cap on, a blank piece of paper before him, and a pen in his hand, looking as though he were going to pronounce sentence and sign a death-warrant; and No. 118, *The Queen's Coronation*, where the Duke of WELLINGTON with a drawn sword stands over the kneeling QUEEN, with all the air of a Lord High Executioner awaiting the signal. This is painted by C. R. LESLIE, R. A.—No. 119, *Portrait of Her Majesty*, by Sir MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P. R. A.—portrait of "Her" by "Shee"—and No. 120, "*Christening of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*," where the royal infant is indeed "a bonny boy," and the Duke of WELLINGTON again appears as the executioner,—quite enough to frighten any child if he stepped forward,—but once more blushing,—he is blushing in all three pictures,—and keeping himself modestly in the background. This is by Sir GEORGE HAYTER. The group cannot help being Theatrical, as it came from Her Majesty's own The-Hayter. AUGUSTUS DRUMOLANUS! here's your chance for three scenes of a Jubilee Drama, which shall embrace the chief events of the last fifty years.

Let's leave the Royal Young Missis and visit a few splendid Old Masters.

No. 126. Velasquez. Magnificent. "*Philip the Fourth of Spain*." From the collection of R. S. HOLFORD. When you've feasted your eyes and taken your Phil, on you'll go to

135. Another Velasquez, just as good. "*Don Gaspar de Guzman*" (beautiful name), holding a slight, fresh-cut willow wand, or switch. He is looking out of the picture. That was his character—he was always "looking out." The sapling-wand is figurative; the celebrated statesman is saying, in the purest Castilian, "Twig?"

No. 140. A Van Dyck. Lady, evidently with pins and needles in her hand, stretching out her numbed fingers in considerable pain! It is a portrait of ANNE, Countess of Bedford. The subject would come under a heading to a Latin Grammar exercise, *An-ne, num.*

No. 144. Van Dyck. Perfect. Stern man, evidently tutor (in armour), holding a stick with one hand, and small boy, his pupil, with the other. Boy is explaining, "Please, Sir, first fault!"

No. 149. By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. "*Venus and Adonis*; or, *Ought we to visit her?*" Is it true that when our Mr. HORSLEY saw it he exclaimed, "TURNER away!"

No. 152. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. PHILIP STANHOPE—or PHILIP CAN'T STANDUP. The original "Sloper."

No. 153. "*Isabella*." By GEORGE ROMNEY. A very decided "Rum Knee." Just look!

No. 115. "*Pan and Syrinx*." By RUBENS. Ahem! Next to this we should expect to see "*The Treasurer, R.A., rubens*."

And last, but perhaps greatest, is No. 93. "*Portrait of Martin Looten*." By REMBRANDT. What superb painting! But someone else had a hand in this besides Old Master REMBRANDT, and that is Old Father Time, the softener, the mellowist. Father Time is a wonderful colourist. Slow, but very sure is his method, where he has good material to work upon. And this picture, does it not tell its own story? Why, certainly. Regard it. Look at that wonderful right hand in that marvellously uncomfortable attitude. It is clutching at something over the region of the heart, and the tips of the fingers are lost in the pleats of the coat. What does this indicate but pain? A sharp stitch in his side, perhaps one of those powerful ones which, coming in time saves nine, or a spasm, or a twinge? Glance at his left hand? What do you see? A writing signed. Yes: it is a prescription. Now, cast your eye up to his face. It expresses contemptuous incredulity. He is evidently saying to his physician



"I feel my pain here (indicating *it*) just as bad as ever: this prescription hasn't done me any good!" And the title? Epigrammatic and expressive, "*No Fees*."

This is all we have time for to-day. Perhaps we may visit the place again, perhaps we may not. A good deal depends on any inquiry being made about a beautiful agate-headed, gold-mounted umbrella, which, in a moment of abstraction, we took out of the hands of the Guardian of the Styx, who mistook our ticket, No. 66, for No. 99. But we're an Old Master, and know what a real work of Art is. "Burlington House, adoo!" we cried, as we hurried down the steps, for we were late for tea, and we always go home to tea. At the last moment we fancy, in the distance, we hear some one calling out after us, hoarsely. But, as we are not HORSLEY, we don't stop. Once more, Old Masters, adoo!

AN EPITAPH.

IN MEMORY OF THE VISIT OF THE
BULGARIAN DELEGATES.

THEY WERE HARD TO PRONOUNCE, TRANSITORY, BUT INSINUATING.

EGGED ON AT VIENNA, SNUBBED AT BERLIN,

AND SNUFFED OUT AT PARIS,

THEY,

THOUGH BARELY SURVIVING THE HORRORS OF THE

CHANNEL PASSAGE,

ARRIVED EXPECTANT AND HOPEFUL IN THIS COUNTRY;

WHERE,

WELCOMED ON THE BACK-STAIRS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE BY

LORD IDDESLEIGH,

ENTERTAINED AT LUNCHEON BY THE LORD MAYOR,

AND INSPECTED BY THE PREMIER AT HATFIELD,

THEY LEARNT RAPIDLY TO APPRECIATE AT ITS FULL VALUE THE

DEPTH OF THE SYMPATHY FELT BY THE BRITISH PUBLIC

FOR THEIR CAUSE, THEIR COUNTRY, AND THEMSELVES.

DRAWN BY SOMEONE DURING THE LAST HOURS OF THEIR STAY

DOWN TO BRIGHTON, TO VISIT THE AQUARIUM,

THEY FINALLY QUITTED THESE SHORES ON FRIDAY LAST,

AWAKENED AND WISER IF Sadder MEN;

AND HAVE NOW RETURNED TO THE MIDST OF THAT DOMESTIC CHAOS
AT SOFIA,

FROM WHICH THEY MAY PERHAPS REFLECT

THAT, ON THE WHOLE, THEY MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE DONE BETTER

NEVER TO HAVE EMERGED.

"OH, POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE!"

As some evidence that the legitimate Harlequinade is still attractive, we can point to the one comic scene that follows the three Acts of the Hanwellian Extravaganza *Robinson Crusoe*,—which we believe



"Arthur's Show."—Shakespeare.

was to have been called *Arthur Roberts on Crusoe*,—at the Avenue Theatre, and which for practical fun is better than anyone of them, or the whole three combined. True that Mr. WILKINSON, as Clown, is not remarkably humorous, nor is Mr. ASHLEY exceptionally comic as Pantaloon; tall Mr. FRED STOREY, though very nimble, is a storey too high for Harlequin; but Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS is imimitably droll as the Policeman, and Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON is the sweetest Columbine since the first one we ever saw, with whom we fell head over ears in love, and for whose *beaux yeux* we would have sacrificed oranges, toffy, and weekly allowance. Miss PHYLLIS can act prettily, *pas grand chose*, but then when she dances a *pas* it is *grand chose*; and, after Miss CATHERINE VAUGHAN, she has not her equal on the stage for a style which, as something between the finished performance of the highly-trained *première danseuse* of the ballet and that of the burlesque actress, has a charm peculiarly its own.

The piece is too long, and unfortunately the best of it is in the First Act and the comic scene which follows the Third Act. Mr. STOREY and Mr. ATKINS,—not our old former "WILL ATKINS," but a very comic dwarf,—are capital as the two acrobatic balliffs. Miss WADMAN has plenty to sing, but nothing worth hearing; and even Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS' songs, in spite of his mirth-provoking business, are not particularly good. But he himself is immensely droll, and so genuinely popular, that his admiring audience laugh not only at any nonsense he says or does, but they laugh in anticipation of what it is probable he may be going to say or do. In fact, so distinctly is the success due to Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, that a first-night audience, instead of crying out, "Author! Author!" would have been justified in calling loudly, "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!"

The sole vocal and musical success is achieved by Miss LYDIA YEAMANS, who sings "*Sally in Our Alley*" so charmingly as, on the night of our visit at all events, to obtain a triple encore, so genuine, hearty, and unanimous, that it seemed as if the audience were delighted to have an opportunity of showing how thoroughly they could appreciate anything really good. There was a ring about the encores for this ballad very different from the polite and mechanical rapture exhibited on other occasions, when the singers, thinking that half "a hand" was better than no applause, had smirkingly bowed their acknowledgments and had lost no time in recommencing their ditties.

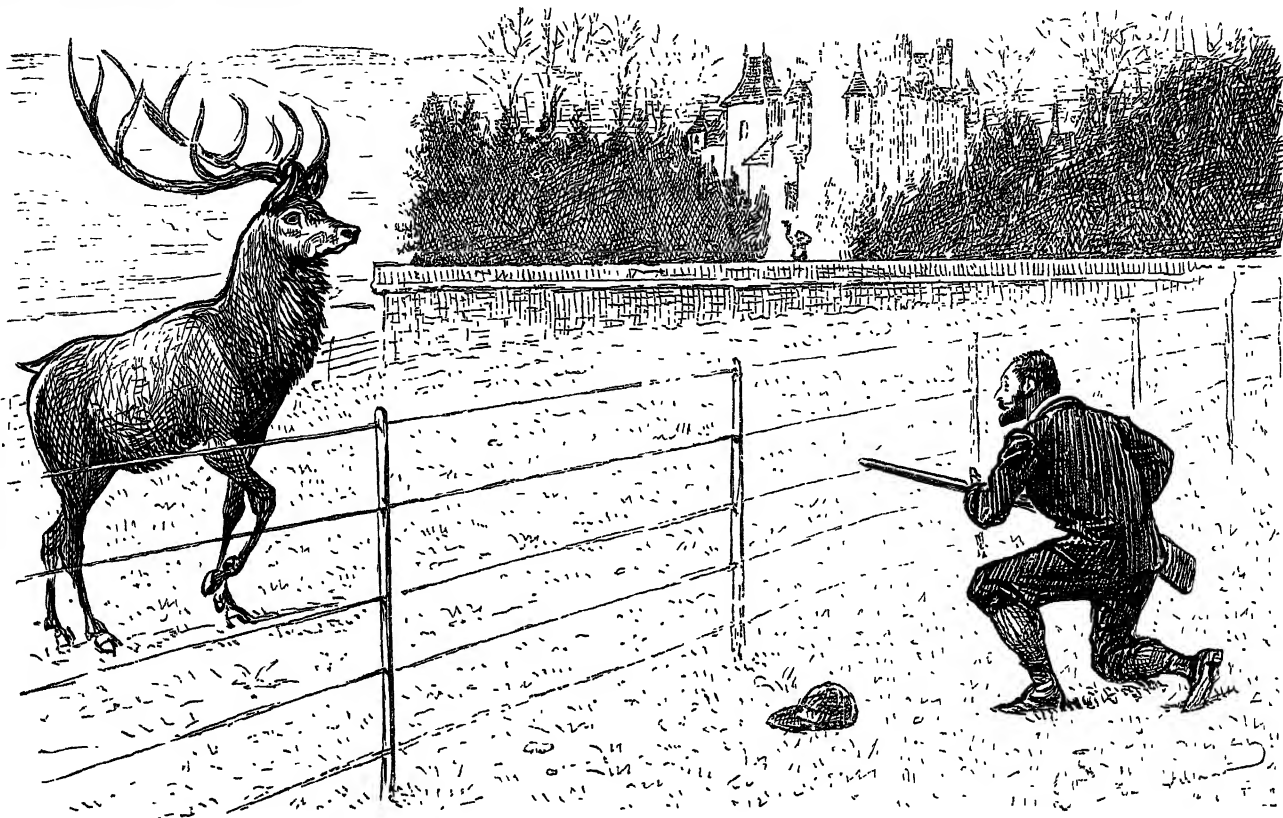
There is a show of girls of the accepted extravaganza pattern, who deliver the author's witty lines in that clear, crisp and telling manner for which the LOTTIES, TOTTIES, CONNIES, MAGGIES, and GEORGES, are justly celebrated. We say "witty lines," as they are the production of Mr. REECE, and though we unfortunately could not catch much that was being uttered, yet, as the young ladies appeared highly delighted with what they were saying, we felt sure that what had elicited a laugh from them must be highly diverting, and so we smiled, *simper-thetically*.

Mrs. MACINTOSH, as the Queen, looks, to quote a popular classic, "very fine and large," and is ably seconded by *Jam Jam*, one of the sweetest of the suite, gracefully played by Miss JANE STEER.

When the public is tired of the quaint drolleries of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, the grace of Miss PHYLLIS as Columbine, and the "*Sally in Our Alley*" as sung by Miss YEAMANS, it will be tired of this piece at the Avenue, and they'll 'ave a new piece.

MANY thoughtless people, on seeing the title *Persia as it Is*, would be inclined to say, "Shah!"—but no one who looks within Dr. WILLS's book will say "Pshaw!" to its contents. The author from his long residence in the country, and his position as *hakim*, or physician, had special opportunities for observation of which he has fully availed himself. You get the genuine article in this volume—indeed a *gutta-persia* of the best quality.

LORD ROWTON is very busy just now. He has been "repeatedly calling" on everybody concerned in the recent double-shuffle, and would never take "Not at home" as an answer to his knock. He should have an addition to his title—"Lord ROWTON-EM-UP."



M. LE COMTE GOES DEERSTALKING.

M. le Comte. "HA! QUELLE CHANCE! UN MAGNIFIQUE CERF DIX-CORS!"

Donald (the Gardener). "HI! HULLOA! MOSSOO LE COUNTY! DON'T SHOOT, SIR! IT'S CHAMPION! HER LADYSHIP'S TAME STAG FROM THE SOUTH. HE WANTS A BIT OF SUGAR!"

"IS THE OLD MIN FRIENDLY?"

Dickens still further adapted to Circumstances.

<i>"The Old Min"</i>	Mr. GL-DST-NE.
<i>Fred Trent</i>	Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT.
<i>Dick Swiveller</i>	Mr. CH-MB-RL-N.

"THERE's a friend of mine waiting outside," said the portly personage on the round table, "I'll call him in, with your leave."

Saying this he stepped to the door, and looking down the street beckoned several times to some unseen person, who, to judge from the air of impatience with which these signals were accompanied, required a great quantity of persuasion to induce him to advance. At length there sauntered up, on the opposite side of the way—with a bad pretence of passing by accident—a figure conspicuous for a certain obvious attempt at smartness, which, after a good many frowns and jerks of the head, in resistance apparently of the invitation, ultimately crossed the road, and was brought into the Council Chamber.

"There! It's DICK SWIVELLER," said the portly one, pushing him in with an air of swelling satisfaction, which sat naturally upon his sleek and complacent countenance. "Sit down, SWIVELLER."

"But is the Old Min agreeable?" said Mr. SWIVELLER in an undertone.

"Sit down," repeated his companion, *sotto voce*, "have a talk with him, and see how he takes it."

Mr. SWIVELLER complied, and looking about him with a complacent smile, observed that it had been fine weather for ducklings—especially daring ones—but that just now there was a deal of dust flying; he also remarked that judging from the appearance and demeanour of an Irish pig, which had come under his observation, dirty weather would probably ensue.

"But what," said Mr. SWIVELLER with a sigh, "what is the odds so long as the bonds of Union are tightened by mutual understanding, and the wing of party friendship never moults a feather! What is the odds so long as kindred spirits are brought together by means of a *modus vivendi*, and the present moment is the most dissident of our existence!"

"You needn't play the Great Panjandrum or the Glorious Apollo here," suggested his friend, aside, with a glance at the aged occupant of the chair.

"FRED!" cried Mr. SWIVELLER, tapping his nose, "a word to the wise is sufficient for them. We may be good and happy without being cocks o' the walk or even Perpetual Grand Old Presidents. Say not another syllable. I know my cue; smart is the word. Only one little whisper, FRED—is the Old Min friendly?"

"Don't ask too many questions—yet," replied his friend.

"Right again—quite right," said Mr. SWIVELLER. "Caution is the word, and caution is the act." With that he winked with a vigour which nearly dislodged his eye-glass, and then readjusted it with solicitous care and profound gravity.

The Old Man sat in his chair apart, and, with folded hands, which retained tight hold of an official-looking document, glanced sometimes at the portly one, and sometimes at his smart companion, as if he were entirely neutral, and intended, for the present, to leave them to do pretty much as they pleased. The portly one reclined against the table, at no great distance from his friend, looking the very incarnation of combined self-complacency, and diplomatic astuteness.

The silence was not of long duration, for Mr. SWIVELLER, after favouring the party with several melodious assurances, that, though reasons of one sort or another had lately taken him to Istamboul, England, even in preference to Athens, held his heart and soul, and that he desired but to resume, on his own terms, his seat at the Table Round, "the goodliest fellowship of noble Nobs, whereof this world holds record," as a preliminary to the achievement of great feats of valour and loyalty. After these poetic proflusions, Mr. SWIVELLER removed his eyes from the ceiling, and subsided into prose again.

"FRED," said he, stopping short, as if the idea had suddenly occurred to him, and speaking in the same audible whisper as before, "is the Old Min friendly?"

"Oh, don't bother about that—at present," returned the portly one, pleasantly.

"No, but is he?" said DICK.

"Why, of course," whispered his friend, with a wink of portentous significance.

"It's a devil of a thing, Gentlemen," said Mr. SWIVELLER, "when



“IS THE OLD MIN FRIENDLY?”

(*Mr. Dick Swireller in the “Old Curiosity Shop.”*)

comrades and colleagues fall out and disagree. If the wing of friendship should never moult a feather, the Umbrella of Party should never be shut up or busted, but always expanded and serene. Why should a Grand Old Min and a Grand Young Min peg away at each other with mutual violence when all might be bliss and concord? Why not jine hands, and forgit it?"

"That's the talk," cried the portly one, jovially.
"Sir," replied Mr. SWIVELLER, "don't you interrupt the Chair. Gentlemen, how does the case stand upon the present occasion? Here's a hoighty Grand Old Min—I say it with the utmost respect—and here's a sperrity Grand Young Min. The hoighty-toighty G. O. M. says to the sperrity G. Y. M., 'I've brought you up and educated you; I've put you in the way of getting on in life; you have bolted a little out of the course, as young fellows often do; and you shall never have another chance, nor the ghost of half a one. The G. Y. M. makes answer to this and says, 'You're as uppish as uppish can be, you want everything all your own way, you haven't done half as much for me, as I've done for myself, and, for the matter of that, for you; you've had an uncommon long innings, yet you want all the batting to yourself, and the bowling too,—why can't you stand aside a bit and let the pick of the promising colts have a turn?' The G. O. M. unto this retorts, not only that he declines to stand out with that cheerful readiness which is always so agreeable and pleasant in a gentleman of his time of life, but that he will blow up, and call names, and make reflections whenever they meet. Then the plain question is, ain't it a pity that this state of things should continue, and how much better would it be for the old gentleman who is so fond of bossing the Show to fork over a reasonable amount of authority unto others, and make it all right and comfortable all round?"

Having delivered this oration with much unction and considerable incisiveness, Mr. SWIVELLER abruptly thrust the head of his cane into his mouth, as if to prevent himself from impairing the effect of his speech by adding one other word—at present.

"Before I leave the gay and festive scene and halls of dazzling light," said Mr. SWIVELLER, "I will, with your permission, attempt one other slight remark. I came here this day under the impression that the Old Min was friendly. Feeling that badgering, baiting, and bullying was not the sort of thing calculated to expand the souls and promote the harmony of contending parties, I take upon myself to suggest a course which is the course to be adopted on the present occasion. I'll put it in half a syllable:—The watchword to the Old Min, friendly or not friendly, is—Fork!!!"

"THE LAST STRAW."

Benevolent Briton discovered in the midst of his family, looking over his accounts.

Benevolent Briton (inspecting his cheque-book). Well, my dear, I can only tell you that, what with the fall in rents, and bad times generally, together with the unusually large amount of charity calls that seem to have fallen on the end of the year, I am left with a very small margin indeed. Guy's, and the East London Palace, and the Church House, and the Southport business, and half-a-dozen other extras all tacked on to the account. 'Pon my word I don't think I can safely draw another penny.

Mrs. B. B. Oh, but we must find something for the "Orphans' Emigration Fund." You must let me have five pounds for that. We have always given it, you know.

B. B. (drawing cheque). Very well, my dear.

Eldest Miss B. B. And oh, Papa, there's the "Indigent Daughters' Industrial Home." You couldn't leave that without something. They're dreadfully in want of money.

B. B. (drawing another cheque). Ah, yes, to be sure, my dear. Very well, there you are.

Other Members of the B. B.'s Family (in chorus). And then there's the "Helpless Seamen's Assistance Association," and the "Aged Semptresses' Refuge," and the "Blind Clergy Asylum," and the "Street Soup Fund," and the "Pauperised Foreigners' Mission." Oh, Papa, you must give something to these. They all want it dreadfully.

B. B. (drawing the several cheques). Well, well,—there you are. But now I really must stop. I've reduced my balance to two figures, and scarcely see my way to the end of the quarter. With the best will in the world one must really moderate one's expenditure in this direction. However, I think we've pretty well answered all pressing appeals. Anyhow if anything else "urgent" comes in, all I can say is, it must wait.

Post arrives, bringing the B. B. an application, in an imposing envelope, from a Local Committee for a Subscription for the forthcoming "Imperial Institute."

B. B. (reading application). Hullo! What's this? Want to raise a quarter of a million, do they? Well, they'll have to do it without me, that's all. Can't do it just now. I'm dried up.

[Throws application into waste-paper basket, and returns cheque-book to drawer. And a great many other Britons, more or less benevolent, do likewise.

PUNCH'S PROPHECIES FULFILLED.—Right again! Always Right! See Mr. Punch's Fancy Portrait, No. 44, Aug. 13, 1881, of the Right Hon. G. JOACHIM GOSCHEN, M.P., and the Cartoon Junior for Aug. 9, 1884, entitled, "Un Mariage de Convenance," about Lord SALISBURY and RANDOM CHURCHILL.

'CYCLING

Trips by D. Crambo, Junior.



Sigh-eling Union.



Buy Sickle and Try Sickle.



Ball Bearings.



Rubber Tires.



Tanned 'em?



A Bone Shaker.

ORDER, ORDER!

THE P. M. G. last Friday asked whether "the Theatrical Managers in conjunction with Sir CHARLES WARREN could not introduce into London the simple and orderly feature of the French *queue*." The "orderly feature" already exists in the crowd at most theatre doors. Not that this is what the P. M. G. means, but the "*queue*" system might be more frequently insisted on at Railway Stations, on great race-days for example. When the crowd arrives unexpectedly, Sir CHARLES WARREN, or one of his agents, could be sent for. Sir CHARLES's intimation to the Managers would be a quotation, adapted from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "When your *queue* comes, call me!"

The New Catiline.

"*Abit*"—He left the Cabinet.

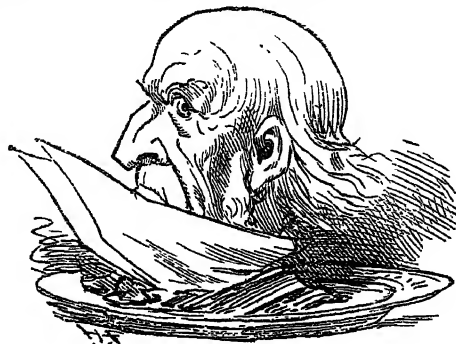
"*Excessit*"—He used strong language.

"*Evasit*"—He said it was the Estimates.

"*Erupit*"—He joined the Radicals.

SONG FOR LORD SALISBURY.—"Look at the price of Coal-tion!"

SEASONABLE DISH FOR A LIBERAL BANQUET.



"COLLARD HEAD."



"REGULER POUR MIEUX SAUTER."

The Coming Harlequin . . . Lord RANDOM. Clown . . . The Celebrated "MATTHEWS." Pantaloon . . . Sir H. D. W-LFF.

THE BOUNDER!

(An Example of "English 'as she is spoke' at the Universities.")

CRIES ANGELINA, "Edwin dear,
I've but imperfect knowledge
Of all the curious words I hear
You introduce from College,
And quite the latest that you've brought,
And use with iteration,
To me at least as yet untaught,
Indeed needs explanation.
So tell your ANGELINA true,
Nor let her further flounder,
Come quick enlighten her, now do,—
Do tell her what's a *Bounder*?"

Then EDWIN thought, and then replied,
"It's easy of solution,
When on the cad you once have tried,
The spell of evolution, [know
Hence springs the 'Bounder,' whom you'll
By various signs that note him.
His tone,—more, he himself is low,
So those who know him, vote him.
His bills he always leaves unpaid,
He's also a black-mailer;
He gets his clothes all ready-made
From some far East-End tailor;
He wears a lot of showy rings,
Nor vulgar seems to find them;

He does a lot of nasty things,
But somehow does not mind them;
Plays whist with kings stuffed up his cuffs,
And uses them at poker;
Inordinately smokes and snuffs,
And is a clumsy joker;
The choicest china tea-cups breaks
At crushes never grieving;
Comes in a shocking hat, and takes
Another hat when leaving.
His company's the very worst,
He's always in some swindle;
He pays third-class and travels first,
His cheating tastes to kindle.
But there:—although perhaps I miss
A definition sounder,
You possibly may grasp from this
What is,—in short,—a *Bounder*!

OLYMPIA.—Here are a couple of suggestions for the entertainment. The races are too brief. They might give a Derby Day scene, or a representation of the Grand Prix. Then, instead of the present somewhat slow ballet which precedes the stag-hunt,—also too soon over, with not half enough adventures by flood and field for the space at their disposal—they might give us the Battle of Waterloo from a French point of view. BOULANGER might win it.

"O SHE!"

"*CHERCHER la femme*."—that is, get "*She*" by RIDER HAGGARD, and read it. Very original romance with a coquettish heroine two thousand years old. It has four faults which prevent its being perfect, and these are: firstly, the low comedian *Job*, who is a dull and irritating person; secondly, the author's inability to restrain himself, even in what are intended to be the most thrilling situations, from occasionally letting you see how he is laughing in his sleeve at his own ingenuity; thirdly, the weak device of calling one of the heroes "*Mr. Holly*" for the sake of cutting jokes on the name; and, fourthly, the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the automaton hero in undertaking the last expedition. From time to time disappointing, it is, on the whole, an absorbing, though a carelessly constructed, romance.

With a Difference.

Tory. How is it that so many Public School and University men, after receiving a Liberal education, become Conservatives?

Whig. I don't know; but, at Election time, it's very remarkable that the Liberals turn out Conservatives, and Conservatives turn out Liberals. [Exeunt severally.]



"TAKING STOCK"!

Wife (jealous). "WHO HAVE YOU BEEN GIVING A LOOK OF YOUR HAIR TO? THE OTHER DAY I COUNTED EIGHTY ODD, AND NOW THERE'S ONLY—NOT NEAR SO MANY—WRETCH!"

MONTY CRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

At the Gaiety *Monte Cristo*, as a spectacle, is brilliant; Miss FARREN as its hero is as lively as ever, and Mr. FRED LESLIE as *Noirtier* (or as anybody else for the matter of that) is immensely funny. As long as Mr. FRED LESLIE is on the stage, no matter how he may be disguised, or what he may be doing or saying, the audience shouts with laughter; that is, during the First Act, for the laughter is only occasional and spasmodic in the other two Acts. Were it not for the versatility of this accomplished actor, the sprightliness of Miss FARREN, and the terpsichorean agility of some of the minor characters, this extravaganza, with its muddled plot, would be but a very poor affair.



From first to last, we did not catch one single witty line, and heard only one good bad pun that seemed to belong to the rhymed dialogue; that is, if the dialogue proper be in rhyme, of which, in the absence of any positive evidence, we have our doubts. When the audience laughed, it was more often at what was done than at what was said or sung, and when any utterance of the actors raised a smile, we rather fancy, judging from its irrelevance, that it was "gag," of which at this Theatre there has always been a liberal supply, the present company loyally keeping up the tradition. If the public approve and encourage the practice, and the authors do not object, what does it matter to anyone?

The music which, without being anything extraordinary, is not quite so brilliant as the costumes, but considerably brighter than the dialogue, is composed by MEYER LUTZ the conductor, and four talented assistants, so that it took seven persons to put this extravaganza together. If they had had seven more congenial spirits to help them, what a literary, dramatic, and musical treat would have resulted from such a rare combination of all the talents!

The authors, who, as we have been informed, are two single gentlemen rolled into one "Mr. RICHARD HENBY," are most fortunate in their actors, in their clever stage-manager, Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, and in Mr. EDWARDES, the present lessee of the Gaiety, who has put their piece on the stage with a liberality recalling the best days of the Hollingsheadian era, though it cannot revive the combined fun of such a company as NELLIE FARREN, KATE VAUGHAN, ROYCE, ELTON, and TERRY, all playing together, unequalled since the still earlier combination at the Strand, when MARIE WILTON, FANNY JOSEPHS, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, JAMES BLAND, JOHN CLARKE, and JAMES ROGERS, genuine actors every one of them, played H. J. BYRON'S admirably-written five-scene burlesques, which were over in an hour and a quarter. In those days we laughed at the couplets, greeted the bad puns with an "Oh!" as if they had been rockets, and enjoyed the acting which was in the true spirit of burlesque.

We are no *laudatores temporis acti*, and willingly admit that Mr. LESLIE is an actor equal to any eccentric comedian, past or present, and superior to most of them as a singer and accomplished musician; but subtract him, with NELLIE FARREN, and what would become of such a piece as *Monte Cristo*? Even as a dramatic entertainment, *Monte Cristo* is not "in it" with its predecessor *Little Jack Sheppard*. Will Mr. LESLIE devote himself henceforth entirely to this eccentric line, firing off crackers, striking angular attitudes, depending for some of his humorous effects upon noises made at the wing, on deep notes of the trombone, and on any nonsense that may come into his head to say at the minute? Where is the playgoer who, remembering him in the Opera of *Rip Van Winkle*, does not hope that he may soon find a part worthy of his histrionic and vocal talents, and give up being the mere "Droll," which, by strict attention to this line of business, he will infallibly become.

At the same time we recommend anyone who is not particularly enthusiastic about "the Drama," but who loves the healthy after-dinner exercise of laughing even at utterly idiotic absurdity, and who may like a brilliant show and some cleverish dancing, to visit the Gaiety and see Mr. FRED LESLIE, Miss FARREN, the brilliant costumes, the pretty faces, and sparkling *mise-en-scène* of *Monte Cristo Junior*.

CHEMICAL DEFINITION OF LEATHER.—Ox-hide of Beef.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XII.—CAPTAIN HORSELLIE GOWER.

CAPTAIN HORSELLIE GOWER is the *raciest* man in all London, that is to say, there is no such theoretical authority on horse-racing about the West End of Town; practically the Captain is not to be quite so implicitly relied on, and even those wont to listen with reverence to the words of the oracle seem a little shy of backing his "good things."



Still to listen to HORSELLIE GOWER laying down the law about a forthcoming event in the smoking-room of the "Flag and Flourish," is to feel you are indeed behind the scenes and being initiated into the innermost secrets of the turf, and when dropping his voice he informs you that he "had it straight," you are conscious of being on the verge of attaining important information. "I had it straight," reiterates the Captain, "I was told it by BILL DOBSON, who's a great friend of LARKINS whose cousin trains in JOHN DAWSON'S stable. Cockamaroo, Sir, must win—tried

with Brown Brandy at 21lb." Here the Captain's voice sinks lower and lower till nothing is audible but such snatches as, "10lb beating a ton in hand," "best thing out," and as you stroll homewards, you decide that no time is to be lost in getting a few pounds on Cockamaroo. You do so the next morning, and are still more impressed with the rather liberal odds that you obtain about that distinguished animal. From that out Cockamaroo fades gradually out of the betting, and is heard of no more, when you appeal plaintively to the Captain, he replies, "Yes, I believe they *did* rather fancy him, but they're always making mistakes in that stable," and entirely ignores that he had ever mentioned Cockamaroo, as a "good thing."

That is HORSELLIE GOWER'S way. It is no use reminding him that he told you such a horse would win a race. He invariably replies, with a lofty smile at your ignorance, "I told you that the stable fancied it; my own opinion was another matter."

The Captain in his vaticinations, deals chiefly in outsiders, there is something much too common-place for his vivid imagination in predicting the success of a horse whose antecedents point to his winning again. When you venture to suggest that you think the favourite will win the Leger, he replies, "Do you really now?" with that pitying smile of his which says clearly, Well, if you believe that, you will believe anything! "He's *safe*, my boy, in the pockets of the book-makers. Wait till we meet on Doncaster Town Moor, and tell me what you think of his chance then."

This does not commit the Captain to much, as you are as little likely to meet him at Doncaster as a red deer. He invariably talks as if he attended all such festivals, but except on rare occasions, at Ascot and Epsom, HORSELLIE GOWER is never encountered on a race-course.

Still, HORSELLIE GOWER is a sportsman all round, in his way, and it is quite possible that it is merely narrowness of means that prevents his developing into what he aims at being thought. He occupies a couple of rooms in the purlieus of St. James's, wears trousers rather tight in the leg, and a horse-shoe pin. His speech is garnished with the shibboleth of the turf. He will tell you that he's going to the Park, *if he can get the course*. If you ask him if he's going to his Regimental dinner, he will tell you that he is "a bit off, and struck out of all engagements,"—and was once heard to describe an acquaintance as "a good sort, but he can't stay; two brandies and sodas are his length."

To hear HORSELLIE GOWER hold forth at the "Flag and Flourish," you would suppose that his betting transactions were on a somewhat extensive scale. He is given to talk about "having had a good race," "having got a nasty one over the Stakes," &c., but his relatives have no cause to be anxious about him on that score, as he is a consistent man and his betting pretty nearly as theoretical as his knowledge of racing generally. He is great at the drawing of club lotteries, and given to offering something under their value for the prominent favourites. He is busy with a pencil and a piece of a paper on such occasions, calculating the exact value of every horse in the betting, in relation to the lottery, and to do him justice he was taught arithmetic in his youth, and has a notable knowledge of fractions.

"Up in Scotland, this year, Gower?" inquires young MORRISON,

who lives solely for shooting and fishing, and is equally deadly with fly and trigger.

"No; dencod unlucky. Was to have shot in Perthshire with old JACK BELPER, but he wrote me word it wasn't worth my while."

"Not worth your while! Well, I don't know where JACK BELPER'S Moor may be, but we'd lots of birds in Perthshire."

"Dare say," replied the Captain, "but JACK said he'd been done. Only hired it this season, you know, and the people who had it last, shot it down shamefully."

HORSELLIE GOWER has never been seen with a gun in his hand by any of his acquaintances, and where he spends August and September is a sore puzzle to his intimates. He is usually off to the Moors to stay with somebody, but something always intervenes. Old JACK BELPER figures in many of HORSELLIE GOWER'S sporting narratives, and apparently came into the world for the express purpose of being rescued from all sorts of unpleasant animals and positions by the gallant Captain; a *nomini umbra*, who has never yet been visible in the flesh. In like manner with regard to hunting, HORSELLIE GOWER is singularly unfortunate. To inquiries as to where he means to betake himself for that diversion, he unhesitatingly replies that he intends giving the Cotswold or the Atherstone a turn, and if any one expresses surprise at finding him lingering about the Club smoking-room during the winter months, his answer comes glibly as ever—

"How is it I'm not down in the Cotswold country? By Jove, old man, there's not much hunting for you when you get such a facer as I did over the Leger; stood to win a cracker on Roderick Random, and"—here the Captain's voice drops, and he becomes deeply confidential—"I don't believe he tried a yard."

Men who witnessed the race, would tell you that whether Roderick Random tried or did not try to win, made little difference in the issue.

But to see HORSELLIE GOWER in all his glory, is to see him in the hall of the "Flag and Flourish," on the afternoon that a big handicap is to be decided, say the Cambridgeshire, when the tape is coming in, and being put up on the telegraph board about every twenty minutes. The Captain upon this occasion has stumbled on a horse at long odds and backed it with the tobaccoist round the corner, with whom he usually does business, for a couple of sovereigns. The horse stands now at about half the price he got about it, and is considered by good judges as very likely indeed to be hailed the winner. HORSELLIE GOWER, always very positive in his opinions, is demonstrating to the little knot around the telegraph board who are awaiting the issue of the big race that Cockchafer, bar accidents, must win.

"I picked him out directly I saw the weights," cries the Captain, "no one who knows anything about racing, could help seeing he was thrown in. Look at the way he gave Tycoon 10lb and a beating at Kempton."

Ha! here comes the tape—Cambridgeshire result—Tantalus 1, Mary Anne 2, Dolphin 3.

Captain HORSELLIE GOWER indulges in a big big D. and strides silently off to the coffee-room bar to wash down that disappointment. He really had discounted that fifty or sixty pounds in his sanguine imagination, and was a little dashed at Cockchafer's ignominious performance.

There is a little disposition to poke fun at the Captain that night in the smoking-room, but he rises to the occasion.

"Chucked away, Sir, the race was literally chucked away. Saw old JACK BELPER just before dinner, who told me all about it. The boy got flurried, and just rode his horse's head off. Cockchafer ought to have won; don't tell me, he'd a stone in hand."

It is a very harmless amusement; Captain HORSELLIE GOWER rarely leaves London. He has no other aim in life, and if his racing does cost him a certain small sum every year, it cannot be said that he does not have his fun for his money.

To a Place-Hunter.

WHAT, out of place? Well, man, take heart of grace,

Be this your comfort till once more you win it:

A man like you is *never* out of place—

Save when he's in it!

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS!"—The Representatives of the Government in Ireland, when they heard of the Chief Baron's severe remarks on the conduct of the Authorities in the Woodford case, exclaimed, "Who would have expected this from our 'dear old PALLIS'!"

"THE WEAKER VESSEL."—There was an article with this heading in last Friday's *St. James's Gazette*. The title of the article caused a great sensation among "My Lords" at the Admiralty. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD hadn't time to read it, but wanted to know why on earth the writer didn't speak out plainly and say which vessel he meant in particular.

ATHLETICS.

(By D. Crambo, Junior.)



Boxing—Light and Heavy Waits.



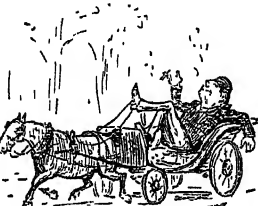
Glove Contest.



Scientific Sparring.



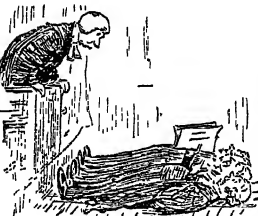
A Lively Rally.



Trap-ease.



Three-legged Race.



Horizontal Bar.



"Hi!" Jump.

Seasonable Song.

Foggy would a-brewing go,
Whether November had hooked it or no,
With its rolling peasoupy pall of asphyxia,
Heigho! says the British Public!

THE American House of Representatives has passed a Bill for the suppression of Polygamy in Utah, at the same time abolishing Woman Suffrage in that land, where ladies are supposed to be in the majority. This seems to suggest that it is the ladies themselves who support the system. Mormons and strong-minded females are already prophesying that the Bill will be an Utah failure!

To the Author of "The Ring and the Book."

If on an old subject again you would sing,
Some truth a particular *clique* might be taught to.
So pipe, Sir, about the South Kensington "Ring,"
And the "Book" which they ought to be brought to!

THE *Ghost's Bargain*—One Shilling. This is a real bargain reprint, by Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, of this, as well as the four other Christmas stories by DICKENS, at the same price each.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE UPON AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

(Important Letter lately received by Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—In writing to expose in your columns the unseemly treatment to which I have recently been subjected, I am not, I humbly trust, actuated by any feelings of revenge. I merely wish to give some idea of the extent to which young people of the present day are penetrated by a spirit of irreverence towards those, who in my early days, would have been listened to with respectful attention. I may pause here to remark that I am a man who throughout a long and prosperous commercial career, has been accustomed to a marked deference in those circles in which he moves, which I attribute in a great measure to my invariable practice of discountenancing any undue flippancy in my presence. Well, Sir, some short time since, I, in company with my dear wife, spent a few days at a certain Hydropathic Establishment in the vicinity of the Metropolis. A large proportion of our fellow-visitors had not attained years of discretion, and you would doubtless expect that they would refrain from obtruding themselves at all upon the notice of their elders, without some special encouragement. What will you say, Sir, when I tell you that—so far from that—they attempted, under the guise of a "Committee of Amusements," to dictate to us the manner in which we were to spend our evenings!

I do not say that I found much to object to on the first evening of my visit, though some of the recitations struck me as unnecessarily frivolous, but, before the second, it reached my ears that the Committee contemplated the performance of a Charade to be followed by a dance! Now, neither I nor my dear wife dance, while we hold all entertainments of a theatrical nature in the strongest disapproval, carrying consistency so far indeed, as to have repeatedly declined to take part in, or even witness, "Dumb Crambo" performed by near relatives, some of whom were well advanced in years. We do not judge those who think differently—it is a matter for the conscience of each—but such are our views, and so we were naturally disgusted by the selfishness of proposing an amusement in which all could not participate. Short as the time I spent in the Establishment was, I had even then attained a certain influence over those of a similar way of thinking, and, amongst us, we brought a pressure to bear which led to the Charade and Dance being abandoned, although I fear in no very good or proper frame of mind.

I proposed games as an alternative, for I am no foe to harmless merriment—far from it, Sir, old as I am, I enjoy a romp with a party of dear young friends, as much as many a younger man. But on this occasion, my dear wife being present, I confined my suggestions to sports which are almost purely intellectual in their nature, and demand nothing but a ready wit, a sheet of paper, and a lead pencil. My proposition was received with the utmost hostility by all the younger members of the company, with one single exception—a young lady, whose appearance struck me, I must confess, as distinctly prepossessing at the time—though my dear wife (with that true woman's instinct, which, in these matters, I have often been compelled to admit, is keener than my own) at once detected the levity and love of admiration that marred an otherwise attractive exterior. This young lady (for a strong sense of duty compels me to give her name in full) was a Miss *TRIXIE LARKIN*, and while affecting to welcome my suggestions with enthusiasm, she offered to introduce us to a new game which she described as being at the same time rational and exceedingly provocative of mirth. I consented readily, only stipulating that none of the dissentients should be permitted to join our party.

The gravest and most important amongst us were easily induced to take part in the new game of "Rabbits," for by this somewhat unmeaning appellation it seemed to be known, and so Miss *TRIXIE* marshalled us all into the centre of the drawing-room, where we were directed to kneel down in a circle, and pass around the questions she, as leader, might originate. I placed myself on her left, my dear wife being at her right, and awaited the sequel with some amusement and anticipation. The first inquiry put was whether my wife was acquainted with the game, and she replying in a decided negative, was directed to pass on the question, which, after being asked and answered alike by all in succession, came at length to my turn. Not displeased that it should be reserved to me to receive initiation, and concluding all that had passed to have been a piece of mock formality, I said, with a smile, "Well, my dear Miss *TRIXIE*, as it seems to be my turn to put the question, I ask you, then—do you know the game of, ah—" "Rabbits?"

Whereupon, Sir, that shameless minx (my dear wife's exact expression up in our bedroom afterwards) had the impertinence to look me straight in the eyes, and say, "No, I don't, indeed!" and leave us there, exposed to the ribald laughter of all who had been spectators of this most pointless piece of buffoonery!

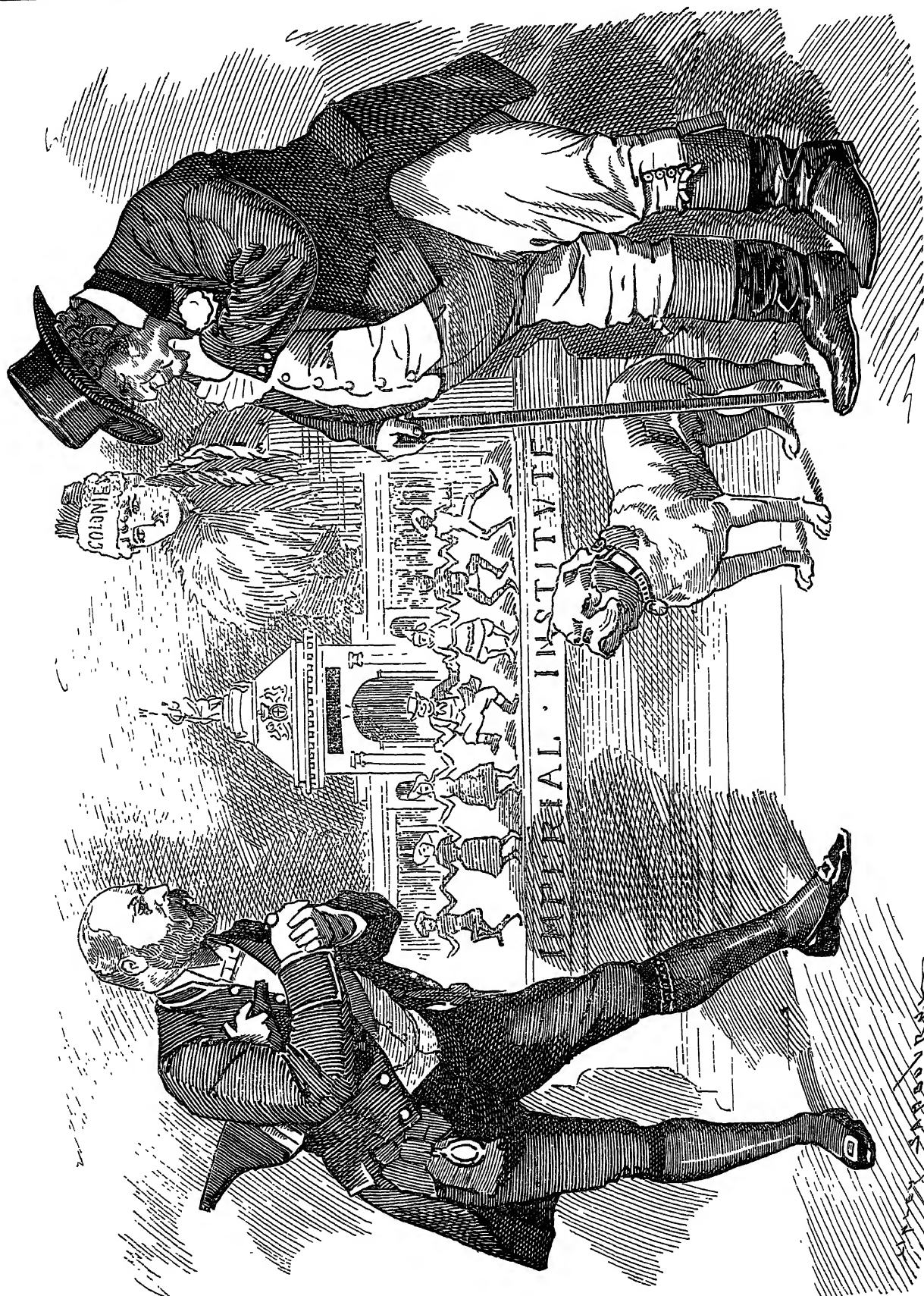
We made a firm and dignified protest by leaving the room in a compact body on the spot; and I am willing to hope that the mirth and music which later assailed our ears were assumed to conceal the shame and mortification caused by our withdrawal.

But that such irreverence, such almost inconceivable levity, can be possible at all, appears to me to throw a lurid light upon the deterioration of the young persons of the present day, which is my only motive for mentioning a matter which, as it was a mere personal failure of respect, would otherwise have been at once forgotten by

Your obedient Servant,

POMPONIUS PROUDFOOT.

A SAVING.—There has been much talk about "education for the million." But H.R.H. offers it for the "half-million," at the proposed "Imperial Institute."



Illustrious Instructor (pleasantly). "Now, Mr. Bull, put in half-a-million, and the model will work." *John Bull (reflectively).* "Hum! Yes, very good idea,—but I should like to know something more about the machinery."

KEEPING UP THE CLASSICS.

"Yes, certainly. The study of the Classics must be maintained at all costs at our Universities and Public Schools," said Paterfamilias, decidedly. "I'll set TOMMY some Latin verses to do. GRAY wrote an ode 'On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.' TOMMY's holidays are nearly over; he shall write one on a near prospect of returning to the same ancient seminary. It will show me how the lad has progressed."

TOMMY's progress may be estimated from the following lines.

"They seem to want finish," said Paterfamilias, reflectively, at the end.

"Oh, I could have finished them ever so long ago, if I'd known that was what you wanted," replied the unashamed youth.

Herele! Gubernator notionem cepit atrocem!
Me nunc desirat pumpere de studiis!
"Ad scholam (celo gratias!) mox, TOMME, redibis;
"Fac igitur versus," dixit, "elegiacos.
Addressum ad scholam, de finibus holidierum,
"Fac," repetat. "Aliter, frivole, cave canem!"
Mi oculos! Ille "canem" considerat esse "flagellum!"
Antiqui pueri classica lingua tremit.
Latinam (admitto) linguam cordialiter odi;
Cogito rem totam jollius esse pudor!
Quantum humbuggum! Sed rem tentare necesse est,
(Rem pendere volo!) quum pater ipse jubet.

Me posuit, timeo, nunc in cayo regulari,
Nam "Gradus," ille liber optimus, est alibi.
Cribbus abest etiam, et Dictionarius, et non
Sum multum dabbi scribere versiculos.
Quid Romæ faciam? Felix cogitatio! Versus
Forte Pater pravos twiggere non poterit.
Hic it! "Arma virumque cano, qui primus ab oris"—
(Hei mihi! Quæ, Dickens, proxima linea sit?)
Nunquam mens! Hic it iterum! "Casus Genitivus
Concordat numero, genere, cum"—reliquis.
"Et Balbus muros (stultissimus!) edificabat,"
(Forsitan antiquus is "jerry-builder" erat?)
"Nunc subit illius tristissima noctis imago,"
(Cogito, sic dicit beastilius OVIDIUS.)
Quum Scholam repetam, condemnatosque Magistros,
In tergoque pedes accipiam juvenum.

Hem! Videor post omne tumor de versibus esse;
"Addressum ad Scholam" non ita difficile est!
Nos vapulat sævus, cognomine BUSBE, Magister;
Post quod sittere down est dolor excrucians!
Nos pueri grubbum non primæ classis habemus,
Nec (nisi in camino) utere Bæche licet.
Fumabam quondam. Socius twiggebat odorem;
Et domino (sneakus!) nunciat omne scelus.
O! mihi qualis erat data castigatio tonans!
Sed lixi sneakum commode, crede mihi!
Nigratos oculos in nullo tempore habebat.
O! post omne, scholæ gaudia vera tenent!
Et sunt, quæ stomachos implent, emporia tucki;
Deque domo veniunt hampers—dulce domum!
Et, generale, Gubernator est tippere trumpus;
Admiror quantum post opus hoc dabitur?
Quid! Solum Pater exfurcavit semi-coronam!
O pudor! O mores! Sordidus est, timeo.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

High Life and the Towers of Silence, (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), might from its title be a Society Novel, only in such a connection a torrent of talk would be a more appropriate accompaniment to high life than towers of silence. However, it does not happen to be a society novel at all, but a delightful book of travels in Switzerland, by Mrs. MAIN. What makes it all the more interesting is, that it is entirely guiltless of the "regular Swiss round," and the beaten track of summer tourists. It gives graphic accounts of Switzerland in winter and spring, and the stories of climbing adventures are capitally told. Those who remember this lady's *High Alps in Winter*, can fancy what a pleasant and amusing book this must be. There is no special domain for Man left



CONTUMACY.

"HOW STUPID YOU ARE TO-DAY, EVA!"
"I'M NOT STUPID! I'M INATTENTIVE!"

nowadays. Women are not only expert climbers, but intrepid travellers. Before long, doubtless, ladies will be eligible for the Travellers' Club. In such a case probably among the first to be elected will be Mrs. HORE. Those who read the title of her book, *To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath-chair*, will probably think it a joke—nothing more adventurous than the Brighton invalid is ever associated with Bath-chairs. They will, however, find that the journey was anything but a joke; but that this undaunted lady, accompanied by her husband and her little son JACK and others—not all in one conveyance by the way—accomplished the greater part of the distance between Zanzibar and Tanganyika—over eight hundred miles, in a Bath-chair. What the traveller—or should we say travelleress?—saw on the road, and the adventures she met with, are well worth reading. The fair sex are imitative: they are apt to follow a good lead. Probably we shall shortly see announced, *Through Honduras in a Hansom*, *To Bagdad on a Bicycle*, and other kindred works.

The Lady Drusilla (WARD AND DOWNER), by THOMAS PURNELL, is certainly a new departure in romance. The author has abandoned all the usual machinery of the ordinary novelist. It is refreshing to find a writer in the present day who can strike out a line for himself, and produce a work full of thought and originality. *Playing with Fire* has nothing to do with hose or engines or escape-drill, but is a story of the Soudan War, by JAMES GRANT. You may take it for granted that it is full of bustle and incident. The veteran author of the *Romance of War* has by no means forgotten his art, and in the present work again unites romance with war successfully. *St. Nicholas* commences the year with a capital number. It is full of good things in the way of papers and poems, and the illustrations are excellent. There are two articles on Eton. In one, the writer, speaking of the conclusion of the procession of boats on the Fourth of June, says, "The boys are reviewed, and then they toss oars, and away they go amidst great applause, and up the river as far as Henley, where they have a supper of duck and green peas." I doubt very much, on the evening of the Fourth of June, whether the most enthusiastic "wet hob" would ever be induced to row as far as Henley, even with duck and green peas in prospect. I am inclined to think Surley Hall would be a far more likely place for the supping.

A Half-and-Half Plea for some Porter.

THE Guardian of the Wicket-gate says, "Find you may some fitter Than me for Workhouse Porter. Porter?—ah, some calls me 'bitter,' Lots knocks and mocks. And often, when a thunderin' knock there's bin, I've hopened, and myself's the only one that's 'taken in.'"



A WILLING CONVERT.

First Man (lighting up). "SEE THOSE THREE GIRLS OVER THERE, JACK? EACH OF 'EM HAS THIRTY THOU.!"
(Jack Hardup thinks he remembers having heard that some Bishop was in favour of tolerating Polygamy, and wishes it would become fashionable.)

"MERRY IN HALL."

THE Hall is St. George's, Langham Place, which might by this time be called German Reed-gent Street. Do they still call the place of entertainment "The Gallery of Illustration?" We think not, though the book continues to call the characters "Illustrations." The other afternoon we contrived to squeeze in—this place is always crammed at holiday-time—and hear *The Friar*, a One-Act Operetta written by COMYNS CARR, and its music by CALDICOTT. A very pretty scene, and picturesque costumes, and as I listened to the dialogue which, it gradually dawned upon me, was in blank verse, I said to myself, remembering the Laureate's *Falcon* at the St. James's, "If J. COMYNS CARR goes on like this, TENNYSON isn't in it with him." And I am glad to say that, as the piece progressed, TENNYSON was *not* in it with him. To hear them talk in Elizabethan fashion, and to see the good folk right merrie, forsooth, at many of the japes and jests, and quips and quirks, by my halidame and marry come up but I wish that JOSEPH COMYNS CARR—such a Jo-Karr he is—had collaborated with WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE in such comic rustic scenes as those of *As You Like It* and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Beshrew me, but Master CARR doth show a marvellous pretty wit. An the ladies FANNY HOLLAND and MARION WARDROPER do not act and sing charmingly, call me Door-post, for your door-post, mark you, can neither hear, see, nor sing. The song-words too are of a sort that you shall not buy from every scurvy ballad-monger. And the quality of Master NORTH HOME—sweet, sweet, HOME, mark ye, maidens all, when he sang—as *Hubert*, was indeed goodly both for eyes and ears. Master SAINT MATTHEWS bore himself as a most reverent *Abbot*; and as for Master ALFRED REED—good sooth, but he is a merry man and a full-grown one to boot, and if he have not as the players say, "all the fat of the piece," pluck me for a four-boy-cockroach. (*Shakespearian Note.* Why not this as well as a "three-man-beetle?")

And then, to bring us from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, in comes Mr. CORNEY GRAIN and sings, "Oh, *That Boy!*" the refrain of which everybody is humming on leaving the Hall. Capital song that of his, "*Be always kind to Animals, wherever you may be.*" Very funny idea, and we fancy, if our memory serve us well, not

absolutely unknown to Mr. Punch and his "Lazy Minstrel." The Lowther Arcade Concert is excellently managed, in a duet for piano and CORNEY. All good. As SHAKESPEARE, had he known the Gallery of Illustration, would have made *Hamlet* say to *Ophelia*, "Go to the Gallery, go!"

"FROM MOZART TO MARIO."

THIS title does not mean that you will find in these two volumes musical notes from the great Composer to the great Tenor,—for a very sufficient reason,—but it does mean

that you will here read personal recollections of many Composers, Performers, and Singers, from the time of MOZART to that of MARIO, written by Mr. LOUIS ENGEL, who may be described, with mathematical precision, as "an acute ENGEL." It is an amusing, gossiping, readable, take-it-up-at-any-time sort of work, by a writer who, being composer, journalist, and pianist, has been "in it" all his life.



Every chapter is like a theme with so many variations, and all of them so erratic, that the original air on which they are founded would be entirely lost, were not the author to return to it now and again, just to keep up appearances. There is something about VERDI, MENDELSSOHN, BERLIOZ, WAGNER, AUBER, PATTI, NILSSON, also about MOZART and MARIO too, and a considerable amount about Mr. LOUIS ENGEL. As the Yankee song has it, "'Tis Engel-ish, you know! So Engel-ish, you know!" And the *nom-de-plume* of the musical author of these reminiscences might well be, "The Wandering Minstrel." But, from this portfolio of oddities, three scenes stand out vividly, and impress themselves on the reader's memory. The first is the interview of Mr. LOUIS ENGEL with the POPE; the second, his evening at the Duchess's; and the third, his bounding dance with Mme. PATTI.

ULTIMA THULE: OR, TOOLE'S LATEST.



Mr. Nibbs. I hear, Sir, that one night last week you witnessed Mr. and Mrs. MERIVALE's piece, *The Butler*.

Mr. Punch. Yes, and I trust the piece between husband and wife being by this time well established, may be a lasting one. It is most amusing, and it is capitally acted.

Mr. Nibbs. Miss KATE PHILLIPS is so uncommonly good in it.

Mr. Punch. She is exactly the style of low-comedy *soubrette* that Mr. TOOLE wanted to share with him the comic business of his farcical pieces. She makes every point in the dialogue tell, she keeps her place (which is a great thing as cook in such an establishment) in the picture, without anything approaching unnecessary or obtrusive vulgarity.

Mr. Nibbs. And in fact, Sir, she is as one may say, "one of the lives and souls" of the piece.

Mr. Punch. How pretty Miss MARIE LINDEN looks, and how charmingly she acts as *Alice Marshall*, with just that slight *tremolo* in her voice which is so sympathetic. Let me see, who played *Lady Anne*?

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. TOOLE's "novice," Miss VANBRUGH, and it suits her to a nicety. With a little more experience and "by careful attention to business," she will, I think, prove an acquisition to the stage. And then, how well Miss THORNE plays the Provincial Mayor's comfortable wife, with her good heart and her bad grammar. In fact the ladies of Mr. TOOLE's Theatre would be hard to beat anywhere.

Mr. Punch. Sir! Nobody would be so barbarous and ungentlemanly as to try. Talking of beating, how did the plot strike you?

Mr. Nibbs. Well, Sir, I was not knocked down by it. Granting the farcical element as essential, the plot is simple, and ingeniously constructed. The dialogue is good. The action drags a little in the Second Act.

Mr. Punch. And in one important situation the stage-management is decidedly faulty. This can be easily rectified.

Mr. Nibbs. Sir, you haven't said a word about the Actors.

Mr. Punch. Place aux dames! Let us come to "the Spear Side." Mr. BILLINGTON is more the peppery Old-English-Gentleman kind of parent of the standard farces and comedies, than the modern provincial monied snob, knighted for something or other—I didn't catch what—of this piece. Mr. WARD and Mr. LOWNE do their best to mark a contrast between two very ordinary types—with which the *collaborateurs* ought to have taken more trouble—

Mr. Nibbs. Certainly; and Mr. SKELTON's bit of character,—*Lord Babicombe*,—most artistically made up, belongs to too ancient an aristocratic stage-family to be of much benefit to Actor or Author. Mr. BRUNTON's deaf flyman, very cleverly impersonated, would bear toning down just a little. And, lastly, Mr. TOOLE as *David Trot*—a Dickensian name,—the Butler. Excellent, eh?

Mr. Punch. Yes, the part affords him considerable opportunities, of which he makes the most. His performance is, throughout, consistent, and he never once loses that air of respectful familiarity which would be the characteristic of an old and somewhat eccentric servant in a most peculiar household. Not having seen the very commencement of the play, I am not aware in what capacity he had started in life with his employers, who, when they are not bullying him, or dismissing him from their service, are constantly addressing him as "old friend," or asking him to sit down and chat. The young lady-companion gushes at him, and, on one or two separate occasions, nothing will satisfy her but kissing him. In such a Colney-Hatch family no Butler could possibly behave in any other way than as Mr. TOOLE does; and thus it is that this clever actor gives an air of probability to the strange scenes in which his lot has been cast by the Domestic Dramatists.

Mr. Nibbs. I see, Sir. If Mr. TOOLE were once extravagant or farcical in the midst of such fantastical surroundings, the interest would be immediately at an end, and the sooner the *dramatis personae* joined in a wild chorus, and danced a break-down, the better.

Mr. Punch. That is so. I have nothing but praise for Mr. TOOLE in this part. His fascinating bride, the Cook, who is most appropriately attired, ought to protest against the absurd costume in which the Butler thinks it becoming to array himself for the wedding. Altogether, it is really most amusing; and if you don't "roar" and "scream," at all events you laugh frequently and heartily, and the night I was there it was thoroughly appreciated by a very full House. *Au revoir!*

CONSERVATIVE DESCRIPTION OF MR. GLADSTONE.—"A Hawarden'd Sinner." Of course "in a Pickwickian sense."

A TRIPLET.



I AM, I really think, the most unlucky man on earth: A triple sorrow haunts me, and has done so from my birth. My lot in life's a gloomy one, I think you will agree: 'Tis bad enough to be a twin—but I am one of three!

No sooner were we born than Pa and Ma the Bounty claimed; I scarce can bear to think they did—it makes me feel ashamed. They got it, too, within a week, and spent it, I'll be bound, Upon themselves—at least, I know I never had my pound.

Our childhood's days in ignorance were lamentably spent, Although I think we more than paid the taxes and the rent; For we were shown as marvels, and—unless I'm much deceived—The smallest contributions were most thankfully received.

We grew up hale and hearty—would we never had been born!—As like to one another as three peas, or ears of corn. Between my brothers ICHABOD, ABIMELECH and me No difference existed which the human eye could see.

This likeness was the cause of dreadful suffering and pain To me in early life—it nearly broke my heart in twain; For while my conduct as a youth was fervently admired, That of my fellow-triplets left a deal to be desired.

I was amiable, and pious, too,—good deeds were my delight; I practised all the virtues—some by day, and some by night; Whilst ICHABOD imbrued himself in crime, and, sad to say, ABIMELECH, when quite a lad, would rather swear than pray.

Think of my horror and dismay when, in the Park at noon, An obvious burglar greeted me with, "Hullo! Ike, old coon!" He vanished. Suddenly my wrists were gripped by P'liceman X.—"Young man, you are my pris'ner on a charge of forgin' cheques."

He ran me in, and locked me up, to moulder in a cell. The reason why he used me thus, alas! I knew too well. He took me for ABIMELECH, my erring brother dear, Who was "wanted" by the Bank of which he'd been the chief [cashier.]

Next morn the Magistrate remarked, "This is a sad mistake, Though natural enough. I much regret it for your sake. But, if you will permit me to advise you, I should say Leave England for some other country, very far away."

"For, if you go on living in this happy sea-girt isle, Although your conduct (like my own) be pure and free from guile, Your likeness to those sinful men, your brothers twain, will lead, I fear, to very serious inconveniences indeed."

I took the hint, and sailed next day for distant Owhyhee,—As might have been expected, I was cast away at sea. A Pirate Lugger picked me up, and—dreadful to relate—ABIMELECH her Captain was, and ICHABOD her Mate.

I loved them, and they tempted me. To join them I agreed, Forsook the path of virtue, and did many a ghastly deed. For seven years I wallowed in my fellow-creatures' gore, And then—gave up the business, to settle down on shore.

My brothers, on retiring from the buccaneering trade, In which, I'm bound to say, colossal fortunes they had made, Renounced their wicked courses, married young and lovely wives, Went to church three times on Sundays, and led sanctimonious lives.

As for me,—I somehow drifted into villainy past belief, Earned unsavoury distinction as a drunkard and a thief; E'en in crime, ill-luck pursued me. I became extremely poor, And was finally compelled to beg my bread from door to door.

I'm deep down in the social scale; no lower can I sink. Upon the whole, experience induces me to think That virtue is not lucrative, and honesty's all fudge,—For ICHABOD's a Bishop—and ABIMELECH's a Judge!



NO END OF A BOA!

(A SKETCH AT BRIGHTON.)

"VELVET AND IRON!"

OH, pleasant sight! A Titan, m'ghtier none,
Of valour fiercer, or of thews immenser—
Bending before a martial Amazon,
And in her honour swinging flattery's
censer!

When were its fumes more odorous or
denser?

A radiant subject for romantic art!

It makes one think of TASSO and of SPENSER,
The *Faerie Queene* especially—the part
Where brave *Sir Artegall* bows to beauteous
Britomart.

"What iron courage ever could endure
To work such outrage on so fair a creature?"
Sings gentle EDMUND. Truly, to be sure!
'Twere sad to hurt a limb, to mar a feature
Of such a martial masterpiece of Nature.
She is as great, as proud, as brave as he,
Though not precisely of such towering
stature;

With that at least the lady must agree,
For valour is not proof 'gainst natural vanity.

He beat her once, but that was by a fluke,
And e'en *Sir Artegall*, "the salvage knight,"
Might from fair *Britomart* receive rebuke
By being vanquished in a second fight.
He himself owns it possible, a fight
Of candour and of courtesy indeed.

Saigner à blanc? Why should persistent
spite,
Or pride of arms, or all unknighly greed,
Still urge them, butcherlike, insatiably to
bleed?

No! *Surge tandem, carnifex*! Let ire
No longer drive them to unholy strife,

Or feed what zealots call "the holy fire."
Is it, still must it be, war to the knife?

When candour rules and compliments are
rife,

Why should the martial maid not soften now.
As *Britomart*, though warring for dear life
Did at the sight of *Artegall's* fair brow,
Before her maiden charms content to bend
and how?

Who will not cry, "Certes, *Sir ARTEGALL*,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground?"
With stout *Sir SCUDAMORE*? Out, cynics all,
Who menace read where mildness should
be found!

The Iron gloved with Velvet may be found
In friendship firm as close in warlike clutch,
Hush the loud clang of arms that rings
around,
And reassure the doubting souls of such
As think the flattering Titan "doth protest
too much!"

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, lecturing on "Savages,"
said, "Kissing is unknown to Australians,
New Zealanders. Papuans, Esquimaux, and
other races." Who will argue against the
absolute necessity for an Imperial Educa-
tional Institute after this? To these be-
nighted tribes let us send out Missionaries,
or, say, "Kissionaries." Who'll volunteer?
Bachelors from Oxford and Cambridge. The
Kissionaries must be able to teach these
Savages the peaceful arts of Husbandry.

THE REAL REPEATING "RIFLE."—*Bill*
Sikes's periodical burglary season in the
suburbs.

DOMESTIC MELODIES;

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

(By Sancho Preston Panza.)

No. II.—TO LUCASTA, ON THINKING OF GOING
TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
Nor recreant to thy worth,
That in Bulgaria's wastes I find
A Special's trying berth.

True, from your Bayswater I range,
And all its social zeal;
And, for too-doubtful lodgings, change
My residence genteel.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too will adore:
If I should stay at home too much,
You'd find me such a bore.

OUR ROYAL "HAMLET."—The day before
the meetings at St. James's Palace and the
Mansion House in furtherance of the proposed
scheme, the *Times* said:—"It is understood
that no element whatever will be introduced
that will risk the conversion of the Imperial
Institute into a mere Tea-garden." If it did
become a Tea-garden, the element of hot
water would soon be provided for everybody
connected with it. But this risk seems to be
getting more remote, as H.R.H. has carefully
noted *Mr. Punch's* pen and pencil argu-
ments, and has profited by the judicious
leaders on the subject in the *Times*, to which
journal he is evidently saying, as did the
Prince of Denmark to the beckoning Ghost,
"Lead on! I follow!" And the Spirit that
H.R.H. is well and wisely following is "The
Spirit of the *Times*."



“VELVET AND IRON!”

PRINCE BISMARCK (*with the utmost courtesy*). “MADAME, YOU ARE GREAT, POWERFUL, WARLIKE, AND IT WAS BY THE MEREST ACCIDENT THAT WE HAPPENED TO GET THE BETTER OF YOU!”

FRANCE (*aside*). “METHINKS THE GENTLEMAN DOTTH PROTEST TOO MUCH!!”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones (under the impression that he is making himself agreeable). "I DON'T CARE A BIT FOR A PRETTY WOMAN, MYSELF! THEY HAVE NO CONVERSATION. I LIKE A PLAIN WOMAN, WHO HAS PLenty TO SAY FOR HERSELF!"

VERY OLD TIMES AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HAVING accepted for my young son, PLANTAGENET TUDOR, aged eight, the LORD MAYOR's courteous invitation for the Children's Fancy Ball, and having long been proud of the fact of our descent from the Portreve of London in the time of The Conqueror, I decided that PLANTAGENET should appear in that character. Strange to say, we have not preserved in our family traditions any details of our great ancestor, the Portreve's costume.

"Of course," said I, "as he was 'something in the City,' they will know at Guildhall."

My first visit was to the Guildhall Library, where I was received by a most courteous official (I may remark that all the City officials with which it was my pleasure to come in contact, were courteous), and explained, in a light-hearted way, that I wanted "a rough sketch—I didn't mind how rough—of a Portreve of London at the time of the Conquest."

"Well," replied the courteous official, "no doubt there were Portreyes in those days, but it is not very easy to say what they wore."

"I suppose a gown, or a cloak, or something," I suggested.

"Yes," answered the courteous official, but with some hesitation, "very likely it was a gown, or a cloak, or some other robe. But I am afraid we don't know the colour or the shape."

"No?" I said, in a tone of bitter disappointment—"not know that! Well, did he wear a chain?"

"Well"—and the courteous official appeared to be buried in the deepest thought—"Yes. At least I think so."

Upon this I was shown into the Guildhall Library, and supplied with a number of books about the City's history. Alas! it was all modern! I could trace the Municipality sartorially back to HENRY THE EIGHTH with comfort, and even, by a little straining, catch a glimpse of King JOHN, but beyond all was mystery. However, I got the addresses of one or two City Companies where it seemed likely I should strike the trail. Amongst the rest I found on my notes

Lord Hodesleigh.

BORN, OCT. 27TH, 1818. DIED, JAN. 12TH, 1887.

As on a calm and genial Autumn day
The sun-glow's softened sheen we scarce remember,
Until from mead and mount 'tis swept away
By some swift-shaping cloud-wrack of September,
So there are lives which shine so mildly on
Their radiance scarce is marked till it is gone.

Such his who by so swift and sad a stroke,
'Midst selfish strife and the base fume of faction,
Which round him, worn but selfless, raged and broke,
From well-loved fields of patriot thought and action,
Like a clear light was suddenly withdrawn,
Darkening the young year at its earliest dawn.

Disparaged and dispraised, 'midst foolish fires
Of showier lustre but less steady flaming,
The patience high that generous souls inspires,
The calm magnanimous, meaner spirits shaming,
Held him above detraction's clamorous cry,
Pattern of proud but gentle chivalry.

The gifts of the arena, brass and blare,
Sly craft of fence, trick of impressive posing,
Were little his; the sophist's wordy snare,
The casuist's subtle shift and artful glosing
He shunned. A knightly sword he'd wield or whet,
But stooped not to the trident and the net.

So the arena's coarser heroes mocked
This antique fighter. And his place was rather
Where ARTHUR's knights in generous tourney shocked,
Than where swashbucklers meet or histrions gather:
Yet—yet his death has touched the land with gloom;
All England honours Chivalry at his tomb.

STANLEY IN THE CITY.—Meet and right was it that Mr. STANLEY, the Hero of the "Keep-it-Dark Continent," who has all his life been labouring for the liberty of African slaves, should last week have been presented with "The Freedom of the City"! And the sign of this Freedom is—a golden chain round the neck. The Corporation is provident. The African Turtle is said to make the best soup. The Freedman will show his gratitude.

Barbers' Hall, where an old picture, showing the shape of livery gowns, was preserved. I went there, the door was opened by a courteous official, who assumed that of course I had come to see the picture.

"It is rather dark, Sir," he said, "but I will get a candle."

The light was produced, and then I was taken into a large apartment and shown a Holbein of almost priceless value. I fancy to the surprise of the custodian, instead of going into raptures over the merits of the painting, all I did was to scrutinise the cut of the livery gowns. This was the first of many similar visits. I rushed from Hall to Hall, and this is a summary of what I discovered:—

1. That the Portreve came from the Romans, and the Lord Mayor from the Portreve.
2. That the Portreve wore a chain, but the rest of his costume was uncertain.
3. That the Lord Mayor is next to the Sovereign in the City, and may walk about with his sword and mace, with the precedence of an Earl everywhere else.

I hunted high and low, consulting PLANCHÉ and even "Mrs. MARKHAM." At length, wearied with the fatigue of hurried research, I was seated in the library of my Club, surrounded by books of costume, and began once again to look up "hoods" and livery-gowns. Everybody's friend, WAGSTAFF, saw my difficulty in a second.

"My dear fellow," he said, "go to old MESHACH's, the costumier. He'll tell you." And he did too. He knew "how a Portreve wath dreth'd, bleth yer." I was on the point of accepting his authority, when RONALD ROWLAND, the well-known antiquarian and actor, set me right. For all that, I have a sneaking respect for MESHACH as a historian.

Yours, out of his troubles,

THE FATHER OF THE PORTRAVE OF WILLIAM THE FIRST.

MEM. BY A GALWAY MAN.

"THE QUEEN'S Writ" appears like an infant ungrown,
For—in Ireland at least—it can't yet "run" alone.



"THE FINISHING TOUCH."

Hairdresser (chatty). "THERE, SIR. IF YOU CAN SUGGEST ANY FURTHER IMPROVEMENT, I CAN—"

Old Gent. "WELL—JUST A LITTLE THICKER ON THE TOP, MR. SNIPSON, I THINK!—A LITTLE MORE!"

A CASE OF CHAMPAGNE.—As the British Tar used to say in the good old days of Nautical Melodrama, "The man who would lay his hand on a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a villain, whom 'twere base flattery to call coward!" and we emphatically say that the individual who forges champagne-marks and substitutes some wretched stuff for the genuine article, is a villain of the deepest dye. Dreadful to think of a fiend in human shape thus "playing old gooseberry" with his victims. In a French paper we read that up to the present time the trade-mark of POMMERY AND GRENO has defied the most ingenious imitators. He'd be a bold man who should try to palm off on us fine old creaming cider as Pommery '74 sec, or Ditto '80. Where are "the sons of the widow," who would not avenge such an insult to the sparkling Veuve Pommery, or resent a wrong done to the Veuve Clicquot, ever sweet and very dear to many of us, bless her! whom we remember many years ago.

Note for the Defence.—Would it avail in law to plead, that in dealing with a customer, the alleged offenders had always truly described their falsely-labelled champagne as The Genuine "sham?"

WHICH, OR RATHER PUZZLING!

"Have not lotteries been put down in this country; do not the police relentlessly pursue little boys who gamble for farthings by the wayside? and are not the professors of the three-card trick and the manipulator of the nimble pea liable to punishment as rogues and vagabonds? It would be interesting if some of your local correspondents would explain the essential difference between these forms of gambling and that which is now so openly pursued on so large a scale, with the assistance and for the emolument of the censors of public morals."—*Letter to the "Times."*

ACT I.—A London Street. "Juvenile Offender against the Public, Gambling and Lotteries Act deeply engaged with his compeers in the mysteries of a game of "Chuck-Farthing."

Juvenile Offender (finishing his turn). Done yer, that time. I collars the lot.

[Sweeps three halfpence off the pavement, and commits them to his pocket.

Observant Policeman (intervening). So that's your little game, is it? I've been a-watching of you. You'll just come along with me. [Seizes him.

Juvenile Offender (struggling). Why, wot 'ave I been a-doing wrong? I've only been a-playing at Chuck-Farthing with them coves. Wot's the 'arm? [Howls.

Observant Policeman. Wot's this 'arm? The Magistrate will soon let you know that. You'll come along.

[Drags him off to judgment, and vindicates the majesty of the Law.

ACT II.—A Suburban Interior. *Mature Offender against the Public Gambling and Lotteries Act discovered in a back parlour, sedulously occupied in opening a pile of letters enclosing answers to advertised Enigma, together with Stamps and Shilling Postal Orders.*

Mature Offender (ticking them off). Let's see. That makes two hundred and fifteen more. Not a bad haul, by Jove! How many words can be got out of "Exorcising"? Ha! ha! How many fools, would be nearer the mark.

Postman knocks. He leaves 117 letters directed to "X. X. X." Domestic staggers in with them on a tea-tray.

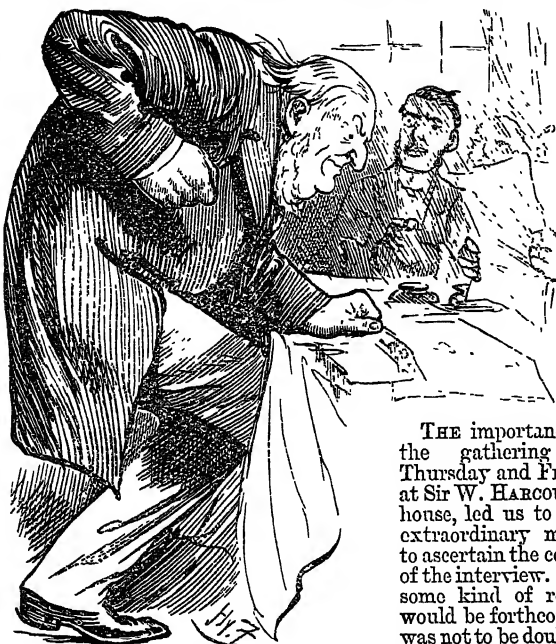
Domestic (shooting correspondence on to table). Here, Sir, this is for you. Here's another lot of 'em.

Mature Offender (gleefully extracting their contents). Come, this is capital! Over sixteen pounds already! Who would have thought they'd bite so well!

[Stuffs his pockets full of Orders, and goes off to the nearest Office to cash them, thinking by the way over his next new Puzzle, and, noticing the Policeman apprehending the Juvenile Offender, thanks his stars he lives in a land where there is as yet one law for the back-parlour and another for the gutter.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE KNAVEY.—*Driven Home, a Tale of Destiny, by EVELYN OWEN,* is certainly one of the most sensational stories ever published. The plot deals with Chiswick, San Francisco, gold-diggings, ghosts, card-cheating, and Lynch Law. Some of the spectral effects are intense, and include a card (the Knave of Hearts) which suffers from a peculiarly weird sort of dys-pips-ia. We will not reveal the secret for worlds. Produced by the publisher of *Called Back*, this certainly clever novelette is sure to be popular. The Knave of Hearts, in spite of its eccentricities, is a safe card.

THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE.



THE importance of the gathering on Thursday and Friday at Sir W. HARCOURT'S house, led us to take extraordinary means to ascertain the course of the interview. That some kind of report would be forthcoming was not to be doubted. In fact, as our readers

know, several reports have been published, affording a wide choice to the public. What we desired to provide for the civilised world was a precise, we may say, a stenographic report of what took place within the jealously closed doors of 7, Grafton Street. The task was full of difficulty, but one undertaken in similar circumstances, had at no remote date been brilliantly accomplished. Our esteemed contemporary the *Puddle Muddle Gazette*, had supplied in its earliest edition a report, almost *verbatim*, of proceedings in the first Cabinet Council held after the resignation of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. If we could only borrow the *Puddle Muddle Gazette's* young man, our task would be easy. We entered upon negotiations which proved successful, and at an early hour on Thursday morning, what we may call for the occasion, our Young Man set out for Grafton Street, and has since sent in his report.

What seems to have struck him most forcibly at the outset, was the fact that the Round-Table was square. What was more to the purpose was to find it covered with a cloth, whose ample folds almost swept the ground. Scarcely had our Young Man taken his seat (on the floor) than Lord HERSCHELL entered, looked round the room, pulled the curtains a little closer, and poked the fire with the butt end of the telescope which, from family associations, he always carries with him. Presently Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who had walked over from the Athenæum Club, arrived and shook hands with Lord HERSCHELL. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN drove up in a 'bus to the corner of the street. Descending, they walked thence arm-in-arm to No. 7. It was observed that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose coat was closely buttoned, swung an umbrella in his right hand. Latest to arrive was the host himself, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who drove up in a Hansom cab, having been to pay a visit to one of his Royal connections.

"Hi! hi! what's this?" said the cabman, holding out his hand, and looking scornfully at a coin which the Right Honourable Gentleman had deposited there.

"That's a shilling," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, blandly; "and what is more, I am the late Home Secretary, and if our work goes well to-day and to-morrow, I may be so again."

With remarkable alacrity the cabman thrust the coin in his pocket and drove off. Sir WILLIAM, softly smiling to himself and caressing with thumb and forefinger his abundant chin, strode into the house.

"Well, Gentlemen," said Lord HERSCHELL, "I think we are all here, and may get to business. I am quite sorry to bring you out in such inclement weather."

"It's very bad for the pictures," said Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. "I have been to the Grosvenor two or three times, and hardly know what the pictures are like."

"The roads are intolerable," Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT chimed in. "If I'd stayed in office and passed a Government of London Bill, things would have been very different."

"It's anxious times with hothouse culture," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. "You might have everything ruined in one night, if the fires should by any chance go down."

"By the way," said Sir W. HARCOURT, "strange thing happened just before I left home a quarter of an hour ago. A messenger arrived with a letter in a large envelope addressed to me, marked Immediate. The man brought it up, leaving the messenger in the hall. I opened it, and it contained nothing but a back number of the *Puddle Muddle Gazette*; nothing marked in it. I sent the man down to ask the messenger what it meant, but he had gone. Well, where shall we begin, and how shall we go about it?"

"I have thought," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "that perhaps you would like to hear what I have to say. I have therefore drawn up my views on this sheet of paper—"

"I beg pardon," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT; "very awkward of me."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (looking across the table with air of surprise) continued—"on this sheet of paper, which I will read if you like."

"Perhaps, Lord HERSCHELL would read it?" said Mr. MORLEY.

"Certainly," said Lord HERSCHELL, "it seems nicely written." (*Began reading.*)

"Much misunderstanding has existed with reference to the position I have taken up on the question of Irish Home Rule. Being myself of noncombative disposition, I have submissively borne the misrepresentations that have enveloped me. But I think the time has come when a common understanding should be arrived at between myself and my old colleagues. To that end I—"

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT: "I beg your pardon, that's the second time I've kicked you."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (laughing): "You really haven't touched me once."

"Then, it must have been you I kicked," said Sir WILLIAM, looking across at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S partner.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN: "Not at all."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (lifting up the table-cloth and looking underneath): "Then who is it?"

It was our Young Man!

This is as far as the report goes. Our Young Man explained that he had brought it home rather in a hurry to be in time for the Fourth Edition. That's all very well; but there is about the report an obvious absence of completeness. In that famous account of what took place in the Cabinet Council, the narrative finished with the statement that Ministers were "still sitting when we went to press." Couldn't we have something like that to wind up this report? Suppose we concluded the report with the observation "left sitting?" But our Young Man (who limps a little) demurred to the accuracy of this description. It seems they are anxious, above all things, for accuracy at the *Puddle Muddle Gazette* Office. Four of the gentlemen in conference might have been sitting when Our Young Man left; but he has the strongest conviction that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was standing on one leg, his right foot extended.

We wanted Our Young Man to return and complete the narrative with an account of Friday's proceedings. But he seems to have lost all interest in the affair, and offers to do us a bombardment instead. We will think about this. In the meantime we have the satisfaction of knowing that the morning papers will be green with envy at our enterprise in furnishing even this fragmentary *verbatim* account of the proceedings at the Conference.

"OUR NOTES AND QUERIES."

Put and Answered in "Queen's" English.

BRITANNY.—There are, we should say, few places now in Brittany where one can be comfortably boarded and lodged on threepence a day. "HOPE ON HOPE EVER'S" best plan would be to go and try it.

MARGATE.—There is no stag-hunting to be had here in the months of January, February, and March. It is unlikely that Mr. SANGER would let the Wild Elk from his Collection at the Hall-by-the-Sea out on hire for the purpose, as "DAMOCLES" suggests. He had better apply to some respectable proprietor in the Black Forest.

PREKIN.—Can anyone tell me the most economical way of getting to the above place. We are a family of fifteen, and five of us are dipsonanias. We should therefore prefer an hotel with iron gratings to the windows. Do you know of any such, and also can you inform me whether there is a resident English beadle, and any public institution where Backgammon can be played gratis.—INQUIRING CHERRYBLOSSOM.

WAPPING.—Can anyone tell me what sort of place I should find Wapping as a winter residence? Also, what of the society? as I have six unmarried daughters, I should like to know that it is select. I should be glad, moreover, if any of your readers could furnish me with the names of one or two of the best-regulated and most fashionable pensions.—GLASS SLIPPER.

ROME AND THE NEWLY-CANONISED.—"Saints enough in the Calendar, and to spare," some may say. "I don't profess to be a saint myself," observes *Mr. Punch*; "but however many there may be, no true Englishman can object to MORE."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XIII.—THE SYMPATHETIC FLIRT.

THE sun set, and the southern darkness fell swiftly on the muddy puddle that a few adventurous Boers know as "Böster's Pan."



Mr. Punch draws this Scene on his Canvas.

Under the one tree that would be reflected in the Pan, if its surface were capable of reflecting anything, sat three emaciated, sun-dried white men, each looking out in a different direction across the *veldt*. Each, indifferent to the proceedings of his neighbours, was smoking his last pipeful of tobacco, after eating his last inch of *biltung*. Not one of them had a cartridge left in his pouch, nor a button on his coat, nor a card in his card-case. Silent they sat there; from opposite quarters each had travelled that day to the scanty springs of Böster's Pan. Each had lost all his Bushmen guides; some the alligator had taken, some the fever, some the lion, some the Tzetze fly. Each was Alone!

Fagged, disconsolate, and unintroducted, these three Europeans gazed silently

over the rolling *veldt*, one looking southwards to the sea, one northwards to the Suleiman Range, one westwards to the sunset.

Then each took from his pocket a worn letter, carefully unfolded its frayed creases, and began to pore over lines which were obviously dear, though they must long have been perfectly familiar.

Suddenly, splendid in silver, beamed the glorious African moon in the high amber zenith.

The first comer, a soldierlike person, turned to the orb'd maiden, and murmured, "MARGARET!"

The second comer, looking eagerly at the brilliant satellite, whispered, "MARGARET!"

The last comer, whose keen features wore the pale cast of the student, gazing with all his eyes on the lambent glory, moaned, "MARGARET!"

Then each looked on his neighbour suspiciously, and each felt for his revolver and hunting-knife.

"Gentlemen," said the eldest of the three, "I am a stranger to you. May I ask if your imitation of my conduct, for which I am perfectly ready to offer you every satisfaction, is an intentional mockery?"

"We were both going to put the same question to you, and to each other," said his companions.

"Our last night has obviously come," murmured the eldest of the three. "Let us pass it—tis our hearty English fashion—in discoursing of our first loves! She who can never be mine, at our latest meeting, bade me, when I looked on the rising moon, to remember *her*, and an affection and sympathy which, she declared, would be deathless, though, as for *love*, that was beyond her power to give. And really she always *was* most kind and sympathetic. Of course, you know," drawing his dusty sleeve across his eyes, where glistened a purer drop than any in Böster's Pan, "of course *she* is not to blame for a fellow's falling in love with her. Is she now?"

"Your words," replied the second Englishman, "remind me strangely of my own fortune. I, too, loved a MARGARET; the sweetest, the kindest of her sex. 'My heart,' she whispered, as we parted, 'is not mine to offer. To you, dear friend,'—she called me *dear friend*," he said, with a sob,—"to you I do not mind imparting a woman's secret. Since my earliest girlhood love has not been mine to give: the grass grows over it. Farewell! and whenever you look on the—" "Rising moon!" exclaimed the third, taking up the discourse, "you will remember MARGARET!"

"This thing is becoming annoying!" exclaimed the eldest pilgrim.

"How can the coincidence be accounted for? She whom I loved was tall—" "And slim."

"Willow!" exclaimed the student, enthusiastically.

"Her dark hair—" "Crowned the purest brow."

"Her eyes—" "Were of a deep soft grey," interrupted the youngest of the company.

"When we parted," the eldest went on, like a lonely soul in self-commune, "she implored me ever to think of her as a friend—"

"A sister—"

"A guardian angel!"

"She asked me always to write to her—"

"And tell her what I was doing, and how my heart's sorrow schooled me to help others to bear their yoke—"

"And to be sure to forward any verses I might write," said the youngest, coming in like a chorus.

"Dear girl!—all sympathy and generous tenderness!—she asked me to speak of her to—"

"My mother!" whispered the second.

"My elder brother," murmured the third, "the Duke of PETERSFIELD. She asked me who was my dearest friend, and I mentioned old JACK—Heaven bless him!"

"Why, you are Lord ARTHUR VAYASOUR!" said the eldest man.

"I am," replied the stranger; "but what are titles—above all, courtesy titles—at a moment like this?"

"Would that we three men, met here to die, and each for love of a different woman, could show each other the face of our dearest!" exclaimed the second traveller.

As at the word of command each drew from his breast a diamond-studded locket. Each opened his own reliquary, each gazed at his neighbour's, each exclaimed, "By George! MARGARET MERRYTON!"

At that moment, through the darkness and the silence, whirled the noise of flying wheels. They listened, they doubted, they hoped, then came certainty. It was the Kimberley mail-cart on its way to Kukuanaaland.

"Hi! Stop! Woh! Oop-trek, Baas!" shouted three manly voices, and the driver, seeing three revolvers within an inch of his breast, drew up his smoking horses.

"Gentlemen, spare me!" he said. "Don't rob the diamond-bags! My bread depends on my getting them through. It's as much as my place is worth."

"Both the diamonds!" exclaimed each wayfarer, with all an Englishman's eagerness. "Have you got the newspapers?"

"Oh, if *that's* all," said the driver, "I can wait while you read them by the light of the mail-cart's lamps."

Each seized his favourite journal like a starving man. For months these Englishmen had not seen a *Pall Mall Gazette*! Each turned to the page that bears the tidings of home and friends sorely longed for, to Britain's wandering sons, on the *veldt*, the mountain, the wave, and in the Arctic Circle and elsewhere. Then from each manly breast came a groan, and these words followed—

"She's married a Duke!" "She's run in old JACK!"

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, to His Grace the Duke of PETERSFIELD, Miss MARGARET MERRYTON."

"By Jove!" they all exclaimed, with unanimous decision, "she was a confounded Sympathetic Flirt!"

They then insisted on driving back to Kimberley, where every comfort awaited them, and dinner was served in mine host's usual style at the "Star and Garter."

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

PRINCE BISMARCK in his speech delivered on Thursday, declared that he did not expect to live three years longer. No doubt the eminent Statesman has calculated the effect of the actions he proposes to perform, and, therefore, is in a position to foretell accurately the date of his decease. We should not be surprised if his "plan of campaign" ran as follows:—

1887. *2nd Quarter*. Cession of Bulgaria to Russia, and threatened bombardment of Vienna.

3rd Quarter. Letter of congratulation to Her Majesty the QUEEN of ENGLAND, and attempt to seize the British Australian Colonies.

4th Quarter. Fraternal greeting to the PRESIDENT of the FRENCH REPUBLIC and partially successful effort to destroy Paris by dynamite.

1888. *1st Quarter*. Cession of Spain to Italy, Belgium and Holland to Norway, and Switzerland to Austria, on the conditions that Germany is allowed to do what she pleases with France.

2nd Quarter. Germany seizes New Zealand, Borneo, and Bombay. On remonstrances being offered to Prince BISMARCK, he apologises, and says he is forced to recognise the situation.

3rd Quarter. Bombardment of Rome, and destruction of Brighton. Investment of St. Petersburg, and burning of Vienna. Prince BISMARCK explains that all this is done in the cause of peace.

4th Quarter. Occupation of Ireland, and Marseilles converted permanently into a German port. At a grand banquet, Prince VON BISMARCK assures his audience that it is ridiculous to talk of war.

1889. *1st Quarter*. Further aggression. Planting of the German flag on the soil of Australia, which causes annoyance to England.

2nd Quarter. Persecution of Jews. Worrying Christians. Quarrels fostered everywhere. Prince BISMARCK sings the praises of peace.

3rd Quarter. Europe plunged into a suicidal war. Everything conquered or crippled. Prince BISMARCK is more assured of peace than ever.

4th Quarter. Indignation Meeting of all Nationalities. Discovery of treachery, and sudden decease of Prince BISMARCK.

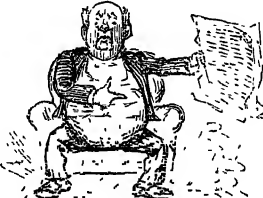
DUMB CRAMBO'S GUIDE TO THE LONDON THEATRES.



Drew wry Lane.



Cove in Garden.



Lies! See 'um!



O! limp pick.



Cry-teary 'un.



Prints of Whales.

THE WEATHER, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

- 9 A.M.—Bright sunshine. Summer clothing in request.
 10.—Dense fog. Gas and the electric light turned full on.
 11.—Rain. Umbrellas in furious demand.
 12 NOON.—Hard frost. Skating on the Serpentine.
 1 P.M.—Rapid thaw. Bursting of all the water-pipes in S.W. district.
 2.—Thunderstorm. Many churches struck by lightning.
 3.—Sleet and mist. Suspension of traffic on the River.
 4.—Heavy snowstorm. Roads impassable.
 5.—Tremendous gale. Hoardings and telegraph-poles blown down all over London.
 6.—Fog, rain, and ice.
 7.—Thaw, thunderstorm, and mist.
 8.—Gale, snow, and sleet.
 9.—*Da capo* for the next twelve hours.

VENI, VERDI, VICI!

(From Our Correspondent in advance.)

MILAN, January 25th.

VERDI remains dumb, BOITO continues mute, FACCIO keeps silent, and RICORDI refuses to say a word. Critics are excluded from the rehearsals, and the leading singers are bound under heavy penalties not, outside the theatre, to sing one note of their leading motives. Nevertheless I can give you, about *Otello*, information which you would scarcely get from anyone else. In the first place, let me note, by way of memorandum, that I have had to pay rather a large price for my stall. But it is worth a couple of fivers to hear such a tenor as TAMAGNO. He impersonates *Othello*: and, with a view to appropriateness of colour, VERDI has, in the pianoforte score, written the part entirely for the black keys. In one part of the opera the terrible moor of Venice is represented by what I may term a musical landscape composed of airs culled from the Venetian lagoons.

The character of the heroine is admirably painted, especially in the last scene, when the dying moan of *Desdemona* is accompanied by a genuine Cremona

—manufactured, without regard to cost or time, expressly for the occasion. The Willow Song will be illustrated in the printed libretto by plates of the same pattern. *Desdemona's* dying sigh is reproduced in a series of echoes, which, however feeble, will be heard throughout the famous theatre. It is proposed to call these remarkable passages, "Scala's Echoes of the Weak." The representative of *Desdemona* is SIGNORA PANTALEONE, who excels in pantomime. But PANTALEONE is not a pretty name for a lady, is it? Why not have changed it to COLOMBINA?

As regards the setting of some of the most celebrated Shakspearian passages, the words "There's magic in the web of it," are accompanied by well-knitted chords which are positively enchanting. In the speech to the Senate, the "spirit-stirring drum" will be beaten with a wooden-spoon, which the performer will use between the strokes for stirring up a glass of spirits-and-water. Equally happy is the Composer's treatment of another phrase in the same scene. Hearing, that among the eminent Composers who had taken places for the first performance, were GOUNOD, MASSENET, DELIBES, TOSTI, GORING THOMAS, and others, he, with delicate flattery, set the words "My very worthy and approved good masters," to a combination of melodies borrowed from the works of these *maestri*.

With reference to the orchestration, VERDI hating, as every great Composer must do, the country of MOZART, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, WEBER, MEYERBEER, MENDELSSOHN, WAGNER, and so many other musical impostors, has banished from his score the German flute. Bearing in mind the adage on the subject of two strings to a bow, he has introduced a magnificent *adagio* for violins; to be played with bows each of which has been furnished with two strings. The cornets will be without pistons, the trombones without slides, and the clarinets (those, I mean, which have been specially constructed for playing in *K natural*) without mouthpieces. After the first performance the Composer of *Otello* will be serenaded—not, as many still expect by Signor FACCIO's magnificent orchestra, but (with an appropriateness on which it is unnecessary for me to dwell) by a band of Ethiopian serenaders. WAGNER may have composed Music of the Future. But never mind the Future. Give me VERDI, whose beautiful melodies entitle him to be considered our First Aorist. *Viva Verdi! Vive Milan!* And to you I will add: *Vivez mille ans!*

BROUGHT TO BOOK.—MR. ARTHUR H. D. ACKLAND complains that "Government Literature," by which he means the Blue Books, is not brought out, either in style or price, in a manner to attract the general reading public. Why not, then, start a Shilling Series, on the following lines? Here is a suggestive preliminary list:—*Saved! or, the Eleventh Hour*. A Cabinet Romance. By the PRIME MINISTER; *Cutlasses and Contracts*. A Story of the Sea. By the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY; *The O'Rourke's of Rory Point*. A Tale of Irish Adventure. By Sir M. HICKS-BRACH; *The Financial Spectre*. A Psychological Mystery. By the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; *The Democrat's Curse*. A Social Problem. By the SECRETARY to the BOARD of TRADE; and *Wild Times at Woolwich*. An Ordnance Novel. By the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR.

"UP TO THE STANDARD."



"NOW I'M FURNISHED!"

"Give a lad a pair of skates and fill his pockets with a hunch of plum cake, or spice loaf, a couple of oranges, a dozen pies, and an indefinite quantity of nuts, and you have got rid of him for the day."—*Standard*.

PUER PROTESTANS.

O PUNCHE, priscis edito regibus!
 Audi pupilli verba Britannici.
 Ad nunc cogitavimus omnes
 Te pueri Tobiumque brikos.

Dio mi, Latinos in tuo comico
 Journale quare versiculos sinis?
 In sortis humbuggo illius,
 Crede mihi, nihil est jocosum.

Odi profanos lessons, et arceo,
 Quum ad domum sum especialiter;
 Quapropter desiras relictos
 Holidays spoliare nostros?

Versus dabisne, tempore proximo,
 Kamschatkinenses vel Patagonicos?
 In classicis putare te ipsum
 Est evidens caseum ululantem!

Laudat Pater te; non ego, per Jovem!
 Nam quum Gubernator erat alibi
 Chuxi furiosus in ignes
 Versiculos tuos pestilentes!

Nunc, per Jingonem, confiteor tibi,
 In grande funco sum, quia pro meo
 Hoc crimine exspecto maxillam
 Accipere in jiffio tremendam.

Ad tuos sensus, PUNCHE, et ad "Anglicam"

Redi "Regina"! O nobilissime,
 Oculode garrire, citoque
 Ad Jericho relega Latinum!

THE SCHEME FOR A CHURCH HOUSE.
 —Carry it out.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Herr Professor. "HIMMEL! VAT A VONDERFOLL DREE!"

Lady Godiva. "YES; ISN'T IT. I LOVE IT BETTER THAN ANY TREE IN THE PLACE. IT'S FULL OF SWEET AND TENDER ASSOCIATIONS FOR ME!"

Herr Professor. "ACH! ZÖH! YOUR LATYSHIP HAS BERHAPS BLANTED IT YOURZELLEFF! YES!"

WHO'S TO HAVE IT?

THE announcement that Russia will not insist on the candidature of the Prince of MINGRELIA for the Bulgarian Throne, has at once led to active "inquiry" on the part of the Regents at Sofia. The following few replies taken at random from a British Letter-Bag, may be regarded as a sample of the innumerable answers of a confidential character received by them in the course of the last few days.

MY DEAR SIRS,

BELIEVE me, I am deeply sensible of the honour you do me, in offering me the Bulgarian crown, and though I assure you my heart goes out to you in response, I am compelled to decline it. I could not interfere with our present magnificent business. But could you not send the Sobranje and your Constitution over here? I might place it in the hands of WILLS and possibly produce it the season after next. Think this over, and believe me, with all artistic sympathy,
Yours devotedly,

HENRY IRVING.

DEAR SIRS,

NOTWITHSTANDING your flattering assurance, which I fully believe, that my acceptance of the throne would be favourably viewed at St. Petersburg, I must nevertheless beg you to hold me excused if I say "No," to your tempting offer. My energies are at the present moment concentrated 'on the acquisition of a far more important leadership nearer home. I am, Dear Sirs,
Yours sincerely,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

MR. J. L. TOOLE presents his compliments to the Regents at Sofia, and begs to inform those gentlemen that as his present West-End engagement as *Butler*, suits him uncommonly well, he has no idea of throwing it up to take that of a mere East-End Monarch, the perquisites of whose place are not even mentioned. Mr. J. L. TOOLE would inform the Regents that if they wanted a good showy substantial middle-aged potentate, who would look the part

OUR "NOTES AND QUERIES."

UGANDA.—"POLONIUS," who purposes paying a summer visit to this distant place, in company with three invalid uncles, had better, if he wishes to hit on the best route, lose no time in at once getting hold of Dr. JUNKER, who will be able to give him all the information he requires. He need, however, have no scruple about engaging fifteen hundred blacks, and, say, five hundred Europeans, as an escort, together with three elephants, to carry the three Bath-chairs of his three invalid uncles through the jungle, of which there are some nine hundred odd miles to traverse, if he takes the old route *via* Zanzibar. By the Congo the route is more varied, and, if he adopted this, he would only have to purchase a dozen Penny Steamers, and mount the river. This is easily done with an experienced Captain. The crocodile-shooting is excellent, but the chief local sport consists of hunting strangers for their skins, which, as there is no close season, is carried on all the year round, and is very exciting. With a view to providing against eventualities in this direction, he would perhaps do as well to supply his three uncles with a Gatling-gun a-piece. As the only current coin south of the Equator consists of rum and brass stair-rods, he should, if he wishes to pay his way, take care to be well furnished with these before setting out on his expedition. There is no respectable chemist on the upper reaches of the White Nile, and it would be as well not to rely on securing efficient medical attendance at Uganda, the leading native doctor having treated his last European patient for headache by scalping him with a tomahawk. But for further particulars "POLONIUS" had better refer to a Central African *Bradshaw*.

CIRCULAR TOUR.—No, we know of no tickets that enable you to visit Paris, Milan, Munich, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Hamburg, Stettin, and Boulogne, travelling first-class for £1 13s. 6d. The most economical plan if "POMPEY" could make up his party to thirteen inside and twelve out, would be to hire a two-horse omnibus. Yes, wolves are just now plentiful in Russia. They may be best kept at a distance by syringing them freely with chloroform.

A Glenbeigh Remonstrance.

WHICHEVER course to take you choose,
The game you surely see you'll lose.
For, if you leave them out or in,
Both ways it's clear they're bound to Winn!

thoroughly, they could not do better than fall back upon Mr. BILLINGTON, though Mr. J. L. T. much doubts whether that gentleman will see his way to entertaining the idea himself.

GENTLEMEN,

I MUST confess myself overwhelmed by the distinction you have done me the favour to confer on me. But you surely cannot be acquainted with my principles. Why, I should be cutting down my own Civil List, and in a week should not be left with a single princely prerogative. Try EDMUND. I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

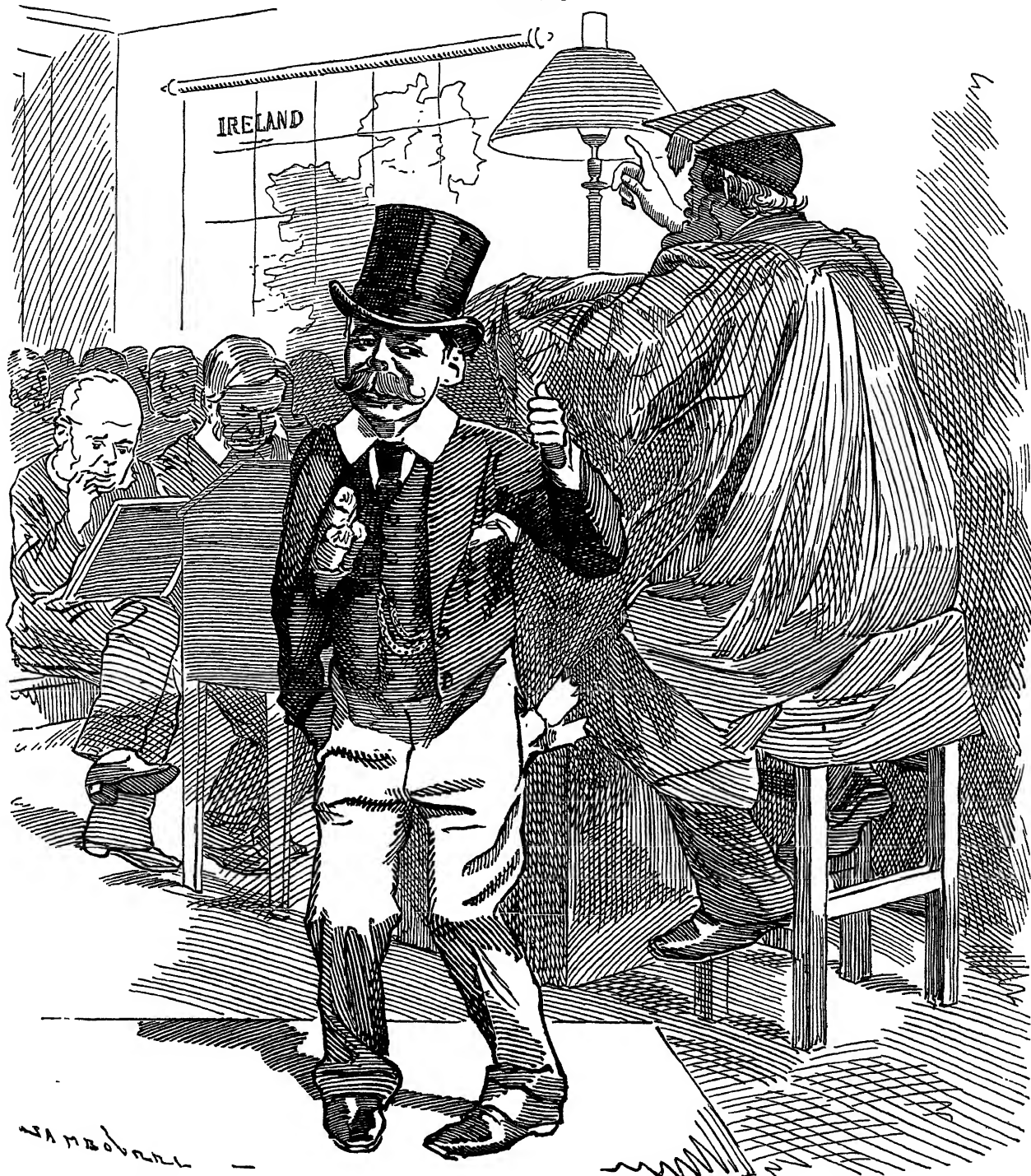
DEAR SIRS,

YOUR generous offer that I should ascend the Bulgarian throne taking the title of AUGUSTUS DRACULANUS THE FIRST, though it comes upon me as a pleasant surprise, finds me so occupied in ruling an empire of my own, that, spite its flattering character, I must ask you to excuse me if I do little more than acknowledge it. Need I point out that the task of consolidating a Balkan State cannot for a moment be compared to that of superintending the double performance daily of a Jubilee Pantomime, and in that I am at present engaged. Enclosing you three orders for the Upper Boxes,
I am, Dear Sirs, Yours very cordially,

AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

"THE SHERIDANS."—In these two volumes (BENTLEY AND SON) Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD gives us an interesting account of this exceptionally gifted family. There is not much new about that unprincipled genius, RICHARD BRINSLEY himself; but there never was much really "new" about him, as he made anything worth taking his own, reproducing it worked up and polished to perfection, so that it looked "as good as new," and was, in fact, much better. As to the story about the actors receiving their parts in the last Act of *Pizarro* within half an hour of their playing it, and then playing it successfully, we only wonder that anyone with Mr. FITZGERALD's practical experience of the Stage could accept and repeat it as literally true.

LARKS!



R-and-lph Ch-rch-ll. "I'VE GOT A LOT OF SQUIBS AND CRACKERS IN MY POCKET. I'LL HAVE SUCH A GAME WITH THEM THIS SCHOOL-TIME!"

THERE was a little boy, and he had a little game,
Which he fancied only he himself could play, play, play.

But although it was a lark,
He preferred to keep it dark,

And what it was precisely he'd not say, say, say.

Some thought he'd missed his tip, but others said, "Oh, no!
He knows exactly what he is about, 'bout, 'bout, 'bout."

But, whether sage or fool,
When his mates went into school,
He chuckled and decided to keep out, out, out.

Says one, "Don't be an ass! You've got into the first class,
You've a level chance of being 'cock' and boss, boss, boss."

"Come in and take your slate,"

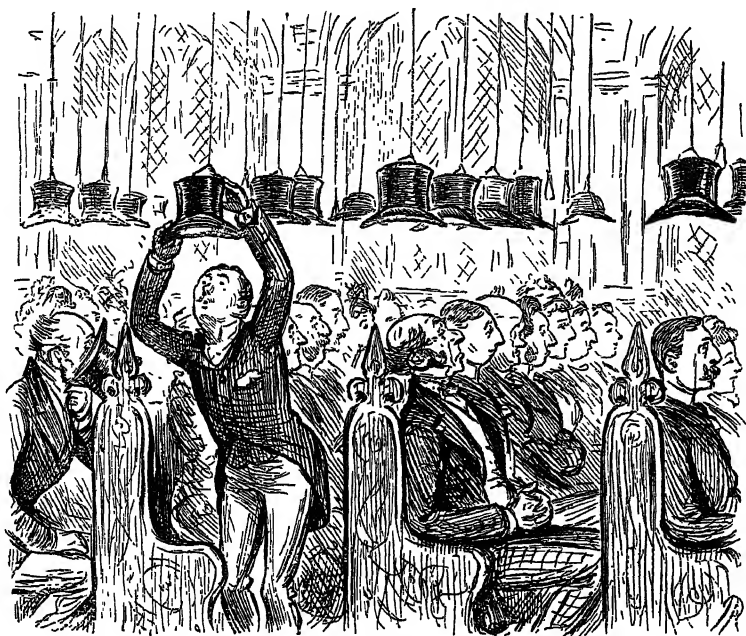
But says he, "I'd rather wait,
And I'm game to run the risk, and stand the loss, loss, loss."

So here he stands, his pockets stuffed with crackers, squibs, and rockets,
With red and blue fire ready for to burn, burn, burn.

Does the little lad mean larks?

Well, he who stands and marks

The youthful pyrotechnist soon will learn, learn, learn!



THE HAT DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

Idea borrowed from the Tombs of the Cardinals in Rouen Cathedral.

[The Cardinals' Hats are suspended over the Tombs by long strings from the Roof.]

A LITTLE PROPHECY ABOUT A BIG THING.

"AND what is this place?" asked the civilised New-Zealander, who, tired of sitting on the ruins of London Bridge (which, truth to tell, were not very safe), had journeyed further West.

"Well," said the Oldest Inhabitant, shaking his snowy locks mournfully, "it has a very sad history! It was commenced nearly a hundred years ago, when I was quite a child, and it has never been completely finished."

"Dear me!" observed the intelligent foreigner, putting up his electric *pince-nez*; "and yet it seems to be sadly out of repair!"

"It does, it does!" sobbed the emotional veteran. "I can scarcely bear to look at it. So full of promise too when originated!"

"Was it ever a theatre?" asked the New-Zealander.

"I fancy it was at one time," replied his informant. "I am not quite sure, because it has had gaps in its history which no one has the memory to fill in; but I rather think that it *was* used once for a Shakspearian Festival on the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. I fancy they played *Hamlet* in it."

"But how did it begin?" again queried the New-Zealander.

"Well, there was a great flourish of trumpets, but (so tradition says) not much money. The Public did not care to invest in an unknown quantity." And the Oldest Inhabitant wiped his eyes with a German cotton handkerchief.

"I am not surprised. But how *did* it begin?"

"It took several years building, and then was opened either as a Technical College or a Circus—I forget which, but I know it has been both. I fancy it must have been first a Circus, as I have some recollection of the loose boxes being turned into studies, which I imagine were used subsequently for the Technical College."

"Well, what became of it next?"

"Then, I think just about the time of the burning of St. Paul's, it was used as a substitute for that cathedral. When the old church was rebuilt, it became empty again."

"Yes?"

"Then there was one of those periodical panics about the Lunacy Laws, and Hanwell being abruptly abolished, it became an excellent substitute for Coney Hatch. It was rather a success as an asylum."

"Did it continue to be used for that purpose?"

"Not for very long; because the inmates, becoming convalescent, formed themselves into a Committee, and, with the permission of the Lunacy Commissioners (who took a very lively interest in the scheme), converted the place into a Swimming Bath and Garden of Acclimatisation, affiliated to the Newspaper Department of the Library of the British Museum."

"And how did it succeed in its new character?"

"I am afraid not quite as well as its best friends could have

wished. Somehow or other the Swimming Bath and Garden of Acclimatisation affiliated to the Newspaper Department of the British Museum, although boasting some most illustrious names on the management, never entirely secured the absolute confidence of the British Public. It was then used by the Government for testing their new invention—their non-explosive gunpowder and innocuous dynamite."

"Yes?"

"And then, through a slight miscalculation on the part of the inventor (a most excellent officer in the Commissariat), the building was blown into atoms, and left as you see it now."

"Most interesting!" murmured the New-Zealander. "But what was it called?"

"It was called originally—that is to say in 1887—the Imperial Institute!"

A PROTEST.

WE lately came across an advertisement of Mr. JONES's *Noble Vagabond*, at the Princess's, and here it is:—

PUNCH says: "I shall certainly advise all my friends to go and see *The Noble Vagabond*."

Mr. Punch objects to being misquoted. What he did say, in conversation with Mr. NIBBS, was, "I shall tell"—the advertisement has been amended in this respect—"all my friends to go and see this piece for the sake of Miss DOROTHY DENT's performance and Mr. WARNER's remarkable imitation of the make-up and manner of Mr. JULIAN CROSS as *Old Scorer*."

This is what Mr. Punch,—who was disappointed with the play, which he thinks utterly collapses in the Third Act,—said, and it is not fair to put this Managerial gloss on Mr. Punch's words, by placing a full stop in the line where there was no stop at all. The Management having inserted a full stop in the wrong place, Mr. Punch makes this protest in order to put a final stop in the right place to such misquotations. He can't permit it, even to a JONES and his *Noble Vagabond*.

Notes for the German Emperor's Speeches.

DEEPLY touched at enthusiasm.

Sorry that Army Bill has not passed.

Bitterly grieved not sufficient ammunition.

Pained beyond measure not better guns.

Wounded to the heart that killing power has not been extended.

The above to be well larded with texts, and to be flavoured with the Conventicle.

REMEMBERING TO FORGET.

A Hawarden Ballade.

"The Celt in Mr. R. L. STEVENSON's fascinating *Kidnapped*, prides himself on the ease with which he 'remembers to forget.' Something of the same faculty must exist in Mr. GLADSTONE's many-sided mind."—*Letter of Mrs. Fawcett to the Times.*

I.

THE Government in days gone by

On private letters seized,

Inspected them upon the sly

Exactly as they pleased.

And why do I rejoice, no more,

That now such deeds are done,

When we inspected three or four,

In eighteen eighty-one?

O'er such mere trifles should I fret?

No,—I've remembered to forget!

II.

And 'twas but fourteen months ago,

For this that PARNELL's crew

Denounced the Government as low,

Such tactics to pursue.

"A cowardly and servile herd"

They styled us in their ire.

How comes it that they're no more stirr'd

By this aggressive fire!

Ah! have they wiser counsel met,

And, too—remembered to forget!

THE POLITICAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—Mrs. M. declares herself the champion of her sect. She says she doesn't see why women should be denied the electrical franchise.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

WHETHER it was that this being what is called the Jewbely Year, though I'm hardly sure as I knows why—everything as anybody does in his publick capassity is xpected to be done much betterer and much grander than ever it was done afore, of course I don't know, but this I do know, and I should like to know who ort to know, if I don't know, that the Children's Fancy Dress Ball of last Wensday was the most wunderfullest of all we ever had there, and pretty Alice was only one of the many hundreds as wanderd about in Wunderland on that most ewntful evening. Of course, this being Queen's year, the fust thort as struck the LADY MARESS when she set down to carmly think over the hole matter, was a Royal Perceesshun of all the Kings and Queens as we ever had. How we managed to git on afore we hadn't none, it isn't for me, nor such as me, to say. Praps they was more of a Social lot than we is now, but that's neither here nor there. Well, I don't serpose as one of all the many as seed it, no not Mr. ORGUSTUS



"The Girl we left behind us."

ARRIS hisself, who I saw a gazing at it in perfound estonishment, will venture to say as they ewer seed anything to ekal it. Fancy all the Kings and Queens of England being acted by most butifool children, and all drest in the most lovely sattin and welwet dresses as countless suvverins could procure. Some on 'em was that perfect in ewery respek as made you think as probably most of our great Kings and Queens was werry little uns.

I declares as I was in that state of egscitement at the site, that I can arldy remember none on 'em seperately, but jest a few lingers in fond mem'ry. MARY, Queen of Scotch was purfektly lovely, and didn't at all mind being so close to Queen ELIZABETH, who went sailing by with her choler up, with all the dignerty of a reel Lady Mareess. King HENRY THE 8TH, axshally brought all his six wives with him, and insted of looking, jest a little bit ashamed of hisself, before sich a company too, went along a larfing away as if he was quite proud of 'em. The two poor little Princes who was a being taken to the Tower, close by, and who was drest in most butifool black sattin, was the hobserwed of all hobserwers, and if their good mother append to be present, as she probably was, she must have been a pround and happy woman. I did hear as they was descended from the grate Abbot A'BECKETT, but I ain't werry well up in my Conechology. CHARLES THE 2ND, who I allers understood was one of the wust of the old lot, went strutting along like the best on 'em. CHARLES THE 1ST looked jest a littel melancooly, as one wood natrally expect, under his rayther uncomfortabel circumstances.

Well, after this wunderfool site was all over, lots of their madjestys and their attendants came a rushing into the refreshment room as if suddenly seized with a paroching thirst, so I hadn't much opportunity for seeing what emedietely follered, which I was told was the Performing Dogs, and Punch and Judy, which seemed rayther a slite on the Royal personidges as had jest finished. I noticed, later on in the evening, as many of the Kings and Queens looked remarkable tired. If it be so for a few hours what must it be for many long ears!

One of the most remarkabest effects of the hole evening was caused, I was told, by the sudden change of weather. BROWN was the first to come and enounce it to us, which he did by rushing in and saying, "Here's a pretty go! all the statys in the All is a busting out into a perfuse perspirashun!" And so they was! And a wonderful site it was to see, they looked for all the world as if they'd all bin a bathing, and had all forgot their towels, and sumbody had stole all their clothes. I saw the nex Lord Mare and Lady Mareess a looking on at the perceesshun, as if they was a saying to theirselves, we shall have to do our best to beat this, but we'll try, and them as knows 'em best, says, whatever they makes up their minds to you may consider it dun.

With my usual good fortin I got behind the scenes at the Punch and Judy show, and I hardly expekts to be beleevd when I says that the hole of the orcheester for that most intresting performance was performed by one werry jewvenile performer. He played the drum with one hand, and a large number of mewscial pipes with the other, and with a sperrit and energy as was quite wunderfool considering as it was all done on two cups of coffee and one lemonade.

The new Governor of the Tower was there, Lord MAGBALEN, I think they called him, I don't know whether he came to look after the two young Princes who had managed to get out, possberly not. But I herd a Common Councilman say to him, as he was taking a cup of coffee, "I assures you, my Lord, we all sleeps much more cum-

fertable in our beds since your Lordship has been apinted Governer of the Tower." His Lordship didn't say nothing in reply, but there was a twinkle in his keen gray eye as spoke wollums. I've had a rather long experience in warious kinds of gammon, naturally so, from my special wocashun, but I says without a shadow of a dowt, that for a perfect sampel of that great gift, and said unblushingly, and with ewery semblance of sincerity, commend me to a well-seasoned Common Councilman.

How one touch of natur makes us all kings and queens! No sooner had a most butifool young lady, named ALICE, begun for to show us all she had seen in Wunderland, which I suppose is somewhere in Monseer JULES WERNER's country, that my son WILLIAM reads to us about sumtimes, than all the kings, and queens, and princes, and their attendants, and even jockeys, and ploughboys, and niggers, and charity children, and sailors, all rushed into the Egyptian All, which was turned into a Theater, with fields and trees jest like life, and sat down and laughed, and clapped their hands at all the funny little things they saw and heard, jest as if they was all alike. And then, as another proof of the truth of wot I says, directly it was over they all with one acord rusht upstairs to supper, and pegged away at the bountifool repast as if they had cum out in such a hurry that they had quite forgot to have their dinner.

And so ended this wunderfool evening, and the one consolashun as the liberal Conservative LORD MARE, and his butifool LADY MAREESS has for all their great trouble is, that ewerybody in the whole twelve hundred, Waiters and all, went away singing their prases.

ROBERT.

"THOMSON'S SEASONS."

AIR—"And so said Dr. Johnson."

SPRING, Summer, Autumn, Winter too,
The Sun is always ruling.
In spite of all the Sun can do,
The World is slowly cooling.
Ten million years the World's to last,
As long as there is some Sun,
Enough to warm us—when that's past,
Look out! Says WILLIAM THOMSON.

The Sun can't keep on every year
A rising and a sinking;
One evening it will disappear
For ever, off like winking.
It's rather hard upon the Moon,
Who gets her mild light from Sun,
One comfort is 'twon't happen soon—
Not yet, Sir WILLIAM THOMSON.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

THE Hon. Mrs. CHETWYND's Sara (F. V. WHITE & Co.), though somewhat dull at the beginning, increases in interest as the story proceeds.



The misunderstanding is cleverly worked out; and if the story is somewhat too long, it is the fault rather of the absurd three-voluminous system than the author. The best work has been expended on the heroine: "Che sarà, sarà." Undoubtedly, Sara is the main attraction of the novel. *Love and Liking*—"For loving and liking he little did care!" sang the Jolly Young Waterman. We will not be so inconsiderate to apply the line to Miss M. E. SMITH's novel, but undoubtedly we should have liked it better had it been shorter.

Authors are not to be blamed for this so much as the libraries. Years ago novels were published in four volumes, sometimes in six. We are gradually improving, and shortly the one-volume story will carry all before it. *Belcaro* (W. SATCHELL & Co.) is a book of essays on sundry æsthetical questions, by the clever lady who writes under the nom de plume of "VERNON LEE." *Æstheticism* has been so associated with Mrs. Camabue Brown and Maudie, and the rest of the long-haired unhealthy lot, that it would be well to warn mere glancers at the title-page that there is nothing whatever of pinchbeck æstheticism about this volume. They will find ten essays on Art, and all of them well worth reading. *The Making of New England* (J. FISHER UNWIN), by SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, is a compact little volume, full of information well indexed. At a time when everyone is talking about patching up Old England, it will doubtless be edifying to hear how they made the New.



CLEARING THE SERPENTINE. (MONDAY, JANUARY 17.)

BRIEF BUT BRILLIANT TRIUMPH OF THE 'ARRIES OVER THE BOBBIES. ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE FROM THE SHORE.

THE "EMERGENCY-MAN."

GOING ON, Gentlemen? Season's come round!
 Not quite so eager, though, *Punch* will be bound,
 Not quite so frantic for skating's high larks
 As zealots who flock to our ponds and our parks,
 Careless of duckings, defiant of dangers.
 You to the risks of the ice are no strangers.
 Many a "downer" has SALISBURY had;
 SMITH, you've been "in" once or twice, eh, my lad?
 Fancy now! Fellows will write to the papers,
 Grumbling at checks on their perilous capers,
 Girding at Ice-men and Bobbies, whose care
 Keeps 'em—harsh tyrants!—from ice that won't bear,
 Claiming a wrong-headed Briton's full right
 To drown, if he will, in his country's despite.
 Funny now, isn't it? How do *you* feel?
 SMITH seems a little bit "down by the heel";
 Knees rather wide, a left foot rather lagging,
 And arms like inebriate semaphores wagging.
 Perhaps his new "Acmés"—which RANDOLPH resigned—
 Feel a little bit strange, and not quite to his mind.
 Skates that are not quite a fit, my dear SMITH,
 May flabberghast even a chap of your pith.
 Ice doesn't look quite so sound as it might.
 There are several "Dangerous" places in sight.
 First on, you of course will run every risk,
 But CECIL looks confident, not to say brisk;
 Strikes out right and left, like a "crack" at the art,
 Seems to fancy himself quite a sort of "Fish" SMART,
 Who can fly like a Fen man, or roll like a Dutchman.
 "Come, SMITH, hold up! Why that desperate clutch, man?
 You nip like a lobster, and sprawl like a crab.
 What? It's all very well for a chap who's a dab
 At balance and pace, but you'd far rather *slide*?
 Oh, nonsense, my SNEEL—I mean SMITH—where's your pride?
 Let MARSH—ahem!—CROSS—stoop to 'keep the pot boiling,'
 You've now a fine chance, which you mustn't be spoiling.
 Hold up! Strike out well from the heel! That's your sort!
 Outside edge, with good pluck, is such capital sport.

Why, RANDOLPH—confound him!—will grin if we fumble;
 Keep cool, put on pace, and, with luck, you won't tumble.
 Eh, what? "*Will it bear?*" Why, of course it's all right;
 And, besides, our 'Emergency Man' is in sight,
 With the corks and the ropes, and the drags, too, at need,
 He will come to the rescue, man. Danger, indeed!
 We are bound to go on, so let's have a good spin,
 And what if we tumble, or even get in?
 There's some risk, to be sure, but no reason for scare.
 I tell you, my boy, we're quite safe—while *he's* there!

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THE new eccentric burlesque opera *Ruddygore*,—an idiotic but appropriate title,—by Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN, was produced last Saturday night. Nothing that excellent scenery, exquisite costumes, pretty faces, thorough drilling, good singing, and plenty of dancing, and a gushingly enthusiastic audience, could do to achieve a first night's success was omitted, and yet, somehow, *Ruddygore* wasn't happy. There were three distinct hits, firstly Mr. LELY's song and hornpipe, secondly Mr. BARRINGTON and Miss BOND in their serious duett and dance,—reminding us of "*The Quakers*," once so popular at the Music Halls and in a Gaiety burlesque,—and thirdly, the surprise (which is the essence of wit) caused by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who, when the scene was in total darkness, conducted his orchestra with what at first sight appeared to be the familiar red hot poker of pantomime, but which was in reality a *bâton* illuminated by electric light. The idea of the burlesque is funny to start with, but not to go on with. The development of the scene from Mr. GILBERT's *Ages Ago* at the GERMAN REEDS' is not as effective as it might and ought to have been. The first Act is bright, the second isn't. At any other Theatre the same piece, with different names attached to its production, would have had a bad time of it, but who will venture to say this of the Great Twin Brethren of the Savoy, who are always treated on the "most favoured Theatre" terms by the critics? We speak only of it as we found it on the first night; perhaps, after some excision, it may be considerably improved; but, "taking one consideration with another," *Ruddygore* is not even up to the mark of *The Princess of Iolanthe*, and not within measurable distance of *The Mikado*, which, by the way, might be successfully revived.



THE "EMERGENCY-MAN."

W. H. SMITH. "WILL IT BEAR?"

LORD S. L. SMITH. "COME ON! WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH—AS LONG AS *HE'S* THERE!"

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XIV.—THE SMALLEST ANONYMOUS AUTHOR IN EXISTENCE.

THOSE industrious persons who devote their best energies to solving riddles in weekly papers for the dazzling guerdon of a divided guinea might employ their ingenuity to worse purpose than in the endeavour to ascertain the particular kind of author who forms the subject of this study, and a prize of sensational value might be offered with perfect security to the successful competitor.

Of course a great many whose delight is in the Retort Obvious, would write to connect this somewhat dubious distinction with the writer of this paper, but in that case he would, as the awardee of the prize, feel it his duty to adjudicate all such answers incorrect. However, he thinks it advisable to propitiate any *Œdipus* among his readers with what he believes are known as "additional lights."

This obscure, but not wholly uninteresting literary phenomenon, then, is a compound of paradoxes. Unknown, even under so much as a *nom de guerre* or inverted initials, his works occupy the same shelves as the most popular novels of the day. He is as much read as anyone, yet there are none to praise his style or recommend him. Endowed with a conceit which approaches the sublime, he yet remains of his own free will a modest abstraction, and never gives the slightest clue to his identity. He is the most egotistic of altruists, a cynic with a flow of sloppy sentiment, a Puritan whose expressions verge at times upon the Aristophanic, an ardent grammarian and a shady speller, and through all these and countless other incompatible phases, he remains the same One and Indivisible Fool, and preserves unstained his escutcheon as a many-sided but still unmistakable ass.

Are more lights wanted? They shall be given. The covers which enshrine some of his best productions, bear titles which convulsed all literary London in their day, and at JONES'S Esplanade Library or BROWN'S Pump-Room Bazaar, are even now occasionally inquired for on wet afternoons. Yet it will be scarcely credited that he never received a single penny from a publisher for anything he has written, and that in spite of the circulation he has attained, a grateful country will never place his effigy upon a pedestal, or his name upon its Civil List! He does not even expect this himself.

Does the reader give it up? No, of course he guessed it long ago—but *Mr. Punch* at all events will not condemn him to pass a week upon tenterhooks. He hastens to announce that the form of anonymous small-authorship which it is intended to study here, is that exhibited by the versatile and indefatigable being who scribbles upon the margins of books which do not belong to him, remarks which are of no general interest.

Mr. Punch of course, is not unaware that many of our greatest writers have covered the books they have borrowed with marginal annotations that render them priceless for all time, but he considers it unnecessary to draw distinctions which are so obvious.

The Marginal Annotator of the baser sort is remarkable for his omnivorousness, he will annotate anything from *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, to *Daniel Deronda*, THACKERAY to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, MISS BROUGHTON to *John Inglesant*—it is all the same to him, and the stumpy lead pencil which seems to lend itself more readily to the flow of his ideas.

In his more reserved moods he simply confines himself to recording whether the author has or has not filled his intellectual void. If this has been accomplished, he writes "good," or underlines passages here and there, while in case of a failure, he inscribes upon the title-page the crushing condemnation, "Rot!"

But this terseness of his will expand at times, often into autobiographical fragments of incalculable value and interest, as where after some vivid word-painting by MR. BLACK or MR. BLACKMORE, our Annotator good-naturedly informs us that he was in the neighbourhood himself some time ago, and stopped at the best hotel, but considers the description of scenery in the text rather exaggerated. He is great too on Ethics: "The author is wrong here," he remarks, opposite one of the profounder passages of GEORGE ELIOT, "see article in this week's *Family Herald* on similar subject." Or, "why didn't she tell the Vicar at once that she was secretly married to the Baronet's foster-brother?" Etiquette, too, is a strong point of his.



"No lady would have said this!" and "Not the act of a gentleman!" he comments severely at intervals.

He will often bitterly resent the behaviour of certain characters: "Why does the author make *Mrs. Proudie* so disagreeable?" "I think *Becky Sharp* was a wretch!" "I hate *Count Fosco*!" he records on various margins.

Then we meet him in his captious and carping mood; when, for example, he sneers, "The author appears to think partridge are shot with a breechloader!" or, "I was not aware you caught salmon with a worm!" Indeed he is always industrious in detecting and removing blemishes, and has been known to change "Oxbridge" to Cambridge, and "Camford" to Oxford, wherever he comes upon these palpable slips. It is sad to find from internal evidence that the Marginal Annotator's life has not been all sunshine, that he, too, has fulfilled the common doom—has loved and been betrayed! For how else can we explain such Byronic ejaculations as, "How like a woman!" "A lie! no woman is ever sincere—they are all hypocrites!" or such a passage as this, "The author must have known what it is to waste his affection upon a mere heartless doll, or he could not have described it so accurately!"

But the Marginal Annotator is full of contradictions, which if not wilful, are so glaring at times as to force upon us an uneasy impression that there may be two or more of him—worse still, that a female Annotator is not an utter impossibility. For some of the utterances are suspiciously feminine, while others are highly uncomplimentary criticisms, not of the printed text, but of foregoing marginal comments, which, unless the writer, like MR. RUSKIN, is correcting the extravagance of his cruder youth, it seems difficult to accept as the work of the same hand.

However, there are solemn mysteries which we shall never be accounted worthy to penetrate in this lower life; the Marginal Annotator will never raise his mask, never inform us why or for whom he undertakes his supererogatory labours.

And it may be that, in some future stage of the world's progress, when posterity evolves the power to read the myriad characters which have so long sparkled undeciphered upon the scroll of Heaven, there too amongst those dread secrets will be discerned, scribbled in asterisks or dotted down in fixed stars, some such brilliant observation as, "How true!" or, "What Bosh!" But even in apotheosis the Marginal Annotator will probably remain anonymous.

FUNNY LAW IN A COMIC COURT OF JOCULAR JUSTICE.

SCENE—A Chamber in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Theatrical Trial in progress. Everybody in good spirits except (possibly) the litigants. Famous Comedian has just entered the Witness-Box.

MR. KEYSTONE, Q. C. Ha! ha! MR. FOOTLIGHT! Here we are again! (Laughter.) Well, and how do you find yourself to-morrow? (Roars of laughter.)

MR. FOOTLIGHT. My Lord, (laughter) am I bound (renewed laughter) to answer (continued laughter) that question? (Roars of laughter.)

HIS LORDSHIP. It is not quite relevant, but no doubt the Counsel is following his instructions.

MR. KEYSTONE, Q. C. I am more likely to follow my nose. (Laughter.) Now, MR. FOOTLIGHT, have you ever played *Macbeth*? (Laughter.) I am looking at you! (Roars of laughter.)

MR. FOOTLIGHT. I cannot (laughter) call to mind (renewed laughter) that I ever (continued laughter) have played *Macbeth*. (Roars of laughter.)

MR. KEYSTONE, Q. C. I suppose you couldn't play unless the proper cue were given you? (Laughter.)

HIS LORDSHIP. "Play?" "Cue?" But I've not yet heard a word about billiards. (Laughter.)

MR. KEYSTONE, Q. C. No, my Lord, but we're playing for the pocket. (Shouts.)

MR. FOOTLIGHT. And I'm always on the spot. (Convulsions of laughter. Two Ushers carried out, and their neckties undone.)

MR. KEYSTONE, Q. C. Well, MR. FOOTLIGHT, can you tell me if a herring and a half cost three-halfpence, how much twelve will come to? (Laughter.)

MR. ROPE. Really, I do not wish to interfere with my learned friend, but there is a limit to everything, and I think that limit has been reached. The Defendant is a foreigner, friendless, and not blessed with too much money, and—

MR. KEYSTONE, Q. C. Not blessed with too much money! I like that! Why, without money she would have seen precious little of my learned friend on this occasion! (Laughter.) He would not have given her much rope. (Roars of laughter.)

[And so on, and so on, for two or three days until the Trial closes in.]

'ARD 'IT.—It is not true that MR. H. A. JONES tried to obtain the services of Signer ARB-IT-I as Musical Conductor at the Haymarket Theatre.



"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

Freddy (in his First Childhood). "GRAN'P'A, WHAT DID YOU DO IN YOUR CHRIS'MAS HOLIDAYS, WHEN?"—(sniff)—"WHEN THE WIRES BROKE AN' YOU COULDN'T—COULDN'T GET SEATS FOR"—(breaks down)—"THE PANTOMIME—BOO-OO!"

Patriarch (in his Second). "WHAT DID WE DO, MY BOY! WIRES! WHY WE WALKED THROUGH THE SNOW, AND PAID OUR MONEY, AND TOOK OUR SEATS. NO WIRES AN' GIM-GRACKS THEN, FREDDY!—CUTTING THE POOR COACHMEN'S HEADS OFF!—WIRES—!"

[Dozes off placidly.]

The following advertisement offers a fine chance to some enterprising Bath Chair Sir GALAHAD:—

MATRIMONY.—A WIDOW, COUNTESS, about 40, no family, pleasing, unpretending, cultured, domesticated, having lost fortune and home, wishes for the protection of a Protestant Husband, elderly or even invalid, requiring a cheerful, Christian, attentive, devoted wife.—Address,—

The qualifications of "elderly or even invalid" would seem to imply that the ruined but "unpretending" Countess was in the hopes of getting a Knight Hospitaller to come to her rescue. She ought to be overwhelmed with replies.

MOTTO FOR THE GLENBEIGH TENANTS.—*Vae Eiectis!*

AN APPEAL TO APOLLO.

(From a Quiet Neighbourhood.)

A SCORE of organs all the day
Wheeze, hammer, reel, and grind it—
The Chord the lady tried to play,
But failed, alas, to find it.

And nomad merchants roar, *sans cesse*,
Their barter-checking jargon,
Until I almost learn to bless
Their efforts when they are gone.

Their dainty-footed donkeys bray
As elsewhere bray no donkeys;
And German bands of demons play
In tottering time and wrong keys.

With raucous voice he breaks my rest
Who thunders forth the dirges
Of clothes that once, belike, were "best,"
The Rag-and-Boanerges.

O Phoebus, have them all convey'd
Afar, in peace, to fill a
Sahara of itinerant trade,
But spare the poet's villa!

A NEW "TANGLEWOOD TALE."—Somebody else is "keeping up the Classics," too, *Mr. Punch* is glad to see. In the Novelty Theatre (good ending for a hexameter—"in Noveltate Teatro") last week was performed an English Play, called *Dux Redux, or a Forest Tangle*, written, and partly acted, too, by JAMES RHOADES. But who was the "*Dux*"? We don't see our way, even with RHOADES to keep us straight. Was it a political skit, and was the "*Dux*" W. E. G.? If so, why "*redux*"? Perhaps, TOMMY suggests, it was meant for "*reduced*." But in the Play there is a revolt of wood-cutters, and wood-cutters would never cut the H-warden feller. We knew a *Dux* once at school, but he is not likely to play "*Dux*" again. Time has played ducks (and drakes) with him probably before now. *Who* was it? If it's supposed to be Mr. RHOADES's *magnum opus*, why not have called it *The Colossus* of RHOADES, and have attracted attention that way. The result was, we believe, satisfactory.

A TRANSPONTINE STUDY.

You think she's a dainty dairymaid
From a Watteau-Dresden dairy,
A Nymph from a New Arcadia's glade,
Or a Savoy Theatre fairy;
A figure cut from a *bon-bon* box,
A cook, from a School of Cookery:
Oh no—she's a study in pink and white,
Of a girl from a London rookery.

Red-kerchieft youths, in furry caps,
Would woo and win—and whop her,
But her demeanour is perhaps
Discouragingly proper;
And when on gallant lover's breast
Reposing all her weight she's,
In modest wise she drops her eyes,
But never drops her H's.

Her thoughts are, like her attic, high,
Expressed in language stately;
Though where she picks the language up
Has exercised me greatly.
And the dangerous classes worship her,
As Buddhists their Grand Lama;
And that is the London flow'r-girl's form
As seen in a melodrama.

WHAT steps should be taken to celebrate Her MAJESTY's Jubilee? A whole flight—if you would rise to the occasion.



House of Commons, January 25.—House meets on Thursday. Came down to take a look round, and see if I left any cigars in my locker last August. Capital place for keeping cigars if you like them a little dry. House itself comes up smiling at the beginning of new Session. Looks polished and clean as if it had never known an all-night sitting. Thought the policeman and I would have the place to ourselves. Seems to have occurred to others to come down and have a look round.

Here comes W. H. SMITH, walking on his toes as if afraid to disturb one of the Leaders of the Opposition. Doesn't see me at first, as I curl myself up in SPEAKER'S Chair. Looks cautiously round. Believes he's quite alone. Takes seat on Treasury Bench opposite brass-bound box.

"Mine!" he mutters to himself. "The seat that once was PEEL's and DISRAELI's, and GLADSTONE's, and——"
"SMITH's!" I called out, peeping over the elbow of Chair.

"My gracious! how you startled me, Tony!" he said, jumping up. "Knew you were there all the time, don't you know, but thought you were asleep. Just looked in, as I happened to be passing. Fine seasonable weather."

"Very," I said, "and a good deal of it."
Then there was a pause timidly broken by our new Leader.
"And how do you think I'll get on, TOBY? Do you suppose I'll make much of a mess of it?"

"Not at all," I said, taking the opportunity, in the absence of the SPEAKER, of cocking a hind leg over the arm of the Chair. "You'll do very well if RANDOLPH will let you alone."

"Ah!" said SMITH. And a look of anguish crossed his placid brow.

"You're a good, honest sort of fellow, of the kind the House likes.

Everybody but RANDOLPH will be glad to help you, and, besides, you won't be here very long. Don't be too apologetic. There's no danger of your being too bumptious. Give up your habit of sitting on the edge of the bench, as if you were not quite sure you had any right to be there, and you'll do very well. Hallo! here's RANDOLPH!"

"Where?" cried W. H., growing ghastly pale, and instinctively sitting on the edge of the bench. "Ah! I think I've a letter to write." And our new Leader, again walking on tiptoe, disappeared by the door at the back of the Chair.

RANDOLPH halted in contemplative mood by the Cross Benches where Members stand when they've Bills to bring in, and await call from the SPEAKER. Must have seen W. H. SMITH gliding out, but hadn't caught sight of me in recess of the Chair.

"Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL!" I called out, in imitation of the tones of the SPEAKER, when he invites a Member to bring up his Bill. Pretty to see how he jumped. (What a day I'm having, to be sure!)

"That you, TOBY?" he said. "Wish you wouldn't go playing these larks just now. Not quite up to fun. Temper a little spoiled, nerves slightly shattered by recent events. Know now something of the feelings of *Richard the Third* as depicted in SHAKESPEARE. Have my night-before-the-battle every twenty-four hours. Toss about on my bed for half the night. Then, when I fall asleep, comes the Markiss, with dishevelled hair, reproachful glance, and wringing hands, moaning with the ghost of *Buckingham*.—

"The first was I that helped thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyranny."

After him come Grand CROSS, and SMITH, and STANLEY, and all that I have jumped upon, passing in mournful procession through the room."

"Well, you'll have a chance of making it all up now. They'll want a little help in the Session, and you can be kind to them."

"Yes, I know," said RANDOLPH, twirling his moustache, whilst a curious light shone in his eyes. Can't quite make out what this means, but fancy it doesn't forebode peace.

Looked in at the Lords, but nobody there. Only the memory of one who will come no more. Odd that the Conservative Party should have so little prized a man like STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Won't easily, if ever, replace him. But happy deliverance for him. Had a bad time ever since DIZZIE's protecting arm withdrawn. Turned up a letter he wrote to me more than four years ago, at the close of the Autumn Session, when the Closure was discussed, and RANDOLPH mouthed against it. Might have been written four weeks ago. Just the same worry, and just the same patient, brave spirit, making the least of personal discomfort, and hoping for the best. About this time RANDOLPH and his merry men had been "going for" him with additional ferocity. His health showed signs of breaking down. He was setting out on an expedition to summer seas, and a few lines were written in the Diary, wishing him a good time, and renewed health. Then came his letter, in his painstaking, neat handwriting:—

30, St. James's Place, S.W., Nov. 22, 1882.

DEAR TOBY.—Very many thanks for the kindly words in *Punch*. TOBY, M.P., I look upon as a most valuable Member of the House, and sincerely trust that the *Clôture* may never be applied to him.

—Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

I need hardly say that I am much touched by the kindness shown to me by so many of my friends, including my enemies. The life in the House of Commons has many trials, but I find them much more than compensated for by the many pleasant feelings which they evoke. I hope to be back in my place at the opening of next Session, and prepared to endure any amount of fire "From the Cross Benches," or any other part of the House.

Believe me, Yours very faithfully,
STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

Alas! *Requiescat*. No more "next Session" for him. * * *
For us, what promises to be a lively one begins on Thursday.

INTERVIEWING À LA MODE.

(By Our Own Pell-Mell Commissioner.)

THE recent great demand for pork-sausages having aroused curiosity in this branch of industry, we sent one of Our Representatives the other day to wait upon Mr. BLOGES, the eminent Manufacturer, to ask him a few questions.

Mr. BLOGES was reclining amongst Liberty fabrics and high-art rich stuff, old oak and brass-work. He wore a pleasant smile upon his open and rather expressionless countenance, which argued that the sausages were going off well—when trade is dull he is inclined to be savage, like a roused pig or an aggravated bore.

"So I understand that you have a new variety of Sausage under consideration?" observed Our Representative.

"Certainly," replied the eminent man, "but, I cannot quite understand why there should be such excitement about it. After all, you can't get much variety out of sausages—the flavour of one must be very like the flavour of another. Much depends on the stuffing."

"You are too modest," said Our Representative. "Why, Mr. BLOGES, do you not know that all London is waiting for your next new sausage?"

"So they tell me," smilingly acquiesced the great Manufacturer.

"So they tell me. Well, there is no secret. Here is the recipe."

And the scientific caterer handed Our Representative a sheet of paper containing some writing.

"Of course, you must not publish the receipt," Mr. BLOGES continued, with a little laugh, "because that would not be fair. Still you see it is simple enough. But I have by me a sketch which is at your service. I have here all the ingredients in miniature, and can make up my model sausage without even leaving my armchair."



The Raw Material.
Sketched by Mr. Bloggs.

"But are you not nervous about the result?"
"Very. You would scarcely believe it, but I have never been present at the selling of any one of my own sausages. I once went into a shop where they were exposed for sale, and on seeing a purchaser about to ask their price, I became so faint that I was obliged to leave immediately."

"Your nervousness is very strange, considering that your sausages are so popular."

"Perhaps the secret of their success is, I believe in them—I do most firmly." And here the eminent Manufacturer made a movement which seemed to denote that he was anxious to return to his work.

"Before I leave," said Our Representative, "if you have no objection, Mr. BLOGES, I will ask you one question."

"Certainly; I shall be most happy to answer as many questions as you are pleased to set me."

"Well, then, may I put it to you? Have you ever eaten one of your own sausages?"

"No," replied the Manufacturer, promptly. And then, as he bowed Our Representative out, he added, in a tone of evident conviction, "and, what is more, I don't think I ever shall!"

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

ALICE in Wonderland will continue to delight children as long as there are any left in town to visit the Prince of Wales's, the home of the BRUCE, which is crowded every afternoon. We suppose that all children over eight years of age must have read LEWIS CARROLL's book, so thoroughly conversant are they with its scenes and characters. It's a splendid re-advertisement for the book, and the Christmas CARROLL ought to be grateful to Mr. SAVILE CLARKE, the dramatist of this work. But, mind you, it is not a work to please the elders. What delights the little ones will not suit their parents and guardians, who must be content with taking a back seat, and being enchanted to see a theatre filled with children thoroughly enjoying themselves.

It is all very well for anyone, say over thirty, to take up the book, look at Mr. TENNIEL's wonderfully fancy pictures, and to select here and there some nonsensical prose and funny verse. But to sit out nearly three hours of incoherent dialogue and utterly idiotic songs, given with only one rest of ten minutes between the two Acts, strikes us as an uncommonly good preparation for being entered on the books of Colney Hatch. And then from the experienced playgoer's point of view—for whom it was never written, and never intended, so he'd better not go and see it,—what effective chances have been lost! and, with the exception of the Gryphon, the Mock Turtle, the Hatter, the March Hare, and Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, how unsatisfactory are the realisations of Mr. TENNIEL's ideals! Why, the Chess Queens look like bottles of salad mixture, and the Pawns like overgrown fungi! Then the song of the Jabberwok—oh dear, oh dear!—utterly lost. It ought to have been declaimed to music by a good reciter, and the fight with the Monster should have been shown by means of a magic lantern and electric light, or some such device.

However, it was written for the children, and not for their seniors, and the children could go and see it over and over again, and never be tired. We recommend the Papas and Uncles who take them, to see a little bit of the beginning, then to retire to their Club, and, if they indulge in such a habit, smoke, or read the papers, and return in time to see Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee in the Second Act. For which tip they'll thank us.



DUMB GRAMBO'S GUIDE TO THE LONDON THEATRES.



Tooles.



"A Delf—fie!"



"Ave a new Theatre!"



"A—mark it!"



Caught.



Gay at Tea.

MUCH IN POINT.

In the now historical case of *Brett v. The Holborn Restaurant*, the Plaintiff alleged that a needle and thread had been served up with his spinach and quail, and that he had swallowed and suffered. "One swallow makes one suffer" sometimes, and the unfortunate Mr. BRETT had been undoubtedly a sufferer.

There is a slang phrase, "getting the needle," meaning, "being angry," often used by 'ARRY. Well, might a man "get the needle," who had indeed actually swallowed one. There is a dinner called "potatoes and point," which sounds the nearest thing to "spinach and needles;" but the Holborn never professed to serve either of them.

But as far as the Holborn Restaurant was concerned in the matter of the needle, the Jury, though they followed the thread of the argument about the needle, were unable to see the point, and the Chief Justice shutting up the needle-case, observed in effect, that "it was needless—he should say needless—to proceed any further," except to the Holborn Restaurant, where, as he had heard from his Brother PUNCH, and as was pretty clear from the evidence in Court, they served very many and uncommonly good dinners.

Mr. Justice PUNCH concurred, and added, that had the Restaurant been situated in Threadneedle Street, this accidental circumstance might have had its weight. Quail was not, to his mind, associated with Needles—they were not a sea-bird; nor was it of the Pin-tail family. It was true that the French for spinach was *épinards*, and here, undoubtedly, there was a "pin" in the middle. But a pin was not a needle, and this made, not a mere pin's point of difference, but an essential and vital distinction between this and such a possible case. When he (Mr. Justice PUNCH) went to the Holborn he should always ask, at the right season of the year, with the poet HORACE—a great gourmet, by the way—

"Qualem commendes?"

And if the Manager did recommend the bird, he should certainly eat it, even though it had been shot with a needle-gun, without fear of it or its surrounding "spinach." The Jury very properly gave a verdict for the Holborn Restaurant. Had it been for the Plaintiff, it would have been recorded as Needles and Spinach; but, as it is, the Jury's opinion of the case might perhaps have been less politely expressed by Gammon and Spinach.

'ARRY IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

DEAR CHARLIE,

DESSAY you'll remember I told you a good bit ago, 'Ow I served on a Jury. Well, chummy, they nailed me agen, dontcher know. Not quite on the same little lay, though; they 'ooked me as Witness this round, In the case of *McSlobber v. Muggins*; you've 'eard of that case, I'll be bound.

It was pasted all over the place, and the name of Yours Truly, dear boy, Has bin printed in all the dashed papers, a Barney you'd think I'd enjoy. Not a bit on it, CHARLIE, believe me! I don't mind a 'ealthy trot out, But this bizness has bloomin' well broke me, and jolly nigh give me the gout.

Poppylarity's pleasant, my pippin, and "ARRY" ain't one o' them sort As is frightened to spread theirselves out; quite contrary, it's proper 'igh sport. When I got the scoopeener, I tell yer, I chi-iked and chortled with glee, And if ever a feller stood up and shook 'ands with hisself, it was me.

Thinks I, now then 'ARRY, my sparkler, you want to strike one,—here's yer chance!

The brocoli-wigs must jest watch it; way-oh! won't I lead 'em a dance! Them Kew Seas is wonderful clever, and dabs at a snack or a joke, But if 'ARRY don't romp round the lot on 'em—well, I'll go home and eat coke.

Oh, CHARLIE!!! Wot swivel-eyed jossers the best on us is, mate, at times! Owsomever I'd better look slippy, and rumble along with my rhymes. I got myself up a rare buster, tan kids and a brown Hinverness, With a lovely black Hastykan collar; you know I'm a whale at smart dress.

Can't say as I made the sensation I 'oped. The old mivvy called Law Is a sawdusty kind of a sell, with no soul above parthness and jaw.

I'd to 'ang round that Court for three days, CHARLIE, elbered, drove here and shoved there.

Yah! A Witness *must* be a job-lot if he ain't wuth a stool or a chair.

The Beak and the Barristers—dash 'em!—sat snug as old china on shelves, A-passin' smart compliments round, and a-crackin' bad jokes to theirselves. When the Bench or the Bar made a wheeze, they all roared, the Beak wagged his white pow,

And that beast of a Husher cried "Horder!" as though *hus* poor coves made the row!

There was close on a score of hus witnesses, *such* a rum regiment, dear pal, There was parsons, and potboys, a cabman, two toffs, and a nervous old gal. The old mivvy went orf in highstericks, the toffs lost their 'eds and talked stuff,

And the parson got awfully mixed and flung out of the box in a huff.

The plaintiff himself was so flummoxed, he seemed to go slap orf 'is chump, And leaked orkurd facts like a sieve when the Counsel jest put on the pump. He couldn't keep cool at the "nasty ones," spluttered, went red in the face, And jolly nigh mucked the whole game in his fear of not making a case.

Thinks I, well it all 'angs on me, that's a moral. I'll make 'em sit up!

They won't put the kibosh on me, that's St. Paul's to my tarrier pup. Well, they called me; I twirled my moustachers, and tipped a sly wink round the Court,

As much as to say, "That rot's over, and now, rorty pals, you'll see sport."

They *did*, CHARLIE, oh! yus they *did*, mate; but I was the wictim, wus luck! A rat in a pit was a king to me. Not that I shied or lost pluck; No fear, that is not 'ARRY's form. But oh, scissors! that bloomin' old Beak! He boshed all my patter to putty, and snubbed all my snideness as cheek.

He 'adn't no eye for a "Star," CHARLIE; that's where it wos, dontcher see? I believe the "Big BOUNCE" at his best, in his patter-song, "*Sparks on the Spree*,"

Would just ha' bin clean chucked away on 'im. Jibbed when I put on the pace, And "cut" all my cackle, dear boy, till I felt I could sit on his face.

Disgustin'!—"Jest answer my question," the Counsel sez, "straight!" "Oh, I'm fly,

But I give up that speshal conundrum. You ask me another!" sez I. Then, Oh wusn't the fat in the fire, CHARLIE? Wiggling? That isn't the word. If I 'adn't dried up, they'd 'ave offed me to gaol for "Contempt" like a bird.

That mucked me, took all the romp out of me somehow. I fair lost my tip, And went slopping all over the shop, lettin' all sorts o' secrets let slip. Sez Old SIXANDREIGHTPENCE, quite tart, as I wobbled away from that Box, "You've jest lost us the case, Master 'ARRY!" I felt I could sink in my sox.

And that's wot these Jossers call Justice! Wot's wus, every pal as I meet Sez, "Hullo! Saw your name in the paper. You nice cup o' tea!"—ain't it sweet?

I think I must trot out of town, for much more of this chaff I *can't* carry, And when Justice next wants a Witness, I 'ope it won't drop upon

'ARRY.

Too MUCH TO EXPECT.—According to all accounts (including the builders') the coming Cab ought to be a success. But it will indeed be perfect if it succeeds in doing away with all growlers.



POOR LETTER "G."

The Duchess. "YES; SKATIN' WOULD BE CHARMIN', IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FREEZIN' STOPPIN' THE HUNTIN'!"

Lord Charles. "YES; AND AIN'T SLEIGHIN' TOPPIN' FUN, EXCEPT FOR THE SNOWIN' SPOILIN' THE SKATIN'!"

LAOU-LAI-TSZE; OR, THE TOO-CONSIDERATE CHINAMAN.

A Moral Drama in One Act. (Adapted, without permission, from a recent Leader in the Daily Telegraph.)

SCENE—A Country House near Peking.

Enter LAOU-LAI-TSZE.

Laou. To-day is my seventieth birthday. Should my parents discover this fact, they may be led to suspect that they themselves are getting on in years. Yet how to conceal the unwelcome truth? Ha! an idea! I will away and put it into execution. *[Exit.]*

Enter Mr. TSZE, Senior, and his Wife, aged Ninety-six and Ninety, respectively.

The Old People. 'Tis singular how time seems to stand still with us—our hearts are yet young. But where is LAOU?

Enter LAOU (disguised as an infant).

Laou. Here I is, Puppy and Mummy. Tum to pay!

The Old People. Still a child! Then the past sixty-five years have been a dream, and we are younger than we supposed. Singular but not unpleasing discovery!

Laou. My plan has succeeded. Oh, joy!—but ah, rheumatism!

Enter Mrs. LAOU.

Mrs. Laou. Husband, accept from me this pair of silver-rimmed spectacles as a birthday present.

Laou (crawling up). Pitty, pitty! Dive 'em to yickle LAOU.

Mrs. Laou. What do I see? My husband a hopeless idiot!

The Old People. No, no. He's a bright little fellow for his age—
[They chuckle senilely.]

Mrs. Laou. Get up, LAOU, and don't be so ridiculous. Someone will see you!

Laou. 'Oo is a velly coss ole lady, and me don't yove 'oo a bit!

Mrs. Laou. Repudiated, after all these years! Oh, agony!

Enter LAOU'S Son and Daughter-in-law.

His Son and Daughter-in-law. Father, your little dead dog and rotten pigeon *(Chinese politeness)* present their humble service on this your natal day.

Laou (jumping up and down). Goo-goo! Show LAOU 'oo yickle dog an' 'oo pidjin!

His Son and Daughter-in-law. Dear Papa is really very peculiar this morning. Perchance the sight of his grandchildren may recall his wandering intellect.

Enter his Grandson and Granddaughter. LAOU runs at them on all fours. *They scream with laughter.*

Grandchildren. Oh, what a funny ole gan'pa!

Laou. I isn't a gan'pa. I is a yickle boy. *(Aside.)* Heaven pardon me this innocent deception!

His Son and Daughter-in-law. This is most painful! He ought to see somebody.

Laou (aside). If they only knew how painful it is to me! But for my parents' sake I must persevere.

[Rolls round the room, singing nursery ditties, and groaning furtively.]

The Old People. We must have some young friends to tea, now dear little LAOU is old enough to enjoy a party.

[They send out the invitations.]

Later. A retired part of the grounds. *Juvenile Feast of Lanterns going on in distance.* LAOU drags himself in with difficulty.

Laou. This well-meant deception is like to prove my undoing. I cannot keep this sort of thing up much longer! My indulgent parents stuff me with sweetmeats, which are simply death to me. I've had to tumble about with those infernal children all the afternoon, and the whole of Peking has turned out to stare at my eccentricities! Ah, my parents again! I must dissemble.

Enter The Old People.

The Old People. Why, here he is! Come and play Puss in the Corner with the others, LAOU, like a little love.

Laou. Ickle LAOU tired.

The Old People (severely). If LAOU's naughty and cross, he must be slapped and sent to bed.

Laou (with emotion). Slapped! I confess I did not contemplate that indignity.

The Old People. Eh, eh—what? What's the boy talking about?

Laou (recovering himself). Don't sap poo' ickle LAOU! He'll go and pay, yike a goo boy! *(Aside.)* Confound it all, they're carrying it too far—they really are!

Enter LAOU'S Wife, Son, Daughter-in-law, and other relations.

His Family. LAOU, this is simply scandalous. As a Mandarin with the scarlet button, you degrade your rank by these tomfooleries. Who would ever think you had passed so many exams!

Laou (aside). My parents are listening, I must wear my mask still! Ickle LAOU don't know what 'oo's talking about.

[Sucks his thumb.]

His Family. In the name of CONFUCIUS, pull yourself together. The Emperor is coming himself to felicitate you on this anniversary. Get up, you old fool!

Laou. San't det up. *(Aside.)* Oh, if my parents would but go!

[Gurgles to himself.]

Enter the Emperor and Suite. LAOU skips up and plays with the Imperial buttons and peacock's plume.

The Emperor. Seize him, guards! Either he is mad and must be imprisoned, or disrespectful and must be executed. I don't care which, myself.

[LAOU is seized.]

His Wife and Son. Sire, it is softening of the brain. Have mercy!

The Old People. Your Majesty must forgive his indiscretion. Remember he is but an infant!

The Emperor. An infant! Why, he's seventy to-day!

Laou. Discovered! In spite of all my precautions. Alas, the shock will kill them!

The Old People (without emotion). Seventy, is he? Why, we've been thinking all along that he was a fine-grown child of his age. *(With sudden recollection.)* But in that case, impious wretch that you are, you have been grossly deceiving the authors of your being!

His Wife and Son. Disgracing your family!

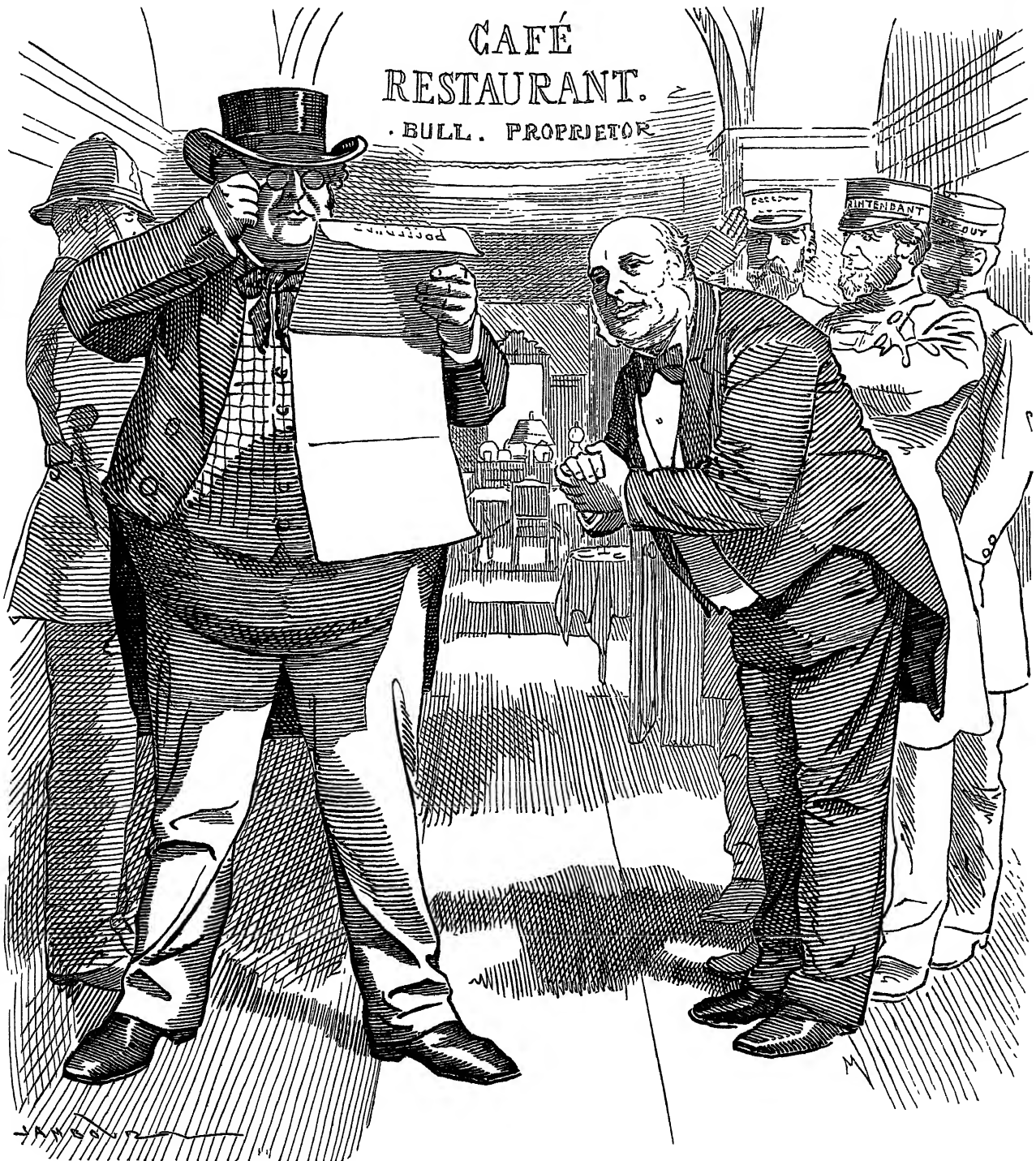
The Emperor. And insulting your Sovereign!

Laou. This is very hard! Hear me. 'Twas with the best intentions that I thus simulated a deportment more juvenile than my actual years would justify.

[Explains his motives. Emperor deeply affected. General emotion.]

The Emperor (still sobbing). Yours is a noble heart. With the exception of a small fine of a few thousand taels for button-holing your Emperor, you are pardoned.

Laou. And if our kind friends in front will learn from me the lesson, that even a pious fraud may be productive of the gravest inconvenience, there will be no cheerier septuagenarian in all Peking than LAOU-LAI-TSZE, the too-considerate Chinaman. *[Curtain.]*



RE-OPENING OF ST. STEPHEN'S RESTAURANT (UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT).

Mr. John Bull (Proprietor to Manager). "I RATHER LIKE YOUR NEW RULES AND REGULATIONS, MR. SMITH. HOURS OF BUSINESS FROM 2 P.M. TILL 12'30. THE SERVANTS TO HAVE AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF FOR THEIR DINNER, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS OUT, AND THE USUAL HOLIDAYS. I MUST INSIST ON MORE WORK, AND LESS NOISE; AND IF ANY PARTY MAKES HIMSELF OFFENSIVE TO THE COMPANY, HE WILL BE WARNED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT, AND IF HE DOESN'T BEHAVE HIMSELF, THE 'CHUCKERS-OUT' WILL PUT HIM OUTSIDE."

GOOD NEWS ALL ROUND?—It is stated on good authority, that, at the next meeting of the Round Table Conference, an arrangement will be made by which further set gatherings may be rendered unnecessary. Has the circle been squared?

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."—Mr. BROWNING's new book hasn't got about it much of the true ring of poetry.

A FRISK OF FRANCISQUE.—M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, the well-known dramatic critic, has been summoned before the correctional tribunal for writing of "ROSE MIGNON" as "ROSALIE MICHON," a notorious *demi-mondaine*. SARCEY said it was a *lapsus calami*. But the ROSE, who wouldn't allow that she was as sweet by any other name, thought that it was a *lapsus calumny*, and a great deal too Sarcey. The Court hasn't, so far, accepted M. SARCEY's explanation.

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

Mr. Punch. I am glad to hear they are going to revive TOM TAYLOR's play of *Clancarty* at the Haymarket.

Mr. Nibbs. Yes. Mrs. KENDAL ought to be an admirable *Lady Clancarty*.

Mr. Punch. No better. It was a stirring play, as I recollect it.

Mr. Nibbs. TOM TAYLOR did good work for the stage.

Mr. Punch. Yes, he was a thorough dramatist.

Mr. Nibbs. But not always original.

Mr. Punch. Seldom, I should say. But what does that matter? The greatest dramatists and the greatest composers have all cribbed the materials on which their genius has exercised itself. His dialogue was telling, sturdy and frequently humorous. There was a "go," too, even about his rough blank verse which served his dramatic purpose.

Mr. Nibbs. What set you thinking of this, Sir?

Mr. Punch. Partly the announcement about *Clancarty* at the St. James's, and partly having recently seen Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES's *Hard Hit* at the Haymarket.

Mr. Nibbs. I have seen it also. It struck me that *Hard Hit* was no hit at all.

Mr. Punch. It has this one unpardonable fault—it is dull. If it were bad, there might be some question as to its degree of badness, or some discussion as to which Act were the worst. But there is no room for discussion or for dispute where a play is simply and undeniably dull.

Mr. Nibbs. There is one effective situation in the Fourth Act, where the husband hides behind a curtain.

Mr. Punch. Yes, but nothing comes of it, as he disappears only to meet somebody in the passage who clears up the difficulty. As to the situation in the Third Act, it is the Screen Scene spoiled, just as Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's character is a compound of *Captain Hawkley* and *Joseph Surface*, both spoiled, and Mrs. Ashby, is a commonplace adaptation of *Lady Sneerwell*.

Mr. Nibbs. I see exactly what you mean, Sir. I thought the actors very good in it altogether.

Mr. Punch. So good, that I would rather have seen them out of it altogether, though had an actress like Miss SOPHIE EYRE been cast for Mrs. Ashby, the piece might perhaps have gained by it. Mr. TREE's make up is admirable; a trifle *trop chargé*, perhaps.

Mr. Nibbs. I thought Mr. KEMBLE capital as the garrulous Major.

Mr. Punch. And Mr. COUTTS, a name unknown to me on the stage scored most decidedly as the little used-up masher the *Honourable Effingham Nangle*. But why on earth did Mr. JONES make the host introduce this 'personage to his guests as "the Honourable?" Is it a new fashion in society?

Mr. Nibbs. Perhaps Mr. JONES wishes to start it; but as the piece has been out barely for three weeks, "Society" has not yet had time to adopt the novelty. And perhaps you noticed, Sir, that to intensify the absurdity, the gentleman described as "The Honourable" was being introduced to a real Baronet.

Mr. Punch. Impersonated by Mr. ARCHER who looked as if he had stepped out of an illustration to a story in *Reynolds's Miscellany*. I liked Mr. WILLARD, he was excellently made-up and acted remarkably well; but though it sounds paradoxical, he is best when he is bad. Once let an actor acquire a reputation on the stage for being a villain and the public will never believe in his conversion. Mr. DACRE is another paradoxical person.

Mr. Nibbs. How so?

Mr. Punch. He is physically a "slantingdicular" actor, who with a bias to the right "can't go straight." He was better suited as *Jim the Penman*.

Mr. Nibbs. And *Jim* suited the public better than *Hard Hit* is ever likely to do.

Mr. Punch. It was hard on *Hard Hit* to follow *Jim*, just as the enormous success of the *Private Secretary* told against *The Pick-pocket*, and the *Pick-pocket*, in its degree, against *Lodgers*, which is poor stuff, though at all events one can have two or three good hearty laughs at Messrs. PENLEY and HILL.

Mr. Nibbs. No such luck at the Haymarket, where you can neither laugh nor cry.

Mr. Punch. No, and an audience neither amused nor harrowed becomes mildly indifferent or conspicuously bored. Mr. JONES left to himself, without any of his former *collaborateurs*, like the last rose of Summer blooming alone, fails in construction. That is, as far



as I can judge, as I have never yet seen one of his pieces where he was sole author. His dialogue is plain and straightforward enough for a melodrama like the *Noble Vagabond*, and in that only up to the middle of the Third Act, when the muddle begins. But compare *Hard Hit* with TOM TAYLOR's *Still Waters*, and then you'll see what might have been done in dialogue and construction with even such old materials as Mr. JONES has got together.

Mr. Nibbs. Oddly enough, Sir, throughout *Hard Hit* they are always talking about a "Still Waters Company Limited."

Mr. Punch. Perhaps that is what recalled the old piece to my mind. However, it is sufficiently well-known nowadays among play-going amateurs for them to appreciate the force of my observations. I have yet to see Mr. PINERO's new piece at the Court.

Mr. Nibbs. And the latest at the Royalty.

Mr. Punch. Both very amusing as I am told. I hear that our friend AUGUSTUS DRURYOLANUS is to rule over Covent Garden as well as Drury Lane. More worlds to conquer! He has shown himself uncommonly clever at Old Drury, and we all wish him success. *Au plaisir!*

"HIS HIGHNESS!"

ROBSON as the Showman in the farce of *Catching a Mermaid*, used to call out, "Walk up and see the Giant! Alive! alive! alive! He's eight foot high, he's nine foot high, he's ten foot high!" "Why, father," said a boy, "the carawan ain't ten foot high!" "He's a sittin' down, stoopid! Walk up! Walk up!" and here at the Pavilion every night may be seen this tremendously tall man, eight feet nine inches high, so they say, not ungainly for a Giant, and looking as amiable as Giants always do outside books of fairy tales, and apart from Pantomimic tradition. If any one were justified in preserving a lofty demeanour it would be HERR WINKELMEIER; but he is polite to all, and affable with the lowliest.

Mr. VILLIERS, Junior, showed us the great man's suite of apartments, and they certainly have "done him," very well at the Pavilion. His Highness—doesn't he deserve the title which Mr. Punch hereby bestows on him?—contrives to amuse himself in the day-time by playing at draughts, and trying to make Mr. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH, the Acting Manager, understand what he means. The Giant only speaks German, and Mr. SWANBOROUGH is limited to English.

The Pavilion Management are not averse to letting him out, though if they "let him out" much, they would have to raise the roof. They may loan him to some exhibition, but at present they are quite content with his height, and don't want him to be higher'd anywhere else.

The Acrobats at the Pavilion are marvellous, and if a few of the feats—arms and legs as well—of the LETTINE and SCHAEFFER Troupes, were introduced into a burlesque, and performed by some of the regular actors, the novelty would draw the town. We have lately seen how a tenor, Mr. LELY, can overcome all difficulties and dance a horn-pipe, and it is a pity that Mr. GROSSMITH or Mr. BARRINGTON, as the first and second Bad Baronets, did not bestow some time on acquiring one or two of the tricks of the KATSUNOSHIN AWATA, which would have lightened up their parts in the Second Act, amazingly; but perhaps they'll keep it for the Indian burlesque Opera, when they can appear as the Bounding India-Rubber Brothers. In the meantime a visit to the Pavilion will astonish the idler, interest the anatomist, and amuse the Democritical observer.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE not been very well lately, so I thought I would consult that eminent physician Dr. A. The first thing he said to me was, "What do you drink?" (if he had said what *don't* you drink, it would perhaps have been more to the purpose.) "Oh," I said, "things in general, anything that's handy." "The very worst thing you can do; you should take nothing but a couple of glasses of dry Sherry with your dinner." I followed his prescription for some time, and getting no better, I resolved to see that distinguished practitioner Dr. B. He immediately asked me what I drank—you would think from their questions I was an habitual drunkard—I said "only a little dry Sherry." "What!" exclaimed Dr. B. "dry Sherry? That accounts for it. You must take nothing but a pint of dry Champagne." I tried this for a week, and, finding myself still out of sorts, I called upon the distinguished Dr. C. Of course the usual question. And when I replied "a pint of dry Champagne!" he jumped. "Poison, my dear Sir, poison! No wonder you're out of sorts. Now, if you take nothing but a pint of Léoville—the very best Léoville mind you,—we shall soon put you on your legs again!" I tried this remedy for a fortnight—for I rather liked it—but found no improvement whatever in my health.

So on the recommendation of an old friend, I called on the fashionable Dr. D. The usual question, and then Dr. D. exclaimed, "You should never taste a drop of wine of any description. Take the best

Scotch whiskey and soda in moderation, and you will be well in a week. I tried this, but became rapidly worse. And then?—then I consulted myself. Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? I will! I prescribe for myself. Dry Sherry with soup and fish, a pint of dry Champagne, with the rest of my dinner, a pint of Léoville after it, and Scotch whiskey and soda with my cigar in the evening. I have tried my own prescription—which combines the wisdom of four distinguished Doctors with my own—for a month, and you will be glad to hear I never felt better in my life.

Yours, better-than-everly,
Tollollington Park, Tuesday. THE LAZY MINSTREL.

A FAIR START.

THERE may be many a slip between the cup and the lip, but there is one most important "slip" between London and Ramsgate, in the shape of a carriage, to be attached to the Dover Boat Express 11 A.M., which on Sunday mornings, will be a boon to the jaded London toiler.

The first Sunday in February, *Mr. Punch* has the greatest pleasure in announcing the fact, will see this new slip planted at the L. C. & D. line, Victoria Station, which will, he hopes, take route and prosper for many a year. What more delightful for the fatigued Londoner, who does not want the *tohu-bohu* of town renewed at the sea-side, than to start at an easy-going hour on Sunday morning—is not 11 A.M., the very hour for a Train Service, specially when the rule as to a vast number of Church Services is "short and early?"—and to breathe the vital airs of the Kent coast ere yet the luncheon-bell hath sounded?

This slip-carriage will be attached—so strongly attached, that the attachment will be something touching to behold,—to the Dover Boat Express, and will be taken off at Faversham. A slip-carriage, like an individual, resents being "taken off," and therefore at this point it parts company with the Express, which pursues its rapid course to Dover, and is taken up by a friendly local at Faversham, which will convey it safely to Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs and Ramsgate, which last-named place, its ultimate destination, it is timed to reach at 1.5. Mr. QUATREMAINE EAST of the Granville Hotel on the East Cliff, has only to make his *table d'hôte* lunch at 1.30, and advertise it, to insure a number of visitors who would be glad of the opportunity. Let Mr. Q. E. try it, and if the result will be what we anticipate—Q.E.D.

Then for the Line Regiment, after the Faversham detachment is completed, the Herne Bays will arrive about 12.25, the Westgaters in their peculiar uniform, simple "west" and "gaiters," will be at St. Mildred's or wherever they may have quartered, long before one, and the Birchington Division will have easily reached their Bungalows ere the gong sounds for tiffin.

This is a move, an excellent move, in the right direction, and we trust that this "slip of a train" will grow into something permanent and substantial. At all events this arrangement for Sundays at Faversham is not a Sham favour, but a real benefit, of which the weary of working ought to be eager to avail themselves; and the pale student who travels through the Kentish scenery, as his eye lights up with Kentish fire, will exclaim that not in all the poets from CHAUCER to TENNYSON, is there one line so true to nature as the L. C. & D. line from Victoria to Ramsgate. If these movements in the right direction continue, *Mr. Punch* will reward Mr. JAMES STAAT FORBES and the Directors, Managers, and Superintendents of the L. C. & D., with a P.O. (Punch Order) for Distinguished Railway Services, to be worn on State occasions, when the costume will consist of a magnificent train hanging from the shoulders, and carried by three of BRADSHAW'S Pages.

HERRICK IN THE HOUSE.

BY A TROUBLED TORY.

AH, BEN!	My BEN!
Say how or when	Oh, come again,
Shall we, thy sheep,	Or send to us
Less scattered order keep?	Thy wit's great overplus;
Or have such fun	But teach us yet
As when you led us on,	Wisely to husband it.
When we such musters had	Lest we that talent spend,
As made us with great joy half mad?	And, having once brought to an end
Ah, sure one speech of thine	That precious stock, the store
Outdid nine RANDOLPHS and	Of will, wit, tact, our Party have
SMITHS nine times nine!	no more!

MANLY RESOLUTION.—From Douglas, Isle of Man, is reported the rejection by a public meeting of a scheme to increase the number of Members of the House of Keys. Well determined. The House of Commons ought to be a caution to the House of Keys. Too many Members would probably often bring the House of Keys likewise to a dead lock.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XV.—THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.

MR. PUNCH desires to explain that he has included this particular subject among his Studies upon the urgent recommendation of a certain faithful attendant of his own, who declares that, with the single exception of himself, he is acquainted with no quadruped which presents a more remarkable combination of devotion and intelligence.



The first experiences of the Blind Man's Dog must contain a continual disenchantment. In early youth he finds himself called upon to lead an existence nearly monastic, to renounce the World, the Flesh—and whatever in Canine Ethics answers to the Devil. He dare not linger to inspect the most alluring garbage; he may not run between the legs of a crowd, and yelp; he must not bark at the heels of nervous horses; a dog he could roll over and worry to shreds, may insult him grossly, and he must keep his temper; no sticks or india-rubber balls are ever thrown for him to run after, as for more privileged animals of his acquaintance; he scarcely knows what a good wild scamper is, and has to walk ever soberly and discreetly at a uniform pace, neither allowing pleasure nor panic to drive him to heel.

It is no wonder, then, that the Blind Man's Dog is distinguished by a gravity beyond his years, or that the constant necessity of repudiating the advances of other dogs should isolate him to a great extent, and force him to occupy his mind with undoggish matters.

Mr. Punch believes that his leisure moments are largely employed in abstruse calculation, and that he amuses himself by reducing the day's earnings to shillings, and comparing them with past receipts.

He has certain compensations, no doubt. Wherever he goes, he is almost as popular a character as the itinerant *Toby* himself. All make way for him; and few stop to put their coin into the little tin cup he carries, without giving him a friendly pat of approval.

This does not turn his head, though it does undoubtedly tend to develop in him an air of conscious dignity. But he remains affable to all, and never neglects a courteous welcome to the regular client, while, with the Blind Man himself he is on a footing of cordial fellowship—never obtruding himself, yet always responding to advances with warmth and cheerfulness.

He very soon comes to take a keen interest in the business in which he is the working partner, not infrequently insisting on all moneys passing through his own mouth before being placed to the joint account; but this precaution is probably due rather to the desire of maintaining his position, than to any suspicion that the profits are irregularly divided.

So the pair prosper, and the regular client looks out for the Blind Man's Dog at the accustomed spot day after day, and, if he is a soft-hearted, sentimental kind of person, may even feel himself the better, somehow, for having seen this humble servant of the poor and afflicted doing his duty almost as well as if he had ever heard of the Church Catechism, until one day, perhaps, as he approaches the place, after a short absence, he discovers that his shaggy, honest-faced acquaintance is not at his usual post; and stopping casually, to hear the explanation, learns that the junior and more energetic member of the firm has become a sleeping-partner.

COLD WATER CURE AT BERLIN.

FOLLOWING up Prince BISMARCK'S idea that his recent attitude to France may be regarded as a sort of cold *douche*, the severity of which can be increased if necessary, the subjoined may be regarded as an accurate tariff of his possible prospective treatment of his patient, with its cold water equivalents:—

Giving them a bit more of his mind.	Half a turn more of the tap.
Demanding the prompt evacuation	Souse with a painful.
of the Eastern frontier.	

Total suppression of General BOULANGER at 24 hours' notice.	Cold shower-bath.
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Demand for instant disarmament.	Plunge ditto.
Pulling the French Ambassador's nose in the Unter den Linden, with declaration of war.	General <i>douche</i> , full force.



PENALTIES OF HIGH SOCIAL STATUS.

HER LADYSHIP IS CONFINED TO THE HOUSE BY A COLD, AND POOR SMUT HAS TO TAKE HIS DAILY CARRIAGE EXERCISE IN SOLITARY GRANDEUR. IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE HONOUR AND GLORY (HE THINKS) HE WOULD SOONER BE ON FOOT.

THE VICTIM.

A long way after Lord Tennyson.

"It is only a sacrifice of a Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the altar of thrift and economy, which can raise the people to take stock of their leaders, their position, and their future."—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

HARD times upon the people fell,
Taxes were high and prices low.
Between two fires a Chancellor tires,
For SMITH says, ay, when he says no.
"By vows I'm tied," the Chancellor cried,
"Pledged to the lips waste to withstand."
Then SMITH in horror shook his head,
And HAMILTON lifted a pleading hand:
"Help us from splitting,
A plague on strife!
What would you have of us?
War to the knife?
You are our nearest,
You are our dearest,
(Answer, Oh, answer)
Would'st shorten our life?"

But still his Budget the Services crammed,
Still the Departments begged and sued,
And bayonets bent, and cartridges jammed,
And costly war-ships proved no good.
And the Chancellor gay, was heard to say,
"This sort of thing is a thundering shame!
I must immolate self for the People's pelf.
It's the only way to stop this game.

'Twill make CECIL unhappy,
Raise shindy and strife;
But I'll lay on Thrift's altar,
A Chancellor's life!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
He sharpened the knife for the fatal blow;

To the altar-stone he sprang alone,
And—well, the sequel the future must show.
Retrenchment will furnish a popular "cry,"
Which is bound to "fetch" the world and
its wife;

Self-sacrifice shines in the People's eye,
And a Chancellor-Victim may come back
His Party's not happy; [to life.
"O RANDOLPH, RANDOLPH,
Why raise such strife?"
Says he, "What is nearest
To me, and dearest,
Is Thrift—and I give it
A Chancellor's life!"

OVERSIGHT IN THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—It was not discovered till too late on Thursday last that throughout the Queen's Speech no mention or allusion has been made to Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL having been royally commanded to play at Osborne in THYRE SMITH'S—(a compliment to Rt. Hon. W. H. SMITH)—comediatta, *Uncle's Will*. However, in spite of this injudicious omission, Bank Rate remained unaltered, and, by diplomatic intervention all round, all chance of panic in the City was averted. Subsequently, on Monday, probate of *Uncle's Will* (in which Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL have the largest interests) was taken at Osborne, where *Uncle's Will* was proved—to be a success. This is the first occasion, since the time of the Prince Consort, of a performance "by command" at Her Majesty's Osborne; but the first theatrical performance the QUEEN witnessed was a few years ago when Her MAJESTY went to the Prince of Wales's (Scotland) to see Mr. BRUCE's company in *The Colonel*.

A PINT IN PORT.

[One of the pint pots lately used at the defunct "Cock" Tavern has been sent to the Laureate as a memento of the old Hostelry he has immortalised.]

"ONE fir'd for ever at the door"—
Nay, Time all links doth sever,
Nor e'en the Cock "WILL" sang of yore
Could keep his perch "for ever."
If, like the Phoenix, Fleet Street's bird
Anon were resurrected,
Why then—but there, the thing's absurd,
And not to be expected!

Yet may it have a life as long
As the strange fowl of fable;
A fame enshrined in deathless song
Is something sound and stable.
This Cock, though driven from its post
Above the Tavern's portal,
Shrined in the Laureate's lines may boast
A destiny immortal.

No more "libations to the Muse,"
The plump-cropp'd fowl may witness;
But die 'twill not, and who'll refuse
To see poetic fitness
In mellow-voiced "WILL WATERPROOF,"
Taking, as to a haven,
Beneath his lordly later roof,
That "pint-pot neatly graven?"

WHO says "Young King COAL" is not consistent? Why, it seems from Lord RANDOLPH'S Apologia that his hostility to the Coal Duties extends to the *Coaling Duties*—which latter most Englishmen consider to consist in provisions for the proper defence of our Coaling Stations.



THE "CATCH-PENNY."

POLICEMAN. "NOW THEN, YOU MISCHIEVOUS YOUNG RASCAL,—STOP THAT!"

ONLY A ROOSE.

THERE'S a nice cheerful paper by Dr. ROBSON ROOSE in the *Fortnightly* for February, all about Infection and Disinfection, and what Mrs. RAM would call "contagious diseases." He says that the word Disinfection was not known in literature till the end of the last century. If they hadn't the word, they had the thing. "All the infections," are what *Caliban* wants to pour out on *Prospero's* devoted head. And hadn't *Prospero* disinfectants? Of course, or where was the use of his art, or of SHAKSPEARE'S invention?

But the Doctor has got a "bacterium" in pickle for the healthiest of us. To think that we have minute organisms—which means germs and nasty little creatures, telescopic-rod-shaped, in our mouths—alive all alive!—but—ugh—it won't bear thinking of. To whatever nationality we may belong, the doctrine *à la* *Roose* describes us as simply Germ'uns. Please, Doctor, as you've given us physic in this number, give us the sugar-plum to take after it as soon as possible. And don't go on being a nasty Germ, but return to your old practical form about the *Wear and Tear*. That's the style preferred by Mr. *Punch*, and everybody else. Try bacterium.



Professor Hump-backterium.

INTERVIEWING À LA MODE.

A CHAT WITH THE PRIME MINISTER.

FEELING that at the opening of the Session, some direct hints from the Marquis of SALISBURY would be appreciated by our readers, we sent the other day one of our Representatives to Downing Street, and have much pleasure in publishing his report:—

On reaching the official residence of the Premier and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, I was immediately admitted and ushered into the working-room of the noble Lord. In the centre of the apartment was a pile of papers five feet high, from which the Marquis laughingly emerged.

"You are busy?" I queried, noticing that Lord SALISBURY had a pen stuck behind each of his ears, and carried one in his mouth and another in his hand.

"Not at all," he replied shaking me heartily by the hand and moving a luxurious arm-chair towards me. "I was only knocking off a little thing in Egypt, settling some bother about the Afghan frontier, and reading a despatch that had been just received from BISMARCK."

"I am afraid I disturbed you?"

"Oh, no. I am heartily pleased to see you—all the matters I have mentioned can wait—it is not often that one has a visit from you."

"I propose to make my visits more numerous."

"I hope you will," cried the Marquis, with the utmost cordiality, and he again shook hands with me. "But, pardon me one moment,—what is it, MANNERS?"

"The Ambassadors of France, Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, are below, awaiting interviews, my Lord."

"Oh, I can't be bothered with them," exclaimed Lord SALISBURY, smiling. "Tell them I am busy. Ask them to call another day."

The Private Secretary bowed, and left the room.

"And now, my dear fellow, what can I do for you? But first let me give you a really good glass of port and a cigar. Although I say it who ought not, you don't get wine like this every day. It was given to me by poor old MUSURUS PASHA, who, although he represented the Porte in this country, was not a port-drinker."

And the Marquis filled two glasses from a black bottle covered with cobwebs. We touched goblets, nodded, and drank.

"I hope you have brought a large note-book, as I am anxious to give you the fullest particulars. You see I assume that you have called upon me for information. Well, what do you want to know?"

"Well, can you tell me, Marquis, the true story of the negotiations which culminated in the loss of poor Lord IDDESLEIGH?"

"Oh, certainly. Well, it came about like this. I will dictate to you—stop me if I speak too rapidly for you to follow me." And then the PREMIER told the whole story without reservation.

When he had finished, luncheon was served, and we spent the next quarter-of-an-hour in discussing a most *recherché* meal. When the tray had been removed, the noble Lord rang the bell for a messenger.

"Call in a couple of porters, and take those papers, with my compliments, to the Under-Secretary, and ask him to settle them for me. I leave them entirely to his discretion. Tell him I would see to them myself, only I am very busy to-day."

"Oh, no!" I politely interposed.

"He will do them just as well as I would," said the noble Lord, as the messenger and porters disappeared with the heap of papers.

"As Mr. Eccles used to say in ROBERTSON'S *Caste*, 'I like to see the young 'uns work—it does them good, and does me good.' And now have another cigar while you drink your coffee. Which do you take as a *chasse*, Cognac or Kummel?"

"Can you tell me anything about our position with the Foreign Powers?"

"Why, certainly! Here, take this note-book—yours, I see, is full—and I will tell you all about it."

Again my noble friend unbosomed himself, laughing heartily when I occasionally uttered an exclamation of surprise on discovering a State secret. We were still busy, when five-o'clock tea was brought in.

"I really must go," I said at last, "as I have another appointment. I have to attend on the first night of a new piece at the Elephant and Castle Theatre."

"Let me tell you one more story about BISMARCK—he was so awfully clever in that colonial matter, which you will remember, caused some excitement a little while ago?"

"Certainly—but this really must be the last."

"Well, you must know—" and the Marquis told me one of the most interesting histories I have ever heard.

On taking my leave I thanked my host for his great kindness.

"Not at all," he replied, "I am always delighted to see you, and hope you will look in upon me often."

I said I would, and moved towards the door.

"Oh, by the way," the Marquis added, as an after-thought. "Perhaps it would be as well not to put into type what I have told you until I have spoken to my colleagues—not that they will mind. It is only the etiquette of the thing, don't you see?"

"Oh, certainly—the publication of the information is not of the slightest consequence. Our readers don't care a pin for that sort of thing, but they would like to know that you wear a seal-skin waistcoat. May I mention it?"

"Certainly—and you shall have permission to do what you like with what I've told you. I'll mention the matter at the next Cabinet. Only wait." * * * * I am waiting.

RE-ASSURING; OR, QUITE PACIFIC.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Though it is now admitted here, in official circles, that within the last few days 70,000 men have actually been massed on the Polish frontiers, it is explained that the incident has occurred entirely owing to the misunderstanding of an order issued by the War Department. As, however, it is assumed that no possible importance can, under the circumstances, be attached by the European Cabinets to the presence of the force in the locality indicated, it is not proposed to withdraw it at present.

VIENNA.—The rumour that all the wool in the market had been bought up by the Government for the manufacture of uniforms, and that an order had been given for the immediate purchase of one million pairs of military boots, is now denied. It is said to have had its origin in the fact that a well-known Viennese firm has been securing large quantities of the commodity with a view to the production of red flannel petticoats, that are said to be likely to be much the fashion during the course of the ensuing season. The *canard* as to the military boots is referable to the receipt of an unusually heavy order for dancing-pumps from a shoemaking firm at Buda-Pesth.

BERLIN.—The purchase, by the military authorities, of all the available tinned meats in the country is, says the *National Zeitung*, easily accounted for. The relish expressed by the aged EMPEROR for this dainty delicacy is well known, and it has been to ensure a supply of it for the Imperial table during the coming summer months, that the authorities have taken the precaution in question. The order relative to the export of horses, is now said to have been limited to that of "circus horses" only, and may, therefore, be regarded as void of all significance.

PARIS.—The rumour that 72,000 shells have already been filled with General BOULANGER'S new explosive compound is not denied, but it is pointed out that they are prepared solely with a view to the firing of a *feu de joie* on the occasion of the forthcoming Republican *fête* to be held in July next. The story of the planks required for the huts on the Eastern frontier, is also explained. It appears that, on the contrary, they are to be employed in the construction of bathing-machines on the Western Coasts, and that several dozens of them have already been shipped to Dieppe.



"TEMPERATURE."

Mrs. Purkset (née Gamp). "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT ONE O' THEM THUM—UM—THINGS, YER KNOW, SIR, AS BEGGYLATES THE 'EAT OF A ROOM.'

Chemist. "THERMOMETER, YOU MEAN, MA'AM, I SUPPOSE!"

Mrs. P. (eagerly). "YES, SIR, THAT'S IT, SIR. AND IF YOU'LL BE S' KIND, SIR, TO SET IT TO 'SIXTY-FIVE,' 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS I'M TO KEEP THE ROOM AT!!"

"LITTERÆ HUMANIORES."

(To a Friend.)

DEAR OLD CHAPPIE,

I've been writing such a heap of Latin lately, that I can't send you much of a letter. Here I am back at Eton again, and awfully sorry the holidays are over. I suppose you are the same. My Governor has gone half cracked over what he calls "keeping up the Classics," and has made me promise to send him a *real Latin letter* once a month, with some well-known piece of English poetry turned into Latin verses!!! It's a jolly shame, isn't it? Only I am to have five bob a-piece when I do it well. Also I've got a *Gradus*, and a *Dickjohn* now, which I hadn't before at home, when the Pater first took the idea into his head. Also—you won't sneak about it, will you?—I've got a *Book of Latin Proverbs*, most of 'em in verse, and when I run dry, I shove one in, and they sound splendid, and I don't think the Governor will twig, do you? and in case you have to do the same thing, I send you a copy of my last Latin letter and verses, and now good-bye, and I remain, believe me,

Your sincere young friend,

TOMMY.

* [TOMMY's friend did sneak, or how did the verses come into our hands? TOMMY's delight at being able to refer once more to the *Gradus* reminds us of THEODORE HOOK'S "Ah me! *quam durum est sine Gradū scribere versos!*"—ED.]

MEUS CARUS PATER, *Etonæ, Januarius.*

JAM iterum hic sumus! Ut ego promisi tibi scribere epistolam Latinam, unam per mensam, ego nunc sedeo parvæ plumæ scribere tibi ut promisi. Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam? Hæc schola est multum eadem quam erat antea, et consequenter non est multum dicere. Unus vel duo pueri reliquerunt. JOBSONIUS, iste bullius, reliquit, lætus sum dicere. Meus magister dixit meum taskum holidierum non fuit perfectum, quod depono ad habentem scribere versiculos pro te, carus Pater. Lætavi multum vacationem meam, specialiter enus ad "Quadragingta Fures" ad Drurilanum; quoque euns ad "Aliciam in Terrâ-Mirabile-Dictu." Sum, in facto, laudator temporis acti, ut CICERO dicit. Estne nunc frigidum in Londone? Haud aliter (ut unus dicit Latinè) hic est.

Puto, carus Pater, te amaturum hanc epistolam. Cepi magnos angores circa id. Si tu monstrabis id ad aliquem scholarum, ille erit delectatus videre quam classicallè scribo et Ciceronianè. Poema sequitur quod tu desirabas. Est de LONGORELLO, qui est Poeta Laureatus, cogito. Est appellatum "Naufragium Hesperii."

"Hesperus" est navis, tumidis agitata procellis;

Navigat oceanum qua regit horrida hiems. Cepit Saltator parvam prolem femininam,

Ut foret illa ei plurima turba virum.

Ceruleos habuit oculos, ut textile linum;

Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis!

Ibam forte Viâ Sacrà, sicut meus est mos.

Cantabit vacuus. Delia, curre pede!

Ut est mane novum buccæ fuere puellæ,

Atque sinus pulchræ virginis albus erat.

In roseo Saltatoris fumarius ore,

(O fortunatus!) aspice, tubus erat!

Habui molere ad id horribiliter, Carus Pater. Tu dixisti ut esset bonum subjectum pro versibus Sapphieis Mr. GLADSTONIUM scribentem de Olympiâ religione, et Mr. GOSCHENUM dicentem otium esse quod ipse (et totum rus) desirat. Feci id quoque. Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

Impiger noster GULIELMUS EWART
Arbores non vult hatchetare plures;
Nec potest lauris super ejus restans
Keepere quiet.

Otium GOSCHEN rogat et, per Jingum,
Id pro Ministro petere est serenum!
Otium temnit Hilaris-Lapis, vel
Anglicè GLADSTONE.

Ille desirat iterum tenere

In manu plumam, papyrumque necnon,

Et veteranus veteres Olympi

Tacklere Divos.

Quid sumus de hoc cogitare starto?

Isne St. Stephen's nunc abandonavit?

Labbio "Domus-Dominationem"

Isne reliquit?

Nunc vale; dixisti ut mitteres mihi decem shillings (nullum verbum pro hoc in Latino) pro epistolâ et versibus. Bis dat, carus Pater, qui cito dat. Cakus quoque et cetera est finitus; si tu mittis hamperum alium, ero multum obligatus. Rusticus expectans. Tuus filius affectionatus,

TOMMIUS.

THE SPEAKER'S NEW NURSERY RHYME.

"SHAME! Shame!"

Who cries "shame"

Anyone the SPEAKER will "Name."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 46.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JANUARY 27TH, 1887.

Lord Randolph Churchill. Design for Fresco. The Great Scene—
Churchill's Explanation.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JANUARY 27TH, 1887.

All Our Special Artist saw of Lord Randolph Churchill's Explanation
in a fog.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THURSDAY, January 27.—Thought I'd make my way down early to the House this morning. Well to get a good seat on Opening Day; these new Members are so eager; necessary to be up early in order to circumvent them. Eleven o'clock hadn't struck when I crossed Palace Yard, but evidently wasn't first. Familiar figure disappearing under gateway leading to entrance to House of Commons. It was RANDOLPH, who, hearing the patter of feet, waited for me with his usual urbanity.

"Ah, TOBY, old man," he said, "going to get a seat, I suppose? So am I. Might have corner seat behind Treasury Bench, but that too common place for me. Everyone goes there after leaving a Ministry. I mean to get old corner seat below the Gangway, sacred to the memory of GORST and WOLFFY. Fancy I'll make W. H. squirm when he comes, and finds me sitting there. Nuisance to have to be down so early, but well to be on safe side."

Entered House together. RANDOLPH made straight for corner seat below Gangway. "Hallo!" he cried, halting midway, and pointing, with startled expression, towards corner seat. "What's that?"

No mistake on this point. It was a hat. RANDOLPH advanced cautiously, but firmly, and taking up the intrusive object, anxiously examined the lining.

"H. C.," he read out. "Can't be CHILDERS. Of course not. COBB? He daren't do it. CHAPLIN, by Jove!"

Our Chief! Couldn't help glow of pride suffusing this mortal frame when I discovered this proof of our Chief's presence of mind,

and fertility of resource. That trip to Monaco evidently brightened him.

"I wonder, now," said RANDOLPH, reflectively, "if I were to sit on it, and have it removed by one of the attendants, how that would work. But then CHAPLIN would come, find me here, and guess at once. No, I must leave it, and go into old quarters."

Strode up the Gangway to corner seat, in which Ex-Ministers sit, and take benevolent interest in procedure of old colleagues. Expected to see him deposit his hat. Instead, took off his gloves, and, with haughty gesture, flung them on the Bench. Then he wrote on a card these lines,—

"Who dares this pair of gloves displace
Must meet R. CHURCHILL face to face."

Pinned the cartel to the gauntlet, and, turning, left the House.

Pleasant, after this stormy scene, to come upon JOSEPH GILLIS. Hardly knew him at first. Has been growing beard and moustache. Not much yet, but full of hope.

"I'm agin repression anywhere," said JOSEPH GILLIS. "Why should an Irishman every morning, razor in hand, put in practice a Coercion Act, levelling and evicting the honest attempt of whiskers to establish themselves, and refusing to put in a moustache as caretaker? I'm a man of principle, and carry it into practice into things big or little. Besides, I don't see why RANDOLPH should have the only moustache talked of in the House; and, since MACFARLANE left, there hasn't been a beard on any Bench worth looking at. I mean to grow one."

House crowded later to hear RANDOLPH's speech. Cunningly conceived, and admirably delivered. Like most speeches from this particular corner seat, vociferously cheered by Opposition. Con-

tinuing narrative of events that led to his resignation, RANDOLPH fell into trick of saying,—

"I am sure my Right Hon. Friend, and my Noble Friend, will bear me out when I say—"

All very well once. But repetition of invitation grew maddening.



Pretty to see SMITH furtively turning up sleeves, and feeling his biceps, whilst Lord GEORGE HAMILTON wrestled with his knee. What would the SPEAKER say if they, yielding to temptation, rose together, made a rush at the corner seat, and justified RANDOLPH's confidence by "bearing him out."

Full success of speech rather marred by strategic movement of our Chief. Turned on fog just before RANDOLPH rose. Increased in intensity throughout speech. Figures gradually lost to view, till not much left of RANDOLPH save the red rose in button-hole, which gleamed through the fog like a danger-signal on a railway-track. Now's the time for "My Right Hon. and my Noble Friends!"

"I'm agin repression anywhere."

"I'm sure," said the voice near the red rose, "my Right Hon. Friend and my Noble Friend will bear me out when I say—"

Would they? SMITH glanced nervously at Lord GEORGE; Lord GEORGE, finally throwing his knee, began nervously to tear a copy of the Orders to pieces. It was a critical moment. But hesitation was fatal. A few more sentences and the voice ceased; the red rose was observed to drop a foot or two. RANDOLPH had resumed his seat, and opportunity had fled.

Business done.—Address moved.

Friday.—Colonel SAUNDERSON delivered lively address, on what he called "the crises in Ireland."

"Why?" asked new Member, "does he call it crises?"

"Because," said CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, "he naturally wants to make the most of it."

Not many Members present, and after SAUNDERSON, things rather dull. HICKS-BEACH stirred up Irish Members with long pole and led to a little scene. Irish Members after their recent habit called out "Shame!" SPEAKER said word unparliamentary. Will "take notice," ("As if he were a baby," JOHN DILLON whispers) if the cry is repeated. "Shame! shame!" Irish Members murmur among themselves, but take care SPEAKER doesn't hear.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

"THE REVENGE."

A Ballad of the Ordnance.

I'LL tell you the story, my Masters, for I was one of the crew,
Who mann'd the *Revenge* in the Roossian war of eighteen-ninety—
I'm one of the seven heroes—you can put it so if you like, [two,
Who lived to tell of the famous fight, when we sunk her rather than
strike.

The last of the seven survivors. And eighteen years ago,
A score and more sat down to dine in public all of a row,
But the annual banquet thinn'd us, and the Music Halls tell at last,
And the Charity Organisers make history very fast.

Our ship was built by an English firm for a foreign naval pow'r,
But they sold the ship and the foreigner too, in Britain's trial hour;
So we knew that the craft was smart and staunch, as money and skill
could make her,
And if it hadn't been for her guns, no vessel afloat could take her.

But they used to serve self-acting guns to the Navy of that day,
That drove the breech-piece through the side, or blew the muzzle
away:

And the crews jumped overboard, and waited in water up to their
'Till the iron shards had settled themselves a little about the decks.

'Twas all very well in peace-time, and the drill was pleasant enough,
For the order was, No firing, when the weather is cold or rough,
But it didn't answer in action when the enemy's fire was hot,
For we stood to our guns and cheered like mad, but never returned a
shot.

But ours was the fastest ship afloat, and armed with a terrible beak,
So most of the cruise in '92 was a game of hide-and-seek,
For we sank the powerfulest ironclads with our ram at a single blow,
And many a mast-head flag I snatched as the vessel was sucked
below.

One brilliant summer morning a squadron hove in sight;
Lor', how we cheered, for all our chaps were spoiling for a fight,
And down, full-speed, upon the fleet our gallant vessel bore
With a mighty rift in the sea behind, and a pillar of foam before.

And snowy fleeces slowly round the Russian war-ships grew,
And vivid flashes lit the way as monster bolts tore through;
But she ducked and dodged like a playful dog as higher the smoke
arose,
And quivered and shook with the joy of battle, hurling upon her
foes.

And the deadly space grew shorter, till plain the foe we saw,
And the triumph in their faces changed suddenly to awe:
"Hi! Hi! You've crossed a dozen mines!" the Russian Captain
cried,
"You're out of action, you lubbers!" And we crashed through his
iron side.

Ship after ship with foaming jaws the thirsty ocean drank
As fast before our deadly prow they shuddered and reeled and sank;
But still with floating pall of smoke fresh war-ships round us drew,
And still, as fast as one was sunk, we had to tackle two.

Our vessel reeled and staggered, too; in swathes her heroes fell,
As round and through and over us came tons of shot and shell;
And her plates like sheets were flapping, and cheerily above the din
Whenever they gave a loud rat-tat, our Captain cried, "Come in!"

The still sea-floor was strewn with wrecks and guns and gallant dead,
Whose stony eyes stared up to mock the tumult overhead;
And fiercer still the fight went on, till, when the sun was low,
Our shatter'd ship could neither stand nor deal another blow.

And then the Captain called us round; the fight grew slack, it
seem'd,
As through the rolling mounds of smoke the muffled sunset beam'd;
And when the lees of that strong crew were gathered round to hear,
You could not see how few we were: you heard it in our cheer.

"My lads," he said, "you've fought this day as Englishmen should
fight,

We've kept all day a fleet at bay—we won't give in at night.
The water through our riven sides is pouring in by tons—
We cannot win—we will not strike—now, lads, to fire the guns!"

Unwitting of that stern resolve the Russians closer drew,
While still in triumph at the peak the British ensign flew;
But vultures wheel, and sea-birds scream, when through the vessel
runs

That last stern whisper of the brave—"We're going to fire the
guns!"

And still in fearful whispers the Russian sailor tells
How the air grew dark with muzzles, and jackets, and coils, and
shells,

And part of a forty-three-ton gun hit the Admiral on the head,
And he cried, "It is grand—but it is not war"—and his gallant
spirit fled.

And so the *Revenge*, unconquered, went down by the Baltic shores,
And they punished the seven survivors for wasting the Ordnance
stores;

And they've issued a gun that a child could fire, and none of it
blows away;
The others were good enough for us—the Navy has had its day!

Procedure and Progress.

PROCEDURE comes first! Well no doubt they know best.
But what if the first item swallow the rest?
And of paradox surely it seems an exposure,
To say that the Session must open with *Closure*!

COAL AND WINE DUTIES THAT NO ONE CAN OBJECT TO.—Lady BOUNTIFUL's distribution of fuel and "invalid port" amongst the destitute sick this severe winter.

The Per-verse Poet.

HAVE you *Parleyings* read by BOB BROWNING?
Of which the absurdity crowning,
Is the Fates' "Tra la la,"
Their "Bah! Ha! ha! ha!"
Which sounds, we should say, much like clowning.

A DISCLAIMER.—The *Daily News* begs to disclaim any connection with the *War Cry*. Quite another booth in the fair.

DUMB GRAMBO'S GUIDE TO THE LONDON THEATRES.



Globe.

Princesses and Royal Tea.



Strand and "Save, ho!"

"Scent, James?"

AUTOMATA-SUPER-SPRINGS.

(By Our Own Investigator.)

BEFORE entering the town I had to cross a stile, against which was leaning a gentleman of a most engaging appearance. Raising my hat, I asked him politely to allow me to pass. He made no reply, when I found from a placard on his back, which asked me to call his attention by "pressing the top button of his frock-coat," that no doubt he was deaf. Complying with the direction, the gentleman at once bowed and made room for me.

"You wish, I suppose," said he, with rather a strange smile, "to see all that is to be seen."

He spoke a little jerkily, and there was a curious kind of tone in his voice, which made me fear he was a martyr to bronchitis.

"Yes," I answered, "is there anything worth looking at before we actually enter Automata?"

"Not much. You notice that that cow milks itself, and by placing the produce into the dairy, produces cheese and butter. The whole farm is carried on on the same principle."

My friend walked on and I followed him. I was concerned to notice that he seemed rather unsteady on his legs, and to have a tendency to run up unconsciously against lamp-posts. The place I found perfectly deserted—we did not meet a soul.

"Automata appears to be rather empty?" I observed.

"Well, yes. The fact is everything is done by machinery—steam or clockwork. Now here we are before a fishmonger's. You notice that slit in the box, drop in sixpence and see what will come of it."

I did so, and immediately a drawer flew out lined with marble, upon which was resting a whiting.

"Were you to place appropriate sums (you could take that list hanging yonder as a guide) in those other slits, you could secure all sorts of fish—soles, skate, mackerel, and even oysters."

"Most remarkable," I observed. "And I suppose these other shops are on the same principle?"

"Certainly," replied my guide. "It is really very well managed. In this slit (which belongs to the butcher) were we to place half a sovereign, an enormous joint of beef would be at our service. Place three sovereigns in this hole and await the result."

As my instructions had been to spare no expense in conducting my investigation, I dropped the sum named through the aperture, and immediately drew out a mysterious something of wire, gauze, and ribbon, the intrinsic value of which seemed to me well under a couple of shillings.

"A lady's bonnet!" explained my guide, with a metallic chuckle. "But not only have we the system of automatic shopping, but other conveniences are at our command. Pardon me—coming through the fields you have managed to dirty your boots. Place your foot on

this box and watch what follows. By the way, as a preliminary, you must drop in a penny."

I followed my guide's directions, and in a moment a pair of brushes were busily at work, assisted by a blacking-bottle and a couple of polishers. My boots were capitally cleaned by artificial hands attached to wires and piston-rods.

"Perhaps you would like something to eat?" queried my guide.

"Certainly," I answered, and we entered a restaurant.

"This is rather well managed. You see you select your own meal, drop in the necessary sum, and take a seat. The pressure of a spring in the chair supplies the rest." I sat down, and in a moment a *serviette* was tied round my neck, and a knife, fork, and spoon were placed before me. Soup, fish, and a fillet followed. Then came some cheese, and a hand politely handed me a salver, upon which rested the receipted bill. I noticed that my guide ate nothing, and he explained that he did not require anything—he was not hungry. Upon leaving the restaurant we came to the residence of a doctor, with the usual brass door-plate.

"We don't show this to ladies or children, because they are so nervous. But, really, it is rather clever. Just slip in ten guineas."

"Rather a large sum," I remonstrated.

"But well worth the money."

Thus urged, I dropped a cheque into the box. Immediately a prescription was thrown out.

"Is that all?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "We set our faces against high prices. You have not yet got all you are entitled to for your money."

Even as he spoke a very long drawer came from the door, containing something rather bulky. I looked down—it was a coffin!

"Enough to kill a timid man!" I exclaimed, angrily.

My companion, who during the last few minutes had been speaking and walking very slowly, made no reply.

"Don't you think so?" I asked, sharply.

My guide, with one foot lifted as if to take another step, and his mouth open as if to speak, kept perfectly still. To attract his attention, I gave him a gentle push. He tumbled over like a doll, and then, by the disarrangement of his coat which revealed some complicated wheels, I found that he was an Automaton! He had run down! As I could not find a key to wind him up again, I obtained no further information.

THE OXONIAN'S WEEK.

(After the Establishment of the proposed "School of Agriculture.")

Monday.—In morning, attended lecture by Regius Professor of Top-dressing. After that, an in-College lecture on "Theory and Practice of Cucumbers-raising." Afternoon devoted to practical experiments in that portion of the College Quadrangle which has been allotted to me for agricultural purposes. Afraid there's something defective in my way of treating mangel-wurzels. Dean acts as bailiff, and blew me up tremendously about it.

Tuesday.—My silo coming on nicely. Inspected it after morning chapel, and so pleased with result that I offered some of the compressed hay to the Master. Master angry. Wanted to know "if I took him for a horse?" A donkey more likely—don't say this, however. Bad beginning of day. Goes on still worse. Sent for by Dean, who says, "he's sorry to notice that my beetroots are looking very sickly, and if this continues he will be compelled to gate me for a week." Depressed. Attend lectures on "practical Laundry work," and "Cottage Cookery." Intended to fit us, as Master says, for "being useful to our parishioners when we become country parsons." Don't mean to be a country parson myself; chosen this school because ever so much easier to get honours in it in Classics or Philosophy.

Wednesday.—Put on white tie, gown, and corduroys, and go off to the "Schools." First day of examination for a class. Flatter myself I've floored the morning paper, anyhow, on "connection between agriculture and morals." My reference to ancient systems of ploughing most erudite. Wonder if examiners will show me *modern* system of ploughing? Don't think so, as far as exam. has gone at present. In afternoon, *viva voce* on Domestic Button-sewing, with practical illustrations. Ran a needle into my finger early, and couldn't stitch at all. Brute of an Examiner told me, "I had entirely ruined two shirt-cuffs, and I'd better be careful." Go away feeling quite miserable.

Thursday.—Miscellaneous agricultural questions. "What evidence is there to show that CICERO knew of the rotation of crops?" None, that I know of. "Who introduced Swedes into England?" King of SWEDEN, probably; or, was it SWEDENBORG? Put down the latter. On the whole encouraged by day's work. Another *viva voce*, this time on Laundry. Asked what I should do "if I sent five shirts to the wash, and only two came home?" Examiner seemed pleased with my answer. Rather a dab at the Laundry. If it were Cambridge, suppose I should be called "Senior Mangler." Return to rooms exhilarated, and find that some sportive undergrads, have been "making hay" there; wish they'd do it in their own silos instead.

Friday.—Day of rest. Hoe turnips.

Saturday.—Result of exam. to come out to-day. Go early to Schools to see. Horror! *My name is not on the List at all!* Sent for by Master. Says "Examiners' report is, that my views on Potato-culture are most erroneous and unorthodox; also that I don't seem even to have heard of the new system of planting Standard rose-trees with their roots in the air, invented by the Vice-Chancellor; and that they're reluctantly compelled to refuse me my *Testamur!*" Agriculture ends in my being rusticated! Go down same evening, and wish to goodness I'd stuck to Latin and Greek.



"HARD TIMES."

Cabby (to thrifty Old Lady). 'WANT ALL THAT THERE LUGGAGE TO GO INSIDE!! I WONDER YOU DON'T WANT TO BE 'ISTED ONTO THE ROOF YERSELF, AN' BE TOOK AS A PARCEL!!'

A QUIET SUNDAY.

MARIA says I ought to go to church this morning with her and the children. But, as I tell her, my paper upon "The New Method of Obtaining Flavaniline from Orthoamidooacetophenone" is a work of necessity, and I cannot do full justice to the importance of my subject except on a day when all ordinary traffic has ceased. Afraid MARIA thinks I'm shirking—women have no sympathy with science.

Get out my rough notes, and begin. Fortunately for me this secluded neighbourhood is comparatively free from church bells; I ought to get my work done before luncheon. Now then:—"It will probably be familiar to most of my hearers that the extremely interesting substance under our notice has been recently ascertained to be amido-phenyl-lepidine, though you may not all be equally aware that Flavenol—" Bless my heart! what's that?—a German band—to-day!—scandalous! Must knock off work till they have finished—they are coming nearer. . . . It can't be a German band, in poke-bonnets with tambourines! Why, of course, the Salvation Army! Well, I daresay they do a vast amount of good. . . . Now I can resume:—"Flavenol is, expressed in simpler words, hydroxyphenyl-lepidine: it necessarily follows, then, that—" I'm afraid the Salvation Army must be coming back again. Must go to window and see. Odd: Curate walking backwards with concertina, half-a-dozen old women, and banner. "The Church Army." Dear, dear! I'm afraid they don't strike the popular imagination as much as the poke-bonnets and tambourines; but they mean well, no doubt. Still, they do interrupt. Let me proceed:—"that, taking the higher homologue—" Cheering this time! Are those Salvation or Church cheers, I wonder? I don't disapprove of heartiness myself; but where was I going to take my homologue? Can't remember. Never mind—pass on:—"Now, I need hardly remind you that picoline is methylpyridine." But how can I fix my thoughts on picoline if those people yell like that? I see; it is not piety this time—it's Politics. Some one is holding a large open-air meeting at the street corner. I have always understood that the right of free speech and meeting in public is the proudest privilege of a Briton; but why yell over it? There, it's no use—I am confusing Triamidotriphenyl-methane with Diamido-phenylacridine now! My thoughts are no

longer under control—I must give it up. After all, this is a Day of Rest. It is wiser to lay aside all secular labour, and attend my Parish Church as usual. There, at least, I shall be soothed and quieted into forgetfulness of this world—yes, I will go. . . .

Never appreciated the calming influence of sacred music so much. What a mercy it is the Choir don't use tambourines! How restful are the decency and order that reign here undisturbed. Murmurs outside . . . sensation in congregation . . . A band of Socialists have arrived to assist in our devotions! There, there, as I whisper to MARIA, there is plenty of room for us all. If they wish to join us, let us welcome them. I say—it's a good symptom!

They come tramping down the aisle . . . I could wish, as a seat-holder of some standing, that they would not leave a banner with "Bread or Blood!" on it in a corner of my pew—it frightens the poor children so! The Verger remonstrates with Head Socialist. Head Socialist says Church belongs to the People, and they have a right to know what goes on in it, especially as they mean to do away with it by-and-by. There's something in that, no doubt, but then they seem to have come here chiefly to read their newspapers.

Interruption in first lesson; Democrat attempting to prove to the Curate that the Egyptians were all capitalists—Curate naturally rather nervous at being told he is a liar.

If I dared, I should like just to hint to that stalwart Socialist in front that it is a *little* out of order to hiss the Prayer for the High Court of Parliament.

It is rather rude of the Democrat who is sitting next to me to "call me a Pampered Pharisee" merely for finding the hymn for him, and I should perhaps be better able to attend to the sermon, if there were not twenty or thirty patriots all round me whistling the "Marseillaise." Still, as they say, this a free country, and a man's opinions are his own. . . . Another ten minutes of this, and I'm very much afraid my poor MARIA will be in hysterics; the children are crying already, because they say the Socialists are making ugly faces at them. At last, thank Heaven! it is over. They have taken their banner, and marched out, cheering for the Coming Revolution. Now we can go away in peace.

I was too hasty, it seems—they have collected in the churchyard, and are bonneting all the Aristocrats (an Aristocrat, for them, is any



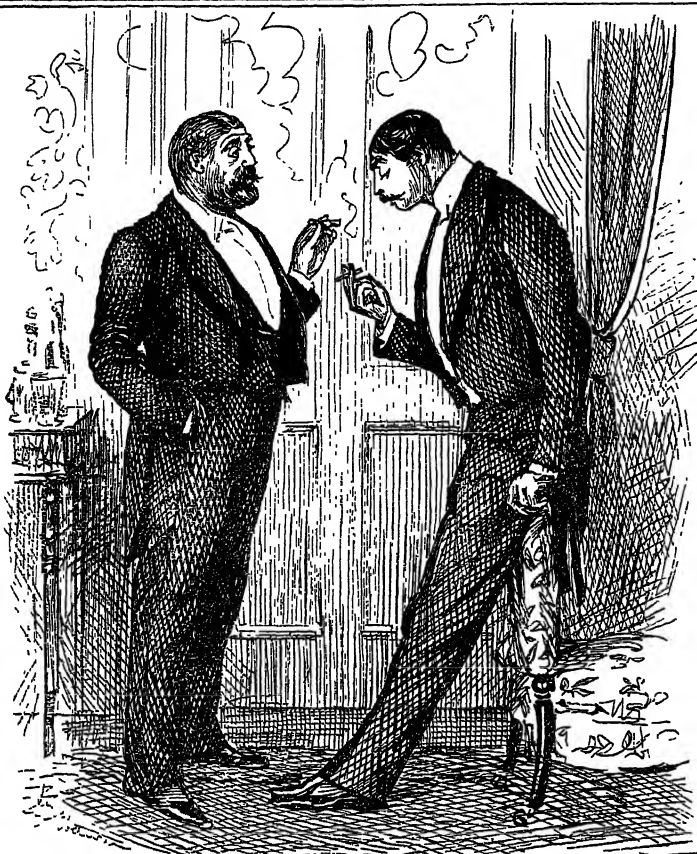
THE FENIAN FIEND TROUBLING THE CANADIAN WATERS.

person in a tall hat). They evidently consider *me*—who have been a consistent, if mild, Radical all my life—as an Aristocrat of the most aggressive type. Have to take a cab home. After luncheon, read article in Evangelical magazine on “The Blessings of an English Sabbath,” to renewed accompaniments from Church Army, Salvation Army, Street Politicians, and Socialists outside.

YOICKS!—“Amongst those who went best throughout the day,” with Mr. HARDING Cox’s hounds in the Old Berkeley Country, said the *World*, last week, “was Mr. JONES the dramatic author, whose enthusiasm in the chase has already given him a wide reputation.” A wider reputation, may be, than he’ll get from a run with the *Noble Vagabond* or ‘*Ard ’It*. In his next piece he will probably bring the scent of the fox over the flote, and let us hope, if now and then “at fault,” he may try back, make a workmanlike cast with the

Princess’s or Haymarket pack for some new drama, and then having “hit it off,” may he cry, “Farrardy! Farrardy!” and be in for a good run—of two or three hundred nights.

THE Separatist fever is catching. It appears that the Orkney and Shetland Isles are now agitating for a special Legislature of their own, and we shall probably soon have the Scilly Isles following suit. Indeed, there is no reason that the movement should stop there. Why should not the Isle of Dogs, for instance, have a Parliament to itself? Then, again, there is Eel Pie Island, or, for the matter of that, the Goodwin Sands. To judge from the recent utterances of certain Anti-Unionist politicians, it is not easy to define the limits they would assign to the latest development of the craze for legislative independence. Why not try Home Rule in the Chops of the Channel? The experiment would be at once significant and entertaining.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"WELL, BUT IF YOU CAN'T BEAR HER, WHATEVER MADE YOU PROPOSE?"

"WELL, WE HAD DANCED THREE DANCES, AND I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY!"

FRANCE AND SAVOY.

MESSEURS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN actually wrote to the French *Figaro* explaining, in very excellent French—the compilation of the letter must have given them considerable trouble, but whatever they undertake they do thoroughly—with the best grammars and conversation books on the table, Mr. GILBERT pacing up and down dictating, D'OXYLY CARTE looking out the words in a dictionary, and SIR ARTHUR writing out the rough copy in his neatest hand,—that the song of their "*Marin pour rire*" (some relation to a "rear-admiral") was not intended as an insult to the French flag, and that, therefore, "*La Marine d'une nation aussi brave que chevaleresque*"—(Bravo, SIR ARTHUR! If this wasn't a touch of your special polish, and if D'OXYLY CARTE didn't chuckle over it mightily, then are we mistaken in our men)—needn't take umbrage at what was merely a kind of joke, about on a par, i.e., "*ayant précisément autant de sens que 'Rosbif' et 'Goddam' employés pour ridiculer les Anglais dans une comédie-burlesque française.*"

And so, in spite of the irate "T. JOHNSON," the distinguished correspondent of the *Figaro*—more distinguished than ever now by his apparent inability to understand Mr. GILBERT's peculiar humour—the funds will recover, the war scare will not be intensified, and the peace of Europe will be undisturbed. Evidently the two Savoyards consider the "*Comédie-burlesque*" *anglaise* at the Savoy as *the* Piece of Europe. This has not been undisturbed, as we hear that most of the first-night jokes have been taken out of the Second Act, which now ought to go capitally. But what a lesson is here!—that after the most careful rehearsal, after days and nights of work and elaboration, and after a dress rehearsal in the presence of critics, it is only after the public performance, and this in the presence of a most friendly and enthusiastic audience, that the mistakes are found out which ought to have been discovered and rectified at rehearsal.

THE ALLCARD-CASE.—Where the plaintiff wanted to get back money she had given away, what an unfortunate combination of names were those whom the demand affected—"SKINNER and NIBBELL." Of course, nought could be got out of NIBBELL—a name which is suggestive of "Noughty," but of course "nice." The Skinners' Guild must have felt much relieved after the decision of Mr. Justice KEENEWICH, who seems to have talked a considerable amount of nonsense while arriving at a fair and just verdict. In future, over the doors of all conventual establishments, Protestant or not, will be written, "NO MONEY RETURNED."

JUST IN TIME.

IN the new edition of *Men of the Time*, the Editor, in a pleasant preface declares that his object has been to preserve, as far as possible the laws of proportion, and announces that "could he publish his experience with regard to the communications that he has received from the different subjects of the biographies, he could certainly produce a volume no less instructive than amusing." This no doubt is the case, but as *Mr. Punch* is less scrupulous, he uses his gift of divination to guess at the nature of some of the autobiographical notes that have been sent to the amiable compiler.

Gl-dst-ne, The Right Hon., W. E.—Great hand at felling trees. Very fond of comic songs. Can play the banjo. Knows how to dance a breakdown. Hates politics, can't bear power. Is a Scotchman, also a Welshman, also an Irishman. Fond of liver and bacon. Liked TENNYSON very much years ago, but thinks he has recently sadly fallen off. Has written a piece but can get neither Mr. IRVING nor Mr. TOOLE to play in it, although they both say it is the best they ever read. Does not know whether the piece is a Comedy or a Tragedy, Mr. IRVING considers it the former, Mr. TOOLE the latter. Is a great collector of penny postage-stamps. Never lost his temper in his life.

Br-al-gh, C.—Descended from the earliest of the Crusaders. Is conscientious, honest and chivalrous. From his childhood's days objected to swearing. Particularly fond of Church architecture. Takes great delight in playing with tin soldiers.

H-rc-rt, Right Hon. Sir. W. V.—Rightful heir to several of the European thrones. Some day when he has time will claim the best of them. Knows nothing of law. Fond of toffy. Hates people who pull at their beards and have similar habits.

T-le, Mr. J. L.—Great Shakspearian Actor. Prefers the rôles of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Cardinal Wolsey*, and *Richard the Third*, but, if desired, can play *Romeo*. Always comes home to tea. Devotes all his energies to the world behind the scenes, and thinks nothing of the front of the house. Objects to additions being made by actors to their author's words. Is extremely particular about points of etiquette, and never shakes hand in kid without apologising for wearing his glove.

Ch-rch-ll, Rt. Hon. Lord R.—A little modest flower. Hates sensation, and loathes advertisement. Cannot bear to be talked about. The best fellow in the world to get on with. Is certainly rather partial to practical jokes, but means no harm. Fond of tripping.

De Sn-ks M-ntm-r-ncy H-w-rd, Esq.—A scion of an ancient Surrey family. A DE SNOOGUES came over with the Conqueror, and the family is next heard of in the character of Mr. DE SN-KS's father, who was a merchant in Liverpool about the middle of the present century. The land upon which Mr. DE SN-KS has settled is thousands of years old. The premises include a baronial hall, a chapel, and a family vault—all quite new. A cousin of Mr. DE SN-KS is an officer in a West India Regiment, and several of his friends are Captains in the Volunteers.

Tiger Lilly v. Huxley.

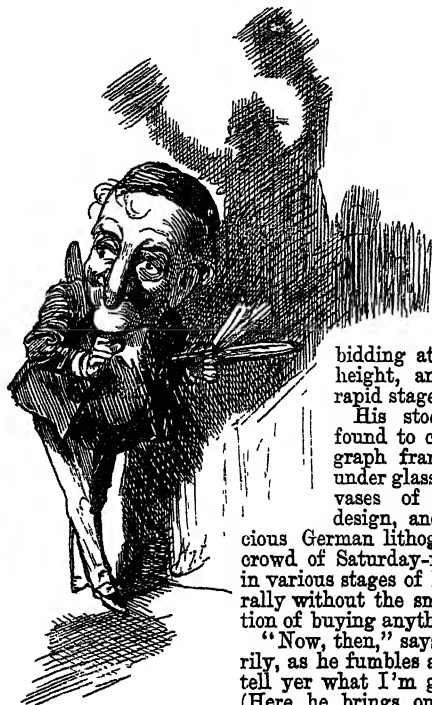
LILLY writes brightly
In *The Fortnightly*,
Meaning sharp HUXLEY to settle;
HUXLEY looks silly,
Finding his LILLY
Turns out a stinging nettle.

THE conduct of these Loafers—for Loafers they are, and ill-bred too—who, smoking short-pipes, march to Church and hiss the Prayer for the QUEEN and Royal Family, and certain portions of the (to them) highly objectionable and tyrannical decalogue, is somewhat akin to reckless wreckers of pieces who visit our theatres on first nights, determined to damn everything in a general way, especially if they are actuated by some spite against actor, author, or manager. Such loafers as these might now call themselves the "New Church and Stage Guild," since, not satisfied with disturbing the people in the full pit of a theatre, they will now disturb the parson in the pulpit. If they are roughs "put up to it," let them be strongly put down.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XVI.—THE STREET AUCTIONEER.

THIS gentleman carries on his profession at the corners of little back streets at night, by the light of paraffin cans. He has a melancholy air, as if his experiences had led him to form a low opinion of his fellow-men, and he never disguises his yearning to give up the whole business, and go home in disgust. His chief characteristics are the utter absence of conviction with which he pronounces his most extravagant eulogies, and his habit of starting the bidding at some quite impossible height, and climbing down by rapid stages.



His stock will generally be found to consist of cheap photograph frames, small ornaments under glass shades, quicksilvered vases of strange and fearful design, and a selection of atrocious German lithographs, round which a crowd of Saturday-night shoppers gather in various stages of listlessness, and generally without the smallest apparent intention of buying anything whatever.

"Now, then," says the Auctioneer, wearily, as he fumbles among his stock, "I'll tell yer what I'm going to do for yer." (Here he brings out some of the lithographs.) "I 'ave 'ere"—(Here he dusts the frames lovingly)—"I 'ave 'ere a set, complete, of four 'ighly-coloured hoil-paintings, by one of the leading hartists of the day, reppresentin' the life of an 'Ighlander . . .

"Number One shows you the 'Ighlander in his native 'eath, givin' his young ooman a thistle he has plucked for her. Number Two, the same 'Ighlander settin' out for the wars, partin' from his young ooman, the same young ooman (as you can see from her plaid petticoats) at the cottage-door, with a colley-dog and a waterfall in the immeidit background.

"Number Three depicts the 'Ighlander as he is in battle, firing on the henemy with his claymore. Now, I guarantee that as a correck reppresentation of the scene; while in Number Four you 'ave the return of the 'Ighlander to the young ooman, wounded, with cottage, colley-dog, and waterfall, as before!

"Now, who 'll give me ten shillings for the lot complete?" Apparently nobody, though a woman, who hardly looks as if 'she had ten pence to devote to the encouragement of Art, examines the cottage scene with the air of a connoisseur.

"No one give me ten shillin' for this suit of subjects, drawn and coloured from life? Well, it's throwin' money into the gutter; but I dessay, in these 'ard times, money ain't exackly plenty with you, so I don't mind if I meet you arf way. Nine-and-ninepence buys the lot—nine-and-ninepence!"

But nine-and-ninepence has not this privilege, and the auctioneer grows more pessimistic. "You don't know a work of hart when it's showed you, and that's the fact! Why, the gilt on the frames alone is worth all the money. Nine-and-six, then. Nine shillin'! Come, will eight shillin' tempt yer? It ain't on'y two bob an 'Ighlander. Seven-and-sixpence!"

Still the crowd is not impressed. "Look 'ere—it's not my way to bargain. You shall 'ave 'em at five bob. No one say five bob? I'm ashamed of you, callin' yerselves intelligent workin' men, and lettin' such a chance go by yer. Four-and-six!"

"Now, don't you make no mistake—this is the last offer I can afford to make to yer, if I'm struck dead this very minute! It's the last lot left on 'and, or I wouldn't do what I'm goin' to do, though it's robbin' myself. I'll stick to my next offer—three-and-sixpence. That's my last word, so make up yer minds. I'm about to put 'em back where I took 'em from. I shall sell 'em for double at some other pitch, where there is more taste and money. Three-and-sixpence!"

The audience remains calm, even at this, and the auctioneer proceeds:—

"If it warn't that I was in such an 'urry to go 'ome to my tea, I

shouldn't let the lot remain up another instant; but I'll give yer just one more chance, and, after that, I shall know what to think of yer. Arf a crown—two shillin' and sixpence? Look at 'em—'andle 'em, if you like. There's the rings all ready to 'ang 'em up directly you get 'em 'ome—real plate-glass fronts, all sound workmanship, done in five distinct colours, 2 feet by 18 inches in diameter, for two-and-sixpence! Why, I paid more 'n that in the stoddio! If it was known what I was askin' for 'em now, I shouldn't be allowed to sell no more. Two-and-sixpence! Well, I'm darned if ever I see sech a poor lot as you are! I'll try yer once more—two shillin'. What, even that don't make yer open yer mouths? P'rhaps you expect me to wrap 'em up in silver paper, and pay you for takin' 'em off my 'ands? That's the sort you are! Two shillin'. Well, eighteen pence—eighteen pence, and they change 'ands! Just think it over, afore I put 'em aside. If there's any young couple is keepin' company, and thinkin' of settin' up 'ouse, they won't get no fairer value for their money than this. It's an article of this style as makes a 'appy 'ome—so don't deceive yourselves!"

Upon this a young artisan 'comes forward, shame-faced, and grinning, and produces the necessary coins, unable to resist domestic felicity on such easy terms.

"Thank you, Sir—I kingratulate you on sech a bargain'. There won't be none others as 'll get me at a similar disadvantage, so don't you make no mistake. There you are, Sir—and don't go tellin' nobody what you gave for 'em, or you 'll be accused of bein' a liar. And now we 'll go to somethink else."

And here Mr. Punch proposes to follow his example.

JACK'S REJOINDER.

Addressed—to Whom it Particularly Concerns.

Now, when the last big ten-inch gun has burst,

And we're a waiting, eager for the order,

A longing each of us to be the first

To grapple somehow up her sides, and board her,

And down upon the furrin Mounseers swoop,

With every blessed outlass bared, and gleaming,—

If they bends like a bit of iron hoop,

Think you we'll find the fun precisely "screaming?"

"In course," you 'll say, and so your fun you 'll poke,

And have, at JACK's expense, your little joke!

But if the country doesn't see the fun,

Of paying down good cash, while getting treated

To rotten stuff in outlass and in gun,

Supplied by swindling hands by whom it's cheated;

And rising in its wrath, with accents grave,

The mischief to its source succinctly traces,

And gibbets first, then punishes the knave,

No matter what his station or his place is,

Then p'raps you 'll own, although your fun you poke,

That JACK as well will have his little joke.

HOW MUCH MORE OF IT?

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO BY AUGUST.

IN the House of Commons yesterday the adjourned debate on the Address was again resumed. This being the 129th day of this now protracted discussion, the attendance was somewhat thin, and it was understood that all the Members of the Government were absent at their country seats, and at present had no intention of returning. The preliminary notices of questions, however, showed no signs of abatement, lasting fully three hours and a-half, during which the SPEAKER, who looked still jaded and irritable, dozed off several times, and had to be awakened, much to his apparent annoyance, on each occasion by one of the Clerks of the House. The adjourned debate was then continued by Mr. McBLATHER, TALKSWORTHY, CHATTERBY, FROTHERING, MAUNDER and MOUTHER, the discussion, which has now dealt in turn exhaustively with every Home and Continental Social, Political, Scientific, Literary, Agricultural, and Artistic question, turning principally during the course of the evening on the prospects of the fly-catching interests in the Malay Peninsula, the free importation by rail of stuffed animals to South Kensington, the alleged supply of inferior Scandinavian butterine to Provincial Lunatic Asylums, and the recent scandalous revelations in the affairs of the South Patagonian Invalid Bath Chair Company.

On the motion of Mr. JAWLEY the debate was adjourned at twenty minutes to four, the SPEAKER on leaving the House being so fatigued that he had to be fanned for some minutes in the Lobby with the cover of a Blue Book before proceeding to his residence. It is calculated that at the present rate of progress, the division may possibly be taken at the close of the ensuing month. The business of the Session might then, it is hoped, at once commence.



SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE RECITER

Brown (pointing to next room). "THAT'S NOT THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE A PARTY GO OFF!"

Jones (pointing to himself). "BY JOYE! IT'S THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE THIS PARTY GO OFF! TA-TA!"

[Exit.]

CHURCHILLIUS.

Fragments of a Lay sung in the Forum, showing how M. Curtius Churchillius made an Alarming Sacrifice of himself, and got into a rather big hole—and out again.

YE good Men of the Commons, with sturdy souls and true,
Who stand a lot from smart young men that make good sport for you,

Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what you once have borne, and yet may have to bear.
This is no common fable—'tis worthy of the Nine,
Of the great rhetor's flowing phrase and loud-resounding line.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the Parties, the daring deed was done;
Nay, there be those among you who saw it, I dare say,
But none the less you'll lend an ear to my heroic lay.

His "lay," too was heroic; the slangy phrase excuse;
There's nothing voted duller than a too punctilious Muse.
Just ask BRET HARTE—or BROWNING; the latter bard, at times,
Will lick the former hollow for larkly words and rhymes.
The "lay" then of CHURCHILLIUS was most heroic; yes,
And heroism rather pays if managed with success.
That gap which in the Forum had opened gaped so wide,
Black Auster, ARCHER up, had failed to take it in his stride.
It yawned like any Churchyard, the muzzle of a Krupp,
Or the tired Member late at night when CONYBEARE is up;
It yawned and kept on yawning, insatiate as Sin
Or Death, no matter who was Out, no matter who was In.
Taxation would not fill it, though like a Danaë shower
Poured into it by day and night with ten-Niagara power;
E'en Blue Books failed to brim it; nay, there were those who swore
The speeches of GLADSTONUS, like the sands on Ocean's shore
For multitude unnumbered, and like MUNDRELLA's nose,
Or the Commercial Road, for length, which one might well suppose
Would block the Vast Inane itself, were as one pinch of snuff
In THOROLD ROGERS's mighty beak, not nearly quantum suff.

Then up and spake CHURCHILLIUS; unto himself spake he:

"In this same all-devouring gulf I rather think I see
An opening for a smart young man. I'm young and I am smart.
I see my rôle's to fill that hole; I'm game to play the part."
CHURCHILLIUS was Chancellor; for that he cared no jot.
"This is," said he, "the sort of place where rubbish may be shot
For ever and for ever with none effect at all.
A Sacrifice is needed here! A leap is not a fall.
I take the jump but as a step toward my destined goal,
And the result will tell us who is 'left in the hole.'"

Then up and spake CHURCHILLIUS, unto the House he spake:

"Commons, too long this gaping gulf hath made you gasp and quake.
As to the Curtius Lacus the oracle of old
Announcement made which I'll apply, if I may be so bold.
Whatever was most precious the Romans had to throw,
A sacrifice, into that hole; this is a similar go.
Therefore I'm clearly singled out by a sagacious Fate
To play the sacrificial part, and so to save the State.
Oh, don't be flabbergasted; the voice of destiny
Declares that ere this gulf is closed a Chancellor must die.
And how can one die better than facing a big cropper,
On it, and eightpence in the pound, to put a final stopper?"

CHURCHILLIUS gaily mounted upon his gallant steed,
His ligneous horse (spotted of course) of the famed Hobby breed.
"Retrenchment" was the charger's name, from the Gladstonian stud,
By "Vigilance" out of "Vectigal," higher in bone than blood.
He donned his helm and buckler, he bared his trenchant blade,
(What time below on the Q. T. the feather bed they laid),
Off from the gulf's grim marge he shot like stone from catapult,
And—A later lay some later day may tell you the result.
Exit CHURCHILLIUS! Quite so. But actors have a way
Of dying hard one night, to live—and die—another day.
Gone from our gaze, young hero! But such a splendid feat,
Is a performance that a "star" will probably repeat,
And lest the public bosom with anguish should be riven,
Of our Star's "reappearance" due notice will be given.



CHURCHILLIUS; OR, AN ALARMING SACRIFICE!

(N.B.—“DUE NOTICE WILL BE GIVEN OF HIS RE-APPEARANCE.”)

GOING COURTING.

Mr. Nibbs. I lost sight of you, Sir, in the crowd at the Court the other night. How did you like *Dandy Dick*?

Mr. Punch. Immensely. I haven't seen anything that has made me laugh so much—laugh till I cried—since *The Private Secretary*.

Mr. Nibbs. The notion of making Mr. CLAYTON a Dean in a farce,—the very ideal figure for it,—is in itself humorous, Sir,—do you not think so?

Mr. Punch. No, honestly, I do not. Mr. CLAYTON's name is chiefly associated with serious drama, and he is essentially an earnest and most conscientious actor. By natural dramatic selection he would be cast for a Dean, or a Bishop, in a tragedy, a comedy, or a drama, and he would then be the right man in the right place. But here, as a real Dean in a farce, Mr. CLAYTON's wish to throw himself heart and soul into the humour of the situation, which he intensely



"Tidd's Court Practice."

appreciates, is too evident. Imagine Mr. J. W. HILL as the *Dean* with Mrs. JOHN WOOD as the sporting *Georgina Tidman*!

Mr. Nibbs. But as Mr. HILL is not here—

Mr. Punch. Quite so. I am only "supposing." As it is I do not understand why Mr. ARTHUR CECIL was not cast for the *Dean*—unless it is that he is looking forward to a holiday—as any ordinary careful actor could play *Blone* the butler, and Mr. CECIL might join Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in his Continental trip while the Government of the Court and the Country would be carried on successfully in their absence.

Mr. Nibbs. The dialogue struck me as smart.

Mr. Punch. It is capital dialogue, capably delivered by almost everybody. What especially pleases me, is that Mr. PINERO boldly describes his piece as an "original farce in three Acts." Now, as almost anything is permissible in farce, an audience is rendered supremely happy with the minimum of probability and the maximum of absurdity, as long as it does not become, either in action or dialogue, extravagant burlesque. And here as an Old Dramatic Hand, I would warn Mr. PINERO against his tendency to imitate a method which is Mr. GILBERT's patent, and of which he ought to enjoy the monopoly. Mr. PINERO is bubbling over with fun, and can well afford to do without some of *Miss Sheba's* speeches—a part far too strongly accentuated by Miss NORREYS, whose self-consciousness and very apparent anxiety to make every line tell, mar the charm of her otherwise clever performance,—and without some of the mechanical action given to her and her sister *Salome*—very nicely played by Miss LEWES—which suggests the idea of the author's having borrowed the Savoy mechanism for use at the Court. These two young ladies, with their sudden jerkings, floppings, lying backwards on the table, and other eccentricities, all evidently done to order, run the risk of becoming mere marionettes. There is nothing spontaneous in their individual movements. This is the fault with the part that Mrs. TREE plays in Mr. PINERO's curious mixture called the *Hobby Horse* at the St. James's. But having said this, I have little else but praise for *Dandy Dick*.

Mr. Nibbs. Yet, first-rate as the farce is, would it have achieved such a success but for Mrs. WOOD?

Mr. Punch. Recollect that when an author writes for a particular company the actors or actresses become part and parcel of such piece. Mr. PINERO, who, to my thinking, has suited neither Mr. CLAYTON nor Mr. CECIL in this piece, has fitted Mrs. JOHN WOOD with a part as perfectly as the best tailor would with a riding-habit. To see her square her elbows, put her head on one side, thrust out her hand, and walk forward in a knowing sort of way, to welcome

her old racing friend, *Sir Tristram*, is something never to be forgotten. It is a joy for ever! But remember that Mr. PINERO must have calculated on this in writing the part, and doubtless Mrs. WOOD has exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

Mr. Nibbs. And is not Mr. EDMUND MAURICE good as *Sir Tristram*?

Mr. Punch. He is so true to nature that he might have been in a comedy, and yet he fits exactly into his place in this farce. This is because the original model is highly coloured in actual life; and so his boisterous manner and his countrified awkwardness are familiar notes of the type. Whether by accident or design—for this actor's name is new to me—Mr. MAURICE's *Sir Tristram* is simply perfect. I can say no more.

Mr. Nibbs. The two officers, M. KERR and EYERSFIELD, were good, especially the former, as the Major with a liver. He was not a bit overdone—for farce, I mean. But, dear me, remembering *Caste*—

Mr. Punch. Yes, I know what you are going to say,—“how you would like to have seen Mr. BANCROFT as *Major Tarver*.” What a shout would have gone up at the line, “I shall sing him off his legs,” and at every effort of his to give, “*Come into the Garden, Maud*.” Well, there is a suggestion of Mr. BANCROFT as *Captain Hawtree* in Messrs. PINERO and KERR's *Major Tarver*. By the way, the scene at home, “*An Evening in an English Family Household*,” is very cleverly stage-managed.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. DENNY's *Policeman* is a good bit.

Mr. Punch. Very; quite a study, and, in its degree of importance, so is Miss LAURA LINDEN's *Hannah Topping*.

Mr. Nibbs. Did you notice the dramatic music that Mr. CARL ARMBRUSTER has composed, by way of illustrative accompaniment to the scene where the *Dean* and the *Butler* are mixing the bolus.

Mr. Punch. Of course I did. It was like a bit of WEBER, and one expected to see *Zamir* appear out of the fire-place. I should say that Mr. ARMBRUSTER must have revelled in it. But—it is an utter mistake. This is another example of what I was saying about bringing burlesque into farce. That this scene, played with an evident consciousness of its burlesque character by Mr. CLAYTON, and with mock horror by Mr. CECIL, amid thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, should be ridiculously intensified by melodramatic music in the orchestra, with blows on the muffled drum burlesquing and showing up the conventional mechanism of a serious melodramatic situation, is out of keeping with the character of farce, and is, I have no hesitation in saying, a distinct mistake. It distracts an audience and puzzles them, and might discount the success by at least fifty nights out the three hundred to which the piece will probably go. The storm of wind and rain would have been quite sufficient without the thunder, the *tremolo*, the muffled drum, and the parody of an incantation scene.

Mr. Nibbs. I am inclined to agree with you. The music in this situation is superfluous. It struck me, Sir, that the Second Act was not so strong as the two others.

Mr. Punch. Partially on account of this particular scene we have been discussing. Still, it is a great point when the Dramatist produces a Third Act which is as fresh as his successful First. The Third Act of *Dandy Dick*, with its lock-up and stolid policeman, reminded me of the Third Act of that capital farce, *Le Reveillon*, in which LASSOUCHE played the stupid, loutish gaoler. Mr. DENNY's rural constable is its worthy companion portrait. It is an eccentric character part, and presents no difficulties to an actor in this line of business. As to Mrs. WOOD as “*George Tid*”—well, I must see her again, and I believe I shall enjoy her performance just as much as I did the first time.

Mr. Nibbs. Why on earth did Mr. PINERO make her marry *Sir Tristram*?

Mr. Punch. It's a weakness with Dramatic Authors. They're like match-making mothers. *Sir Tristram* and “*George Tid*” were much better apart. You're quite right—it is an error of judgment; immaterial, of course, as their union affects nobody in the plot. But the audience would be so much better satisfied if they knew that their eccentric “*George Tid*” was not going to run again in double harness after the loss of her first stable companion. No matter, bless her heart! and may she be happy as *Lady Mardon*, though she can rarely, if ever, be so “happy” as she is as *Georgina Tidman*, alias “*George Tid*.” One word more for the very small part of the groom—*Hatcham*, a sketch every line of which is full of character. It is capably played by Mr. LUGE. I thank everybody at the Court for a very pleasant evening. *Au revoir*.

ON THE GAVOTTE AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

CAPERS to spice old comedy revivals!

Where KATE VAUGHAN dances there need be no *Rivals*.

THE Prospectuses were Allsopped up pretty quickly. The enormous amount subscribed, said Mrs. RAM, sounds like one of “Allsopp's Fables.”



THE NEW SCIENCE.

Uncle Jack. "ULLO, MY DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU AND EDWIN NOT BEEN QUARRELLING, I HOPE?"

Angelina. "NO, UNCLE JACK; BUT WE'VE BEEN TO SIGNOR GAMMONIO, THE PALMIST, TO HAVE OUR HANDS EXAMINED, AND HE SAYS WE ARE NOT SUITED TO EACH OTHER, AND OUGHT TO BREAK IT OFF AT ONCE!"

TERRIFIC STRUGGLE WITH A GRAND PIANO!

A CASE which recently came before Mr. Justice GROVE and a Common Jury in the Queen's Bench Division, has hardly in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, attracted the attention it deserved from the sensational nature of its chief incident. It appears that it had become necessary, for certain reasons, to seize a grand piano which was in the plaintiff's house, and that two men entered it with that object. An attempt would seem to have been made to deter the gallant fellows from their desperate purpose, and they accordingly waited to be reinforced by some seven or eight others of equally fearless disposition, whereupon, to quote from the *Times* report, "picking the lock of the dining-room door, where the piano lay impounded, they finally, after a struggle of some four hours, removed the piano in triumph in a van."

Why, why have we no English VICTOR HUGO to paint the fierce picturesqueness, the lurid horror of this four hours' contest with an impounded piano? It is a scene, *Mr. Punch* ventures to say, unparalleled by anything in recent fiction. Think of it, sensation novelists; the piano, lurking grand and grim in its lair, the entry of the intrepid little band of assailants—the awful combat that ensued! Can you not picture the piano at bay, lashing out with its stout mahogany legs, snapping its lid, gnashing its ivory keys (which probably had been untuned for weeks)? One holds one's breath in admiration, in wonder that any of the devoted nine or ten left that dining-room alive to tell the tale, and that the infuriated instrument did not roll its crimsoned castors over their collective corpses.

But courage and intelligence prevailed at length, as they always do, against mere blind brute force; the piano, worn out, reduced far below concert-pitch, was eventually overpowered, and removed ignominiously, like a captive menagerie lion,—in a van!

Most justly was it observed by the plaintiff's Counsel during the trial, that "no one could tell the annoyance of such a scene in a house, except those who had gone through it, or witnessed it," and *Mr. Punch* feels proud to commemorate here a deed which deserves to be inscribed high in the record-roll of British heroism.

"WHY do they go on for weeks in Parliament discussing how they shall address the QUEEN?" asked MRS. RAM. "Surely some one among them must know that the QUEEN'S Address is simply 'Windsor!'"

AN ANTICYCLONIC ODE.

By an Appressionist.

As on my steady threadbare way
Through life I jog,
There is one thing that makes me gay—
A London fog.

I love to wake an hour too late,
In calm seraphic,
Unruffled by the noise I hate,
Of constant traffic.

And find the genial evening hour,
Meridian scorning,
Assert its humanising pow'r
At early morning.

Without there reigns a hushing spell
O'er London's loud land,
And even 'bus conductors dwell
Awhile in cloudland.

And common objects through the fog
Come looming large,
And lamp-posts up against you jog
In jocund charge.

And streets impervious before,
For fiscal reasons,
Become a safe resort once more,
In foggy seasons.

At thaumaturgic mist's command
The sordid real
Melts in the boundless wonderland
Of the ideal.

My well-brushed hat, my muffler white,
My coat of blue,
Disguise the fact that they're not quite
As good as new.

Streets where young bards their unsung
verse
In third-floor rooms bury—
(The nascent Muse is not averse
To sombre Bloomsbury)—

Become to wandering fancy's view,
While vision slumbers,
The weird old cities DORÉ drew
In shilling numbers.

And Station roofs for once may change
Their wonted frowns,
And blend majestic in a range
Of mystic downs.

From cloud-clad tow'rs the hours are spelt,
Whose turrets fair,
Less blest than *Prospero's* visions, melt
Into thick air.

But lo! the swathing vapours fleet
Like darkness sifted,
And from the rather shamefaced street
The fog has lifted.

Again, amid its leafless planes,
I see the Abbey;
Unchanged, like it, the fact remains
That I am shabby.

Re-Marks.

THERE have lately been reports of some lunatic threatening Lord ROTHSCHILD'S life, but Mr. B. S. MARKS has been most successful in taking his Lordship from life, and exhibiting him in a picture, as he appeared when taking his solemn oath in the House of Lords. As his Lordship is not represented as bare-headed,—his title, we remarked at the time, ought to have been "Lord HARTON,"—it may be supposed that, as the effort of swearing was almost overpowering, the artist caught Lord ROTHSCHILD'S happy expression ("Bless me!") just when he had re-covered himself.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Viscount WOLMER said "he saw Hon. Members toss their heads." (See Times Report, February 1.) Our Special Artist here gives the effect, showing how some Hon. Members lost their heads, and how others became wrong-headed.

House of Commons, Monday Night, January 31.—A little tragedy unnoted by the thoughtless crowd befel under Gallery this evening. Sheriffs of City of London came down, dressed all in their best, to present petition. Business accomplished, took their seats under the Gallery as usual, and began to think what they should have for dinner. With legs crossed, hands folded, and scarlet gown draped around them, mused on modifications of the *menu*; when a sudden disturbance arose from the House. Bells rang, Members crowded in, and attendant, with peremptory gesture, bundled Sheriffs of the City of London into the outer Hall, upsetting as it were the soup, sliding the fish off the dish, and making the *entrées exeat*.

All WILFRID LAWSON's joke. AKERS-DOUGLAS had moved New Writ for St. George's, Hanover Square, in place of Lord ALGERNON PERCY. This, it was known, meant to make room for GOSCHEN. Nothing more natural.

"Where," as HARCOURT says, "could a prominent Unionist go with more appropriateness than to St. George's, Hanover Square?"

But LAWSON as a free and independent elector objected to undue haste. First he had heard of it. Must have time to think over it, so moved adjournment of debate. House cleared for division, and thus the meditations of the Sheriffs of London rudely broken in upon.

RANDOLPH in fine form to-night. Delivered piquant speech constructed on what General WOODALL (late Surveyor-General of the Ordnance) calls "swivel-gun system,"—that is to say, it will fire upon anyone in whatever position. Sometimes the muzzle bearing upon HARTINGTON, who sat immediately opposite, violently looking as if he were the sole occupant of the chamber. Sometimes at CHAPLIN in the corner seat to the right; occasionally full in the back of W. H. SMITH, who sat below; and sometimes at the empty seat where

CHAMBERLAIN might have been. When not blowing people up, assumed a fine air of patronage. Reassured W. H. SMITH, patronised HICKS-BEACH, and on the whole let down gently a Conservative Party that had presumed to differ with him.

A promising speech from young CURZON, and then the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate completed HARTINGTON's enjoyment of the evening by reproaching him with bad taste for insisting upon sitting on Front Opposition Bench shoulder to shoulder with GLADSTONE.

Business done.—Further debate on Address.

Tuesday.—A great and proud day for us, the Coming Party, the Chaplinites, the Dissident Unionists. Our Great Chief has seized his opportunity, and made mince-meat of the adversary. All very well for RANDOLPH to occupy two evenings of the Session, for GEORGE HAMILTON to orate, and for CONYBEARE to discuss the question, "Why are the Tory Party so angry at me?" Our Chief's appearance on the scene dwarfs them all. Its effect, before a word was uttered, remarkable. GLADSTONE, unnecessarily apprehensive as it turned out, had invented necessity for adjourning to the Fens. RANDOLPH, with more occasion, had hurried out of the House, when certain movements on the part of Our Chief indicated preparation for rising. Usually reckless, he could not stand this fire. It was well for him to be out of range, for the firing was terrific. Mr. DISRAELI, in his most pompous moments, never equalled Our Chief in the profundity of his emotion, the impressiveness of his gestures, or the range of his emphasis.

"The noble Lord," he said, in one of the finest passages, "has not the shadow of a leg to stand upon."

I suppose that, as indicating absolute helplessness, the English language does not contain a more striking metaphor.

After this burst of natural eloquence, the vituperation of CONY-

BEARE fell a little flat. A new Member, one GRAHAM, gave it a fillip in a quaint maiden speech, with something of a touch of Carlylese in it. House thankful for anything out of the ordinary rut, and encouraged new Member with much laughter and cheering. Debate drifted on till midnight, when adjournment moved. W. H. SMITH, rising in ordinary Leader-of-the-House fashion, expressed hope that a little further use of the night might be made. Front Opposition Bench practically deserted; PARNELL absent; apparently no one to lead the Opposition in resisting

this attack on its privileges. Seemed that all was lost, when a familiar voice heard below the Gangway. It was JOSEPH GILLIS, with one thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, the other hand disengaged what time he caressed his incipient moustache. In genial bantering manner, the hand of steel gleaming beneath the velvet glove, JOEY B. withstood the Leader of the House. He was gracious, even benignant; but no mistaking his purpose. JOHN MANNERS at once put forward to haul down the Government flag, and debate forthwith adjourned.

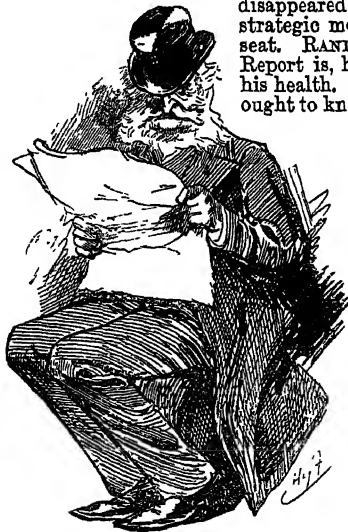
Business done.—More debate on Address.

Wednesday.—“Still harping on me country,” said O’HEA, in voice of deep melancholy.

Was standing at the Bar looking at the almost empty House of Commons, which CRILLY was vehemently addressing. O’HEA never been the same man since O’SHEA left. “I’m a poor widow man,” he says, with a tear in his voice.

Particularly downcast to-day, and not without reason. Here we are at the end of first week of Session, and absolutely no forrader. Supposed to be debating the Address. Cloud of Amendments on the paper. Haven’t yet, after six days, reached the first one. Amendments touch all subjects, stretching from Egypt to Ireland, *vis à vis* Scotland. Each will have its two or three sittings—that relating to Ireland probably a week. Yet here we are to-day, as we have been every day, talking about Ireland. All the speeches to be delivered over again, with others, when PARNELL’s Amendment comes on. Well may the tears trickle down the face of the widowed O’HEA. Happy in being out of it is the errant O’SHEA. *Business done.*—None.

Thursday.—Profound sensation in House to night. RANDOLPH has disappeared, and Sir J. McGAREL HOGG, by strategic movement, has secured his corner seat. RANDOLPH has made for Algiers. Report is, he has gone there on account of his health. ROBSON ROOSE says so, and he ought to know. But ROBSON ROOSE, though unapproachable in his own line, a mere chicken in the hands of a political Rooster like RANDOLPH. Public doubtless haven’t forgotten certain Secret Memoirs published last December. Will call to mind how an honourable Member, acting as agent for the Chief of the Dissident Unionists, visited the Dey of ALGIERS, Bey of TUNIS, Prince of MONACO, Doge of VENICE, and other potentates; how he was followed to Monaco by the Chief himself with HARTINGTON in his train; and how when the projected alliance had made considerable advance, RANDOLPH upset everything by resigning office and bringing about chaos. RANDOLPH’s health may not be



Sir J. McGarel Hogg.

what his friends would wish; but it is at least a little curious that he should just now have started for Algiers. Should he go on to Tunis, Monaco, and Venice, perhaps the most short-sighted amongst us will begin to see a hole through the ladder.

Meanwhile Hogg’s manoeuvring led to much conjecture, and on Treasury Bench to some perturbation. What did it portend? Chairman of Metropolitan Board of Works usually regarded as steady-going Conservative, amenable to discipline, and with rooted reverence for authority. What did he do in the seat of the scornor? Was this the beginning of a new revolt?

“J. McGAREL,” said W. H. SMITH, uneasily, “I hope you are not going the whole Hogg!”

“I’m not sure about that,” said the Baronet. “BARTELOTT, PAGET, and I have been talking matters over. Think it’s time we old stagers did something. Nothing is to be got, except by making yourself disagreeable. The young fellows like RANDOLPH get everything; the middle-aged young fellows like CHAPLIN are beginning to wake up. Why should we always sit quiet on the back benches?”

Poor SMITH! and he just beginning to cheer up when he heard of RANDOLPH’s flight!

More interminable speech-making, with remote reference to the Address.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—At last reached Amendments to Address. CREMER moved one calling for withdrawal of troops from Egypt. WILFRID LAWSON gave what he called “a bird’s-eye view of how things had gone on in Egypt for the last eleven years.” Principal figure in the landscape was GOSCHEN, assisting the KHEDIVI to put ZADIK PASHA in a chest, nailing him up alive, and dropping him to the bottom of the Nile. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, who has already lost his hat, sat and shuddered at graphic picture. W. REDMOND gave account of his visit to Egypt and how he was ashamed to be there, feeling the glances of hatred of the people were merited. SAUNDERS created painful sensation by suggesting that REDMOND had been mistaken for an Englishman. REDMOND, however, hastened to assure the House that this was not so, and equanimity restored.

Business done.—CREMER’s Amendment rejected by 263 votes against 97.

TELLINGS OF THE TELEPHONE.

THE account of the conversation recently held between the King of the BELGIANS and President GRÉVY, coupled with the announcement that the Queen had at Bruxelles been listening to a rehearsal at the Paris Opera, has soon led the way to other Continental experiences of a like character. The following comes from a Berlin correspondent:—

The new telephonic apparatus was yesterday submitted to the Chancellor, who, taking much apparent interest in the invention, at once requested that he might be put into communication with the eastern frontier of France. This was immediately done, with the result that his Excellency distinctly heard the sawing of the planks now being utilised for the construction of the new French military huts in process of extensive erection in that quarter. This appeared to amuse the Prince, who laughingly suggested that the other end of the machine should be laid on to General BOULANGER’s private apartment; and, on being assured that the connection had been effected, he forthwith proceeded to dictate, in a loud and resounding voice, a further threatening article to the Reporter of the *Berlin Post*, who was in attendance for the purpose. This was attentively listened to, though with some astonishment, by the French War Minister, and was followed, in the course of the afternoon, by another characteristic panic on the *Bourse*.

The subjoined is from Vienna. The EMPEROR expressing much satisfaction with the apparatus, said he should like to test it in a little private conversation with the CZAR, where, on communication being established with the Winter Palace, his Majesty was startled by hearing distinctly the report of a gun. He, however, immediately made the humorous inquiry, “What are you about? Shooting a Secretary?” to which came the prompt reply, “No. Trying a new Repeating Rifle in my bed-room.” After the interchange of a little good-natured badinage of the same character, the CZAR suddenly asked “How about the Landsturm? I fancy you’re having them drilled. Can hear the continuous tramp.” To this the EMPEROR, after a few moments’ reflection, as if struck with a happy thought, responded, “Bless you! It’s only the goose step,” an explanation which seemed to occasion the CZAR considerable hilarity, as he could be distinctly heard laughing immoderately on receiving it. On the whole the relations between the two Courts may be regarded as excellent, and the prospect may be said to be visibly brightening.

Communication has also quite recently been established between the Foreign Office and Her Majesty’s representative at Constantinople, and was put to the test yesterday by the despatch of the laconic inquiry, “Well, what are you up to now?” To which, after a brief interval, was vouchsafed the reply, “Nothing in particular.” To this Lord SALISBURY bade his Secretary rejoin, “All right; stick to it,” and the conversation, which seemed to indicate a resolution on the part of Her Majesty’s Government to assume a somewhat neutral attitude in any possibly impending conflict, abruptly closed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

ORIGIN OF TITLES.

According to D. Crambo, Junior.

DUKES.



Con naught.



Gnaw folk.



Vest, Min'ster?



Came-bridge!

A SONNET OF VALENTINES.

WHEN February's lingering light reveals
The patient earth, still pallid with the weight
Of Winter's darkness, and the dazzling freight
Of snow, which Summer's wealth in trust upheals,
And heavenward turns th' unwary walker's heels,
And lends to dauntless Infancy a straight
And aggravating missile for the pate
Of musing stranger, who astonished feels
The concrete cloud upon his collar burst;—
Now, when the birds make their engagements known,
And early baas are on the thin winds blown,
There are who send—I can't tell why, I'm sure—
To strangers, who have ne'er with them convers'd,
Rude painted daubs of vilest portraiture.

HERE is an advertisement that might suit an ambitious conjuror out of place:—

CAN any Clergyman RECOMMEND a thoroughly respectable useful Man as INDOOR SERVANT and GARDENER? Some knowledge of house decorating desirable; age about 35; Church of England; principal duties gardening and drawing bath chair; parlour-maid does indoor work while thus engaged; dress as indoor servant after one; no beer; no clothes; *bond fide* non-smoker.

Note the wonders of this mysterious household! There is an ubiquitous parlour-maid, who, while engaged in "gardening and drawing a bath chair" at the very same moment apparently "does indoor work." But no lesser marvel is expected of the applicant. He is to dress as an indoor servant after one, and yet he is to do it without any clothes. After this it seems immaterial that he should have some knowledge of house decorating and be a *bond fide* non-smoker. The advertiser had better apply direct to M. VERBECK.

MR. SANTLEY has been recently made a Knight of St. Gregory by LEO THE THIRTEENTH. Why not have beatified him at once, on account of his being so Santley? He was in excellent voice when he sang in SPOHR's great Oratorio, which, by the way, is a subject that does not lend itself to any Spohr-tive remarks.

"FAIR AND FORTY."—The Thieves in the Drury Lane Pantomime. But where's the "Fat" in this quotation? Oh, the two low comedians have got all that to themselves.

"A BREECH OF PROMISE."—The new twelve-and-a-half pounder for the Horse Artillery.

To FOLLOW.—After "She,"—He.

A PROTEST FROM THE PEDESTAL.

THE adjourned meeting of the Public Thoroughfare Protection Association was held, after midnight, yesterday at Charing Cross, Lord NELSON, who descended from his column for the purpose, being again voted unanimously in the Chair. The assemblage which was rather select than large, was, however, well attended by Statues occupying various prominent sites in other parts of the Metropolis, and who, therefore, took a lively interest in the matter under discussion.

On the hour of One sounding on the clock of the Westminster Palace, the CHAIRMAN rose. He said, he need not detain the meeting by dwelling on what had brought them together. They were met to protest against an intolerable nuisance ("Hear! hear!") need he say he alluded to the utilisation, attempted and threatened, of the open space that surrounded them, for the purposes of public meeting. Though when a mob crowded the Square, he, perched up on the top of his lofty pedestal, might personally consider himself out of it, still he could see what was going on at his feet, and he had frequently seen the base of his column invaded by a noisy rabble, who even clambered on to the backs of the four noble beasts who protected him. ("Shame!") It is true they had been dislodged ultimately by the Police, but only after an unseemly scuffle, that he considered degrading to him as a public monument. ("Hear! hear!") He had on one memorable occasion reminded his fellow-countrymen how England expected every man to do his duty, and he would just throw the hint across to the Authorities at Scotland Yard opposite, by expressing a hope that, when the time should arrive, they would be found equal to the task of doing theirs. (Cheers.)

GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER said he entirely concurred in every word that had dropped from the illustrious naval hero who occupied the chair. ("Hear!") Speaking from his own experience, and in his forward position, he was able conveniently to note the passage of the vehicular traffic; he could only say that on the last occasion, about a year ago, when the Square was invaded, it came to a dead stand-still. This was a disgrace. Besides, in the turmoil, the public did not even notice him, and he considered he had been placed on the "finest site in Europe" to be stared at. (Laughter.) Instead of that, he only had a mob of angry ruffians turning their backs on him. (Renewed laughter.) Honourable Statues might laugh, but he could tell them that to be placed on a pedestal by a grateful country, and then treated no better than a lamp-post, was not a pleasant experience. He protested against this. He certainly should vote that the Square be restricted to its proper uses, and not turned into a bear garden. (Cheers.) And he felt he could say this not only for himself, but also on behalf of his gallant brother-in-arms, facing the omnibuses on the other side.

General HAVELOCK (with warmth). I believe you! (Roars of laughter.) GEORGE THE FOURTH said, that situated as he was, he might by some be regarded as the "corner man" in any assemblage that might take place in that locality. Still, he believed, he was still known as the First Gentleman in Europe—"Oh! oh!"—and, under these circumstances, he considered it very derogatory to his dignity to have a crew of ragamuffins climbing about his horse's legs, and waving a red flag under his very nose. He would be bound his illustrious predecessor, the Royal Martyr, would agree with him.

CHARLES THE FIRST, who, on rising, was enthusiastically greeted, said, that having lost his head in one popular movement, he was likely to know what he was saying when dealing with another. ("Hear! hear!") He could only say, to suffer the traffic of a great centre to be interrupted for hours by a set of brawlers under any pretext whatever, that it would be an interference with the right of public meeting to stop it, was to sanction a scandal to which the mere levying of ship-money was a comparative trifle. (Cheers.) He had been once brought to the block, but if this was allowed, he should have the block perpetually being brought to him. (Laughter.) If people wanted to talk, let them do it on Clapham Common or at Wormwood Scrubs. He trusted Sir CHARLES WARREN would set his foot down firmly in the matter, and protect the peace and well-being of the neighbourhood. ("Hear!")

The discussion was then continued with much animation by several Statues from the Embankment, who spoke to the same effect, some merriment being caused by the arrival of GEORGE THE THIRD from Cockspur Street, who rode round to give his general support to the meeting, the four Lions eventually rising and expressing their approval of the proceedings by a sympathetic roar. The approach of dawn having been announced by the whistle of an early train entering the neighbouring station, the assemblage gradually withdrew, and the local Statues re-seeking their respective places, the Square once more assumed its wonted aspect.

HAD it proved true that, as the P.M.G. informed the public, Sir CHARLES DILKE on coming into a legacy would have had to change his name to SNOOKE, then those persons who did not wish to speak to the ex-Member for Chelsea when encountering him in the street would have had the pleasure of "Cutting a Snooke" without any rude action.

THERE was scarcely room enough for the vast assemblage of Brethren who met to assist at the installation of AUGUSTUS DRURIELANTUS. Whereupon the New Worshipful Master might have exclaimed, with a sigh, "O for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!" By the way, at the ceremony there was an Anglican Bishop present. Will this Episcopal Mason, in his apron, lay the foundations of the Church House?

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES' DISPUTE.—What the Canadians say to the Americans,—"Pas sea Bait." Directly the bait is not used to catch votes, an amicable settlement will be arrived at—and the sooner the baiter.

IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.



H. J. LAMBORNE. DEL.

Poor Crystal Palace. "BEG PARDON, KIND GEN'L'M, COULDN'T YOU SPARE A TRIFLE FOR ME, THIS JUBILEE YEAR? I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS!"

PLEASE to remember the Crystal Palace! Only once in fifty years! Am I alone to be out in the cold, gentle Sirs, as Her Majesty's Jubilee nears?

Everyone now is a-touting for everything, Church Houses, Institutes, Hospitals, Towers.

Has no one a good word for me and my gardens, my fun and my fireworks, my fountains and flowers?

Am I to become as Extinct as my Animals? Pass, like my Mammoth and Ichthyosaurus?

Go, like the ghosts in my Courts and my Temples, vanish like RAMESES, hook it like HORUS?

ALBERT the Good and the year 'Fifty-One, the great Cosmopolitan era of Progress, [edacious old Ogress? Have they no spell, Sirs, to rescue me yet from Oblivion's maw, the Truly the Spirit of PAXTON might plead for me, say that the thought of my death is a scandal.

Would not Her MAJESTY—bless her!—object, for the sake of her Consort? And how about HANDEL?

Oh! by the back hair of MANNS, do be merciful! Oh! by the memory of TITLERS, take pity!

All country cousins should plead in my favour, the guests of your great but grim-visaged old City



SNOB-SNUBBING.

Snookson (who has got "Gentleman" on the Brain, and thinks himself one). "A—YAS—JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW—A—I DON'T KNOW THAT I QUITE CALL HIM A GENTLEMAN, YOU KNOW."

Miss Sharp (who has a liking for Jones). "DON'T YOU REALLY? OH—BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT A VERY GOOD JUDGE!"

Ought to support me, and Bobbies, and Foresters, Maters with children, and Paters with pockets.

Ah, take the tips of the Nursery, too, Sirs, concerning my pantomimes, plum-cakes, and rockets.

Sure of their suffrages, as of their shillings! Did ever a "bob" in the whole world's long history

Give so much music, and mirth, and amusement, as in my glass halls. Oh, it's really a mystery

How they've allowed me to get impecunious. Think of my Rose-Shows! And what are you going

To do with your Shahs and your Emperors in future? For when I am gone there'll be nothing worth showing.

Say, must I pass like old KUBLAI-KHAN'S Pleasure-Dome—fade like the Looking-Glass World of sweet Alice?

Nay, I am sure, from the Court to the Cot, all will aid a "whip-round" for the poor Crystal Palace!

NEWS FROM AN OLD FRIEND.—"We are thinking of visiting Cannes," writes Mrs. RAM, "and, remembering her lamented Grandmother's tour, as recorded by THEODORE HOOK, she adds: "If we go so far, we shall go farther, and on to Rome. The Rome of the Roman Scissors does not interest me so much as the Rome of the Pops. I shall always regret not having been there in the time of the Economical Council. I should like to have seen the rejoicings when Pop Pro Nono (so called because he always replied *Non posthumous* to everyone) pronounced himself Invaluable. I shall wait until the weather is quite settled, as I am very nervous, and I fear nothing so much as collusions in the Channel."

BEWARE!—A Morning Contemporary announces a novel variety of sweet things in tea-gowns. One is a dress of "cream brocade" opened from throat to feet over a "cream lace petticoat," secured above with "gold and cream white satin ribbon loops," and comprising "striped cream and gold gauze sleeves." Another elegant article of apparel is "a creamy white plush jacket." We've seen some very sweet things in tea-and-cream gowns. But, take care! Marry one of these, and you'll be cream-mated alive!

BATTLE-CRY OF THE UNION.—"St. George for Merry GOSCHEN!"

"NO ORDER!"

A Soliloquy in the Seat of Justice.

[Mr. School-Board Inspector has just been making application for an order for the committal of sundry poor women, for the crime of not assuring the regular attendance of their little ones at the Board School.]

PRISON or fine? Poor souls! A Mother's weakness
Brings a new Nemesis in our Christian day.
But Law is Law; let Nature bow in meekness
To an enlightened State's paternal sway.

And yet the still small voice of human kindness
Hide-bound legality cannot hush or quench;
Yet the heart tells cold Law that callous blindness
Is blind and callous—even on the Bench.

Here, where in flesh and blood, want-pinched and pallid,
Their smugly-settled problems take a guise,
That makes the reasonings pedants find so valid
Hollow as dream-world's spectral phantasies.

Poor flesh and blood! How apt they are to shatter
The neatest formula of prig or prude,
The dogmatist's phrase-fortresses to batter,
And prove the bigot's schemings harsh and crude.

Educate! Educate! The cry rings round us;
There's reason in the late-raised plea for light.
But shouters shirk the problems that confound us,
Hustling the uglier questions out of sight.

They'll not be hustled, they will not stay hidden;
Harsh facts, complacent to no soft appeal,
Jut forth in naked horror unforbidden,
And the raw follies of rash haste reveal.

Educate! Educate! A popular chorus,
Swelled both by voice of Sage and shriek of fool.
But still unsolved the problem stands before us,—
How justly to put Poverty to school.

Justly! Wills the wise world that Education
Shall to pinched women and pale children come
The happy herald of emancipation,
Light to the blind, and language to the dumb?

Or that to sordid slum and crowded hovel
As tyrant and tormentor it shall go;
Taskmaster at whose threatenings they must grovel,
Armed with a goad to aggravate their woe?

No querulous questionings these of dull reaction—
No peevish promptings of sectarian spite!
Harsh facts inspire them, not the heat of faction;
Shall justice not make answer in their light?

One six-year-old pale shoeless poor defaulter
Shrinks from a chilling six-mile daily trudge,
Daring with rigid School-Board law to palter,
From fear of frozen feet and soaking sludge!

Bad case of course! Prompt prison for the mother
Of so mature a truant seems so fit!
Impatient at the Inspector's pompous pother?
Nay, halting Rhadamanthus, wait a bit.

Deserted by her husband, left to labour,
For three small children, helpless and alone,
Toil for sole friend, famine for nearest neighbour,
Another erring mother makes her moan.

SALLY, age twelve, the eldest child, and skilful
At baby-tending, kept from school to keep
The tinier bairns from mischief. Wrong so wilful
Will surely make the School-Board Draco weep.

Mothers must toil, leave home intent on forage,
Like parent-birds from an untended nest.
But check compassion's promptings; these encourage
All sorts of ills, home-love amongst the rest.

Committal asked for! Mothers thus neglectful
Of the Three R.'s for the mere sake of food
Must learn, from fine or cell, to be respectful
To Law which loves—and starves—their hungry brood.

Another? Ah, these Mothers! They embarrass
Cut-and-dried schemes confoundedly. And yet
These poor maternal hearts to hunt and harass
Is work at which the Public's prone to fret.

Her boy played truant whilst at tub or treadle
 She worked to feed, clothe, school him; 'twas her task.
 Here's a sweet moral maze wherewith to meddle.
 Mr. Inspector, *what* is it you ask?

Committal for the woman, or consignment
 Of truant Jack to an Industrial School?
 Faugh! Cruel kindness in its last refinement!
 At least, she feels it so, poor tender fool.

Pleads that such places prove too oft a training
 For thieves and convicts,—which one can't deny;
 Dares to declare, her eyes with hot tears raining,
 She'd rather sell up her poor home, and fly.

Committal? Nay, my smug, well-fed official.
 To make the pedagogic staff a flail
 For Poverty's pinched limbs may seem judicial
 To souls cold-set to legal line and scale.

But widow-harrying and child-hunting sicken
 The hearts of men, on whatsoever plea;
 The Law must find some gentler way to quicken
 The brain-life of these thralls of penury.

Make Education one more scourge to chasten,
 And one more petty tyrant to oppress?
 One more sharp goad among the rest to hasten
 Poverty's graveward creep through labour's stress?

Nay, Sir, "No Order!" Law must shape and fashion
 Some way to teach, and *not* torment. Till then
 The rule of right, the promptings of compassion,
 Dispute her empire o'er the hearts of men.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

NO. XVII.—THE PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.

It is more than arguable whether DEMOSTHENES might not have made himself an even finer orator than he undoubtedly became, if, instead of wasting time in declaiming to the ocean with his mouth full of shingle, or running up-hill repeating select passages of poetry, he had laid out a few minæ in private tuition with some practical rhetorician of the period.

Indeed, PLUTARCH implies that he did actually adopt so obviously prudent a course, and he would scarcely have acquired his reputation by unassisted effort; but, without pronouncing any opinion upon a point of some obscurity, we should feel sincerely thankful that we live in an age when every man may be endowed with as much eloquence as he requires in a series of professional lessons on moderate terms.

The philanthropist who accomplishes this, and alters his client into an orator in a miraculously brief space of time, does not style himself a necromancer, but, with a modesty which is almost excessive, is content to be known as an "Elocution Professor." He is big and bland, with a booming voice, which he has under admirable control. Long intercourse with Curates has imparted an ecclesiastical tone to his conversation, though he will undertake, with equal readiness, to prepare candidates for the Church, the Bar, Parliament, or the Stage. Of course a pupil should be explicit concerning the particular career he intends to adopt, otherwise there might be a danger of his importing into his pulpit the blandishments of the Common Law Bar, addressing a British Jury as his "dear Brethren," or intoning the parts of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*.

Let us suppose, reader, that you require preparation for some more temporary purpose than a profession.

You have to go before the Radical Three Hundred of the Mid-Hecklingham District, and you want to learn to speak up; or you are asked to a public function, in which you have reason to believe that some appropriate remarks will be expected from you, while you are too conscious that, even if you could contrive to manufacture a few coherent commonplaces, you cannot undertake to deliver them beyond a certain radius without breakage.



So you naturally rush to that convenient vehicle for all modern incompetents, the "coach." The Professor's mode of reception will remind you equally of consultations with your solicitor and your physician: he listens gravely to your needs, and makes a rapid diagnosis of your case.

Perhaps, after hearing you read a passage from the police-reports, he informs you that your accent is affected by a provincial burr, which he has no doubt of being able to extract eventually; or it may be that early privation has led you to adopt a rigid economy, which still causes you to deny yourself indulgence in an occasional aspirate, and he has an infallible system for curing any deficiencies of this kind. So he invites you to follow him to his Class-Room, a room with blank walls, and furnished with a black-board on an easel, and a long table laid out with volumes of exercises for elocutionists.

Here his first act is to test the compass of your voice, which he does by retiring to some station near the top of the house, and requesting you to remain where you are, and shout your sentiments on things in general. A leaflet which some benevolent person in the street has lately bestowed on you, will provide you with the requisite ideas. You declaim your tract till you are hoarse, and in ten minutes your instructor returns with the information that he did not catch your observations distinctly until he had actually turned the door-handle. A little practice, however, reveals that you are the possessor of a latent bellow which, with a moderate amount of effort, can be successfully produced.

But to shine in oratory, more than this is needed. You must work hard at acquiring the *nuances*, the inflections proper to all the varying moods, so, under your instructor's superintendence, you invoke ruin on a ruthless King with the fire of inspiration; lament, with only the suspicion of a sneer, that you are "no orator as BRUTUS is," and throw a note of infinite tenderness into your recollections of the last occasion on which you saw the Queen of FRANCE.

You may not feel immediately at home with these new acquirements, especially in the ordinary affairs of life. The Mark Antony sneer may cost you a couple of dear friends, and the note of infinite tenderness will assert itself unbidden when you are asking your fish-monger the price of a pair of soles, or requesting to be furnished with a second-class return-ticket to Gower Street.

Still, you are really advancing, and you go on until you only need the finishing touches of a speaker—the readiness and fluency, which can be gained by practice alone.

This practice your Professor supplies. He outlines speeches on the black-board, and you fill them up from your own internal resources; he attacks your policy in bitter invective, and you make as withering a reply as you can command at short notice; he proposes your health in flattering terms, and you rise to acknowledge the compliment; he presents you with one of the pewter inkstands on the table, and you express the emotion and gratitude that fill your breast; then you present the inkstand to *him*, with an eloquent panegyric, and he "finds it impossible to convey to you any adequate idea of the degree to which he is affected by a testimonial so splendid, so unexpected, and by eulogies so out of proportion to his meagre merits." After a few exercises of this kind, you feel impatient for an opportunity of exhibiting your new accomplishment, and rehearse, with enthusiasm, the little impromptu speech which you foresee will shortly be required of you, but which no longer fills your breast with terror.

Your Elocution Professor teaches you a useful exordium, which probably begins: "My Lord SOANSO, Gentlemen,—No one here could have entered the Hall this evening with less expectation of being called upon for a speech than the humble individual who now addresses you. But, at the risk of seeming tedious, I venture, however unworthily, to crave your kind indulgence for the few crude and ill-digested reflections which have been suggested to me by the very able and eloquent address of the practised speaker who has just resumed his seat, and whom I regret, for some reasons, that I shall have to follow."

With this opening committed to memory, and glycerine jujubes in a pocket where you can get at them, you go to your meeting or your public dinner with a calm conviction that you are not unlikely to distinguish yourself.

You will deliver your exordium with a few inevitable excisions and alterations due to circumstances and quite natural agitation, but upon the whole the passages which are variations of the original text are positive improvements upon it, as will appear from the following shorthand note:—

"Gentlemen, and my Lord SOANSO,—No one could have entered this Hall with less expectations than I did. I must, however, crave your crude and ill-digested indulgence for the very able and eloquent address which I have practised for this evening, though I have to follow the humble individual who, at the risk of seeming tedious, and however unworthily, has, I regret for some reasons, just resumed his remarks." And when you sit down at the close of your oration, flushed with triumph and deafened by applause, do not forget that you are indebted for some little portion of your success to the untiring devotion of your Professor of Elocution.

VAN DYCK'S VISITORS.

SCENE—The Grosvenor Gallery. Any Time.

Elderly Methodical Person (who, on entering by the glass-doors, naturally concludes that the first room in which he finds himself must be No. 1,—to his companion a lady of contented disposition). Now our best way is to begin at the beginning, and go right through to the end.

[Looks round smilingly on some other people, as if triumphantly challenging them to suggest a better plan than this, and, if they can't, tacitly permitting them to adopt it themselves.]

Contented Lady. Yes, that will be quite the best way. (Looks at a picture, which, from its position, she imagines is No. 1 in the Catalogue.) Now, what's this?

Methodical Person. "No. 1. Portrait of Sir ANTHONY VAN DYCK."

Contented Lady. Really! But there are so many figures in it—

Methodical Person (annoyed). My dear, why don't you tell me the number? This is 125. Scriptural subject. (Justly irritated.) Now where on earth's Number One?

[Sees that his whole plan of campaign is upset by the Grosvenor Gallery arrangement.]

Contented Lady. We had better go round till we find it.

Methodical Person (thoroughly roused). What! And then begin after we've seen everything? Ridiculous waste of time.

[Exeunt into fourth room discussing the best way of finding No. 1. *Rather deaf Old Gentleman* (who has given his wife the Catalogue, and is standing before No. 124). I should like to know who this is?

Old Lady with Catalogue (reads the one line exactly opposite the number, and then says). It's a portrait of Sir PETER.

Rather deaf Old Gentleman (slightly astonished). St. Peter! (Then testily, as the improbability breaks upon him.) But he's wearing the order of the Golden Fleece,—(feeling still more convinced that it can't be St. Peter),—and he's in a sort of Charles the First dress.

Rather deaf Old Lady (without referring again to Catalogue, but examining portrait). Well, it says so!

Rather deaf Old Gentleman (thinking how silly she is becoming—with decision). Give me the Catalogue! (Snatches it from her, reads—then, in a tone of withering contempt,—as much as to say, "You stupid old idiot! Why, you read only half of it, and that you can't read correctly.") It's not St. Peter, it's Sir PETER PAUL RUBENS!

[Points emphatically to name in Catalogue as he returns it to her. *Old Lady* (rather more deaf than ever). Yes. I said so. (Calmly examines picture.) Very fine.

[Exit *Old Gentleman* huffily to buy a Catalogue for himself. *Impassioned Young Gentleman* (seated close to *Young Lady*, who is looking down while he is addressing her most earnestly in a low tone). I assure you that if, &c., &c., &c. Do try to, &c., &c., &c. Say before they come back.

Demure Young Lady (looking up). Don't you think we'd better, &c., &c.

Impassioned Young Gentleman (briskly). I'll see where they are. (Jumps up and hurries to door, returns radiantly). It's all right. Your Aunt's explaining something to them, and they're not a quarter round the room yet.

[Takes up his former position, only a little closer, and resumes in low tone—of course all about the pictures.]

Enthusiastic Lady with Eye-glass. Oh! who's that dear little child? Do see, No. 74.

Lazy Gentleman (evidently bored by enthusiasm,—refers negligently to Catalogue). That—(sees at a glance, and says in a tone which implies familiarity with the subject)—oh, that's a young Carnarvon (as if he were some species of animal).

Enthusiastic Lady. Is it! (Suddenly grasping the idea.) What!—an ancestor of the present Lord CARNARVON?

Lazy Gentleman (tired of the subject). S'pose so.

[Sits down, stretches his legs, yawns, and wishes he hadn't let himself in for this sort of thing by an injudicious offer.]

Fashionable Lady (leaning back in chair opposite Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, languidly). Who's the man? I've seen him before somewhere.

Aristocratic Elderly Gentleman (most correctly dressed and with a critical air). Eh? Yes—there's no name to it—lent by MUNDELLA.

Fashionable Lady (evinced a languid interest). Ah—I'm sure I've seen him before. I've got such an excellent memory for faces.

Learned and Artistic Amateur (standing with his head rather on one side, like a raven, and his hands clasped in front of him). What character! What tone! What finish! See how the colours have lasted! We haven't got such pigments now as the old fellows had two hundred years ago.

Lady Amateur. Two hundred! but that dress is of the time of ELIZABETH. In fact it is Queen ELIZABETH, isn't it?

Learned and Artistic One (glancing at Catalogue). No—I don't think so—

Lady Amateur. It's quite different to the dress above—a later period.

Learned and Artistic One. Ah—yes—very probably. It's the same lady; only—(hits on happy thought)—up above she's in her dinner-dress, and below, No. 6, she's in walking dress.

Another Superior Person (examining it closely). Yes; the one above is in VAN DYCK's later style.

Amateur Lady. Ah, very likely. But (still unconvinced) the dress is Elizabethan.

First of Two Young Ladies (coming up with *Two Young Gentlemen*). Oh, yes; that's exactly what we were arguing about. Did VAN DYCK live in ELIZABETH's time?

Second. We haven't got a Catalogue.

Amateur Lady (turning to *Superior Person*, who has pretended to be deeply engaged in scrutinising a picture). Here's the gentleman to tell us. He's an authority on everything literary and historical.

Young Ladies. Oh, yes; do! We've got a bet on it. (*Young Gentlemen smile and nod fatuously*.) Didn't VAN DYCK live in ELIZABETH's time?

Superior Person. Well—(Smiles knowingly, but wishes he had employed the last few seconds in reading about Van Dyck in the Catalogue)—Well—

First Young Lady (impulsively). What was his date?

Superior Person (skillfully evading the question). Well—he couldn't exactly have lived in ELIZABETH's reign—(feels on safe ground now)—because he was always painting CHARLES THE FIRST.

All. Oh, of course! [Bets arranged, and party moves on.]

First Young Lady. Oh, yes. And—(suddenly)—here's the Charles Family.

Second Young Lady. Who's the baby?

[All turn for correct information towards *Superior Person*.

Superior Person (blandly and cautiously). What is the question?

First Young Lady (pointing at seated figure of King Charles). Well, there's CHARLES THE FIRST—

First Young Man (coming out of his shell, and pointing to Boy in the picture). And there's CHARLES THE SECOND.

First Young Lady (rebuking him). Not at that age. He wasn't CHARLES THE SECOND then. [Young Man abashed.]

Second Young Lady. And that's the Queen, or the Nurse? Who was the Queen?

First Young Lady (joyfully). I know—MARIA THERESA.

[Turns for corroboration to *Superior Person*. *Superior Person* (magisterially). Let me see—what is the number? (Pretends to be short-sighted while referring to Catalogue. Pause. Wonders whether it was Maria Theresa or not. Is about to decide in favour of the supposition, when he hits upon the right name in the Catalogue.) Did you ask me what was the Queen's name? (They nod.) Of course CHARLES THE FIRST's Queen was HENRIETTA MARIA.

All (in chorus). Oh, of course! how stupid!

Second Young Lady. But who's the baby?—There's CHARLES THE FIRST, CHARLES THE SECOND—

The other Young Man (who hasn't yet spoken—with sudden inspiration). CHARLES THE THIRD!

All (unanimously). Why, there was no CHARLES THE THIRD!

First Young Man (sagely). Praps the baby's a girl.

Second Young Lady. Oh, but had CHARLES THE SECOND any sisters?

[Turns to refer to *Superior Person* who, however, has quietly retired.]

Artistic Person (with long hair and very bad hat, throwing himself back as he admires No. 11, labelled, "Marquis Cattaneo of Genoa"). Thoroughly Italian about the jaw. Quite an Italian type!

[Wishes every picture were labelled.]

Contented Lady (delighted, to *Methodical Person*, who, after going into all the other rooms and looking at most of the pictures as they caught his attention, is still grumbling at not having been able to carry out his plan). Oh! Here's Number One!!

Methodical Person (still labouring under a sense of cruel personal injury). Ah! (grumbling.) At last! (Examines the number to see if he isn't being deceived.) Yes. Number One. Now, we've been here very nearly an hour! (Appeals to *Contented Lady*, as if she were not entirely free from all blame in the matter, but addressing visitors and authorities generally.) Why on earth do they put Number One in the last room, instead of at the entrance?

Jocose Acquaintance (overhearing as he comes up). Because they like taking care of Number One. (Pleasantly.) How are you?

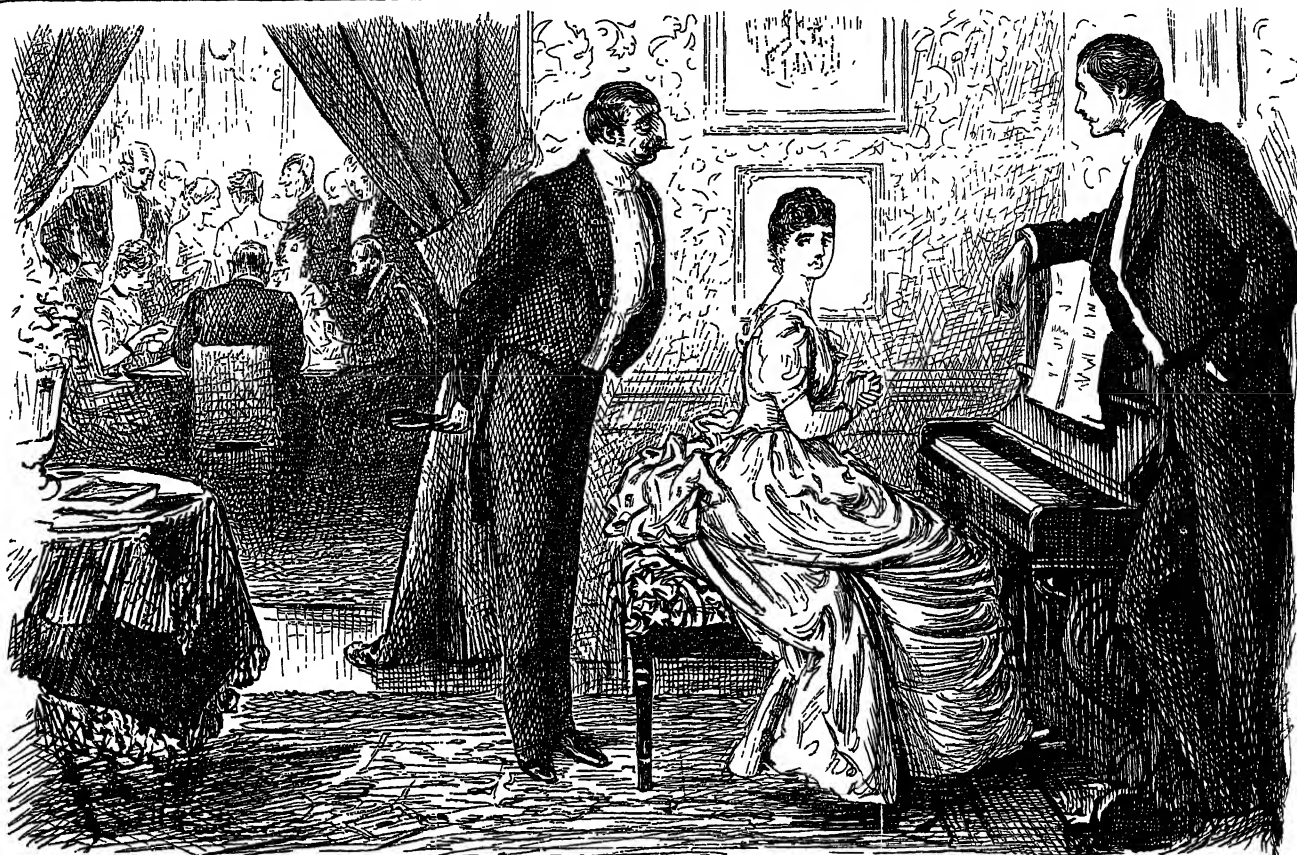
Methodical Person (unbending). Ah, how d'ye do?

[Recommences all his grievance to *Jocose Acquaintance*, who begins to wish he had kept his witicism to himself.]

Demure Young Lady (suddenly, as the *Young Gentleman* is bending down and whispering earnestly). Oh—(sees her party returning, and rises quickly, then, with remarkable sangfroid)—Oh, Auntie dear! aren't the pictures lovely! Mr. SPOONER has been pointing out all the beauties to me.

Aunt (frigidly acknowledging Mr. Spooner's presence). Very kind of him, I'm sure. HENRIETTA, we must go now—it's getting rather late.

[Exit with *Henrietta*; and, for *Spooner*, the Scene closes.]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Major Le Mashant. "HOW CHARMING!—A—SO DELIGHTFULLY PLAYED!—A—SUCH A LOVELY COMPOSITION!—A—I ONLY HEARD THE LAST FEW BARS—A—BUT IT WAS QUITE ENOUGH!"

TURNING THE TABLES.

Lord Chancellor loquitor:—

OH, come, my dear PEEL, this is getting too dreadful!
Not yet through that farce which you dub "the Address"?
On twaddle and trash all these nights you have fed full,
And still you are stuck in the midst of the mess.
An awful example your practice affords
To those you are apt to pooh-pooh—us poor Lords!

Dear! dear! Half the bores in your Chamber have blathered,
And still you're "no forrader." Tell me, my friend,
One sparklet of wisdom or wit have you gathered,
Or cast any light on one politic end?
That yawn is an answer. I'm sure you have not.
I should say—if big-wigs might talk slang—it's all rot.

True, RANDOLPH has tipped you his two explanations,
And GRAHAM cut many a music-hall joke;
But, eugh! what Saharas are HOWORTH'S orations!
Your CONYBEARES, too, are the feeblest of folk.
In fact the whole thing is a hideous waste,
As empty of sense as deficient in taste.

You call us obstructive! Look here! here's a bundle
Of Bills we have passed in our few odd half-hours.
'Twould cheer you to see how serenely we trundle
Through clause after clause. There no Irishman lours,
No popinjay proses, no dunderhead "blocks."
And so your delay our celerity mocks!

Too bad, my dear PEEL! If your House doesn't quicken,
And quash its obstructives and muzzle its bores,
The Public of *you*, I assure you, will sicken.
Ha! ha! 'Tis the Peer at this moment who scores.
When the Public find out that your game's all my eye,
"Abolish the Commons!" won't be a bad cry.

Hoho! If it goes on like this, who'll defend them?

We've found a *tu-quoque* for MORLEY, my boy
"The Commons are shams; we must mend them or end them."
Hehe! That's a phrase he is bound to enjoy.
One Chamber sufficient? Perhaps that is true;
But, if you don't watch it, that one won't be *you*.

CONSIDERATION FOR A QUANTITY.—It appears that in the Italian version of SHAKSPEARE'S *Othello*, the heroine's name, which in England we pronounce *Desdemōna*,—associating it, phonetically with "moaner," on account of her "Willow, Willow" song, so very like a wail—is pronounced "*Desdēmōnā*." Now that "*Desdemōna*" was innocent we are sure; but "*Desdēmōnā*" might be found guilty of everything, for the very deuce is in the name.

THE M.P.'S ASPIRATION.

"The idle Singer of an M.P. day."

OH, let no sudden "Cry"
Deprive me of my seat,
Before the SPEAKER'S eye
Has brought me to my feet!
Then let come what come may,
What matter if he go mad,
I shall have had my say.

Let the long Session endure
Till pair on pair be sorted,
So I can make quite sure
Of being *once* reported.
Then let come what come may,
Home-Ruler, Tory, Rad.
I shall have had my say.

ON hearing of Lord GIFFORD'S bequest of £80,000 for endowing the study of Natural Theology, the *P. M. G.* invoked "the Shade of PALEY!" What a pale ghost this would be! the mere ghost of a ghost.

THERE are so many big memorials of small people in Westminster Abbey, that it should be called the Home of the Mitey Dead.

WHERE VERDI'S NEW OPERA OUGHT TO BE PERFORMED IN LONDON.—The Grand *Otello*.



TURNING THE TABLES.

LORD CHANCELLOR. "WHAT, MR. SPEAKER!—NOT GOT THROUGH THE 'ADDRESS' YET!! _ WHY, TALK OF ABOLISHING *US*,—WE SHALL HAVE TO ABOLISH *YOU*!!!"

DUNRAVEN.

"I resigned on financial and general grounds,"—*Lord Dunraven's Letter to Sir Henry Holland.*

Perplexed Premier loquitur:—



ONCE upon a mid-day dreary, while I pondered weak and weary

Over many a Blue Book dull, and tome of diplomatic lore,—

While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping As of some one sharply rapping, rapping at my office-door.

"'Tis some diplomat," I muttered, "tapping at my office-door."

Only that, and nothing more.

* * * *

Open then I flung the doorway, when, with blast like one from Norway,

In there bustled brisk DUNRAVEN, whom I'd often seen before. Not the least obeisance made he; for no greeting stopped or stayed he, But with solemn mien and shady, perched above my office-door. On a bust of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, just above my office-door— Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this pompous bird beguiling my tired fancy into smiling, By the proud pragmatic aspect of the countenance it wore, "What's your little game, DUNRAVEN? Surely you have not turned craven.

"Back of late to a home-haven fresh from many a foreign shore— "Say if travelling your small game is, are you off to some far shore?" Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its parrot stock and store "Caught from Woodcock, its pet master, who so sold me. Sure disaster

"Follows fast and follows faster. Well, it is a beastly bore. "But I'll tune my harp to Hope, stout HARTINGTON, at least, is sure; He will leave me—Nevermore."

But DUNRAVEN still sat smiling in a manner rather riling; So I wheeled my office-chair in front of bird, and bust and door, And upon its cushion sinking straight I tackled him like winking, And I cried, "What are you thinking, croaking, croaking, as of yore?

What the dickens do you, ghastly gloomy and funereal bore. Mean by croaking 'Nevermore!'"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil!—this will play the very devil With the Union of the Unionists—a thing we both adore. Tell me are you too afraid, in view of an Exchequer laden? Can't you see Retrenchment's Aidenn, won't be reached till scares are o'er?

Then we'll seek that distant Aidenn, then together seek its shore,"— Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I cried, upstarting,

"Hook it with the wanton Woodcock to Algiers, to Africa's shore. Make no speeches as a token that our party ties are broken.

Twice already Woodcock's spoken,—don't you burst into a roar,— Take your hook, if you must go, but spare us on the House's floor." Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

And DUNRAVEN, spite his fitting, still seems sitting, still seems sitting

On that plaster bust of CHURCHILL, just above my office-door; And his eyes seem ever dreaming, economic juggles scheming, And the light within me gleaming in the good old days of yore, Ere young RANDOLPH came or STAFFY went—brave beacon-light of yore, Shall be lifted—Nevermore!

A STOREY OF A HOUSE.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON's new Novel *The Old House at Sandwich*—but stay—we will present a sample of the introduction, to our customers, which, if not a fac-simile, is the best we can produce from memory.

PART I. CHAPTER I.—"Inquire Within."

I AM giving my tradesmen in London a little holiday, and for this reason I am lounging about a remarkably quiet corner of pastoral Kent, the old-fashioned port of Sandwich. The climate is most appetising and drinkitising, the name being so suggestive of ham, beef, bread, and fine old crusted. Having deposited my bag at the ancient Inn, I am wandering about the old town. I must not wander too much or I shall never get to my story. I am considering where I am likely to find some one in this out-of-the-way spot who will stand me a dinner. As a rule a Sandwich man is always well provided, as no matter where he lodges he carries his board about with him. But there are no Sandwich men about to-day. I see a notice up, "This House to Let." Evidently no dinner there.

In a shaded corner of a garden I see a middle-aged man trimming a grass-plot. Strange that this grass-plot should suggest another plot as I lean over the railings and affably bid him "good day," and then going through the gate, I add, like *Paul Pry*, "I hope I don't intrude."

"Hoe, no!" he says, laying aside this garden implement. He tells me he is not a gardener, whereupon I reply that I am sure he is a man of great cultivation. This is safe, after what I've seen of him among his flowers and vegetables, with his hoe, rake and spade. He has been cutting capers to warm himself, and gathering salad, evidently for dinner. I show considerable interest in Sandwich; I ask questions about places to let. He tells me that he is the Vicar, and having nothing to do, he is in the garden taking his "*otium cum dig.*" It is many years since I heard this joke, and I welcome it with much laughter. The Vicar likes appreciation, and tells me that there is no one now left in Sandwich who will either listen to his sermons or laugh at his jokes.

"I shall not preach to you," he says, "as it is not Sunday;" but like the genial philosopher he is, he asks me to hear some more jokes at dinner. It is an excellent dinner. He goes on telling jokes, but as he pushes the decanter of old Madeira towards me, and contents himself with tapping his snuff-box instead of the wine, I am delighted to listen, drink, and smile. Before leaving, I get him well into an old joke about the House to Let, which he can't quite remember, but on my saying that he may possibly do so by dinner-time to-morrow, he repeats his hospitable invitation, and so the next day I dine with him again. On the strength of being on dining terms with the old Vicar, my landlord is prepared to give me credit to any extent.

"I like old-fashioned ways," says the Vicar, producing hot whiskey and water, and long churchwarden pipes.

"Your tastes are mine," I reply, and then he tells me PORSON's old Greek joke about *oude today oude tallo*, and I enjoy it in this old-world out-of-the-way spot, heartily.

On my road back to the Inn, the wind coming across the garden seems to do me a deal of good. As I hold on to the railings I hum a lullaby, while at the same time I feel full of a collection of tender sentiments, and am recalling faint memories of happy days. A bat whizzes by my head. Who threw it? The Vicar? Genial old philosopher! I linger in the doorway of the Inn, and there seems to be neither bell nor knocker. A solitary night-bird going home salutes me with a shrill cry. The night-bird is drunk and disorderly. Where are the police of Sandwich? I shall sleep on the door-step.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day I call on the old Vicar. He is not up to anything, except snuff, to-day. I too have a headache, but I will wait till he is down, to know whether he asked me to dinner to-night or not. He did, the genial old philosopher, and here I am. We dine again. He remarks that my not remembering the dinner invitation, shows I must be a Scotchman, as my motto evidently is "*dinna forget.*" Dear old-world, ancient, and well-known joke! Once more I laugh consumedly, and drink to its long life and prosperity in a bumper of the fine old Madeira—"not Port of Sandwich," says my host, (whereat I have convulsions of risibility and more Madeira) and then we adjourn to whiskey and churchwardens. It will not do to impose on his hospitality too long. I intimate that I want to know all about the "House to Let," and that I wish to change a small cheque with my own signature to it for ten pounds. He produces an old-world leather purse. He is fond of collecting curiosities and rarities of all sorts. Well the rarest gem in all his collection will be—my cheque.

It is many years since my holiday visit to that corner of Kent.

[Here the story really begins, and we will not anticipate the reader's pleasure by giving any clue as to Mr. JOSEPH HATTON's well-told story of *The Old House at Sandwich*. Order it at MUDIE's, or get it at SAMPSON LOW & Co's., and read it with delight.]



"WHOLESALE."

Scot (to Fellow-Traveller on Northern Railway). "MAY AH AUSK WHAT LINE YE'RE EN!"

Our Artist (who had undergone a wide cross-examination with complaisance). "WELL—I'M—I'M A PAINTER."

Scot. "MAN, THAT'S LUCKY! AH DEAL I' PENTS—AN' AH CAN SALL YE WHITE LEED FAUR CHEAPER THAN YE CAN BUY 'T AT ONY O' THE SHOAPS."

Artist. "OH, BUT I USE VERY LITTLE. A POUND OR SO SERVES ME OVER A YEAR."

Scot. "E—H, MAN! YE MAUN BE IN A VERA SMA' WAY O' BEEZENESS!!"

NO DANGER.

THE recent War-scare having caused some anxiety, it is satisfactory to learn that the Franco-German "preparations" have peaceful explanations, as the following table amply proves:—

Warlike Preparation.

Peaceful Explanation.

No Horse allowed to leave frontier of France.	Great scarcity of cat's-meat.
Ditto—Germany.	Horses required for bathing-machines at German watering-places.
Purchase of 10,000,000 rounds of ammunition in France.	Required for firing birthday salutes.
Ditto—Germany.	For preservation in Art Museums.
All Officers refused leave in France.	Wanted at balls as dancing men.
Ditto—Germany.	To prevent cash-squandering in foreign parts.
Acquisition of 20 Iron-clads by France.	Intended for use as penny river steamboats.
Ditto—Germany.	To be floated at Berlin, and used as barracks by the Shoeblack Brigade.
Mobilisation of the entire French Army.	For the sake of the men's health.
Ditto—German Army.	To see that none are missing.
Issue of a Loan for 100 Millions in France.	To be spent in renewing roads in the Bois de Boulogne.
Ditto—Germany.	To pay for new trees for Unter den Linden.
Ultimatum from France to Germany.	To prevent war.
Ditto—Germany to France.	To insure an honourable and lasting peace.

RIDDLE'S DICTIONARY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Dr. Buzzer's, Strikeholm, Finchley.*

I MADE up these two riddles last April, and I have determined to have them published. The fellows think them awfully good. You may wish to know why I made them up. I was making some mountains with a candle on the big map, when young JONES came bothering, so I didn't notice that I was burning a hole in the middle of Russia. Old BUZZER not only made me pay for a new map, but I had to clean the Steppes of Tartary as well, which certainly were in a beastly mess from the smoke of the candle, so I had to give young JONES a licking, and anyhow I owed him one from last term.

I remain Yours never-having-done-anything-since-erely,
JOSEPH MERCATOR MILLER. (Mi.)

P.S.—I have forgotten to send the riddles. Perhaps I had better put in the answers, as the fellows say they are very hard.

(a) What is the difference between a Baronet making butter, and a map on fire?—One is a churning Bart., and the other is a burning chart.

(b) What is the difference between a White Witch and a fire in a map-room?—One charms warts, and the other warms charts.

I will send you some more when I have made them up.—J. M. M.

Replies to Mr. Partington.

"ART Schools in Manchester!" says RUSKIN. "Pooh! Just buy my books, and read 'em. That'll do!"

"Why this complaining?" says Sir EVERETT, Bart.
"Study Punch pictures,—they will teach you Art."

COMEDY THEATRE.—First night of *Jan* was Fourteenth of "Feb."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 47.



HOUSE OF COMMONS DURING THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS. MR. NOBODY WASTING TIME.

Sketch by Our Sleepy Artist.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 7.—"As for cooing you gently," Colonel SAUNDERSON, said just now, as he gazed with softened glance upon PARNELL, "a sucking dove is a perfect screech-owl to him."

Strange indeed, the tone and attitude of the Irish Leader, especially for those who remember his earliest appearances. He and JOSEPH BIGGAR worked together then, now some ten years ago. Sat below the Gangway in close companionship. JOSEPH used to pair out on Blue Books; PARNELL depended on his own store of invective which was illimitable. A sight to make the SPEAKER shudder to see PARNELL with hands clenched, teeth set, hissing forth his hatred of the Saxon, whilst JOSEPH GILLIS, sitting near him, watched the effect with broadening grin. JOEY B. is now a staid Parliamentary man, with a high manner, based upon close observation of GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and DAVID PLUNKET. And this is PARNELL—occasionally almost inaudible by reason of excessive gentleness, conspicuous for his deference to the Chair, and remarkable for his courtesy to opponents. In these days of grace, refrains even from startling nervous Members by personal transformation scenes. Once, when obstruction was at its height, and all-night sittings had become monotonous, PARNELL used to shake the Government of the day by suddenly appearing with the crown of his head shaved; sometimes his hair hung low over his coat-collar, the next night it was cropped close. He had, moreover, a suit of muddy yellow hue with which, when the Chief Secretary did not prove amenable, he was wont to sear the eyeballs

of the House. All these things put away now, and here we have the smoothest spoken man that ever bearded the SPEAKER, or bullied a Minister.

Only once to-night did PARNELL return to older manner. This was when he observed, "I should like to ask the Government why Mr. JOHN DEVINE's skull was cracked?"

A solemn pause followed the propounding of this conundrum. HICKS BEACH, who had just arrived from Ireland, silently protested against things being put in this way. W. H. SMITH moved uneasily in place of Leader; HENRY MATTHEWS, pretended to be asleep; and Baron DE WORMS putting on his hat walked out behind the SPEAKER's Chair, winking at Right Hon. Gentleman, as who should say, "The Board of Trade has nothing to do with this."

Pity PARNELL momentarily lost his temper here. House so terrified and cowed that no answer was forthcoming, and darkness and night still broods over the question, "Why was Mr. JOHN DEVINE's skull cracked?" *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

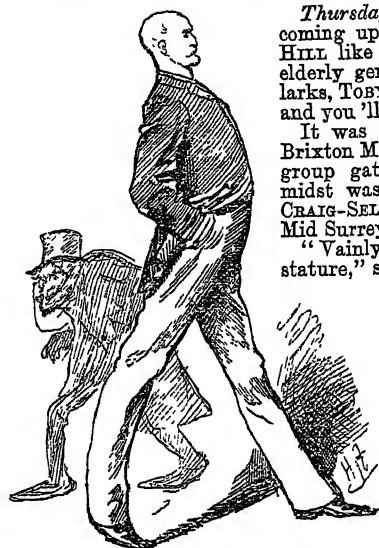
Tuesday.—Always believed that, before the world was much older, Grand Cross would electrify the House of Lords. Since he took his seat there he has, with characteristic modesty, kept in background.

"No hurry, TOBY," he said, when I ventured to remonstrate with him upon this loss to the nation. "My time will come. Meanwhile I sit here, bite my nails, adjust my spectacles, and look on. That has moral effect not recorded in Parliamentary reports. GRANVILLE knows my eye is upon him, and is careful accordingly. Often seen SHEERBROOKE move, with evident intention of rising, and attacking the Government. I fix him with my eye, and he keeps his seat. As for speaking, I'll do that by-and-by."

By-and-by befel to-night. Effect volcanic. Came about this way. In Commons a Member may, and often does, explain a Bill on moving for leave to introduce it, a stage which precedes printing. The Lords invariably wait for speech till second reading stage, when the Bill is printed and circulated. That has been their habit for centuries. But Grand Cross is above centuries. Having prepared a Bill dealing with Glebe Lands, he made a long speech to the amazed Lords. In Commons, in view of similar breach of established rule, the SPEAKER would have interfered, or the House would have shouted down the bold innovator. The Lords simply sat and stared frigidly at Grand Cross, who accepted this attitude as natural and ordinary testimony to the interest of his speech. When he had finished, GRANVILLE, in his sweetest and most seductive manner, reproved the young Viscount's temerity. The Markiss came to the support of his *protégé*, and there was quite a little storm in the teacup.

"Of course I stood up for him," said the Markiss, talking the matter over afterwards. "I was obliged to, when GRANVILLE attacked him. But he must be looked after. He is too versatile, too emotional, too *spirituel* to be left without a guiding hand." *Business done.*—In Commons, further debate on Address.

Wednesday.—Still doddering along in speech-making on Address. No one pays any particular attention. SPEAKER takes the Chair at usual hour. Members follow each other, and being Wednesday afternoon, when the clock points to quarter to six, the proceedings shut up like a telescope. More interest in election going on in St. George's, Hanover Square (GOSCHEN calls HAYSMAN, "the School-master abroad"), and in the news from Ireland. TIM HEALY is coming back again, and W. O'BRIEN, "will never come back no more." He has had enough of the House of Commons. Not sure that the feeling of repletion isn't mutual. However it be, O'BRIEN turns his back on House of Commons, and we must get on as best we can. *Business done.*—None.



"Such Larks!"

Thursday.—"Such larks!" said JOEY B., coming upon me suddenly round Lord ARTHUR HILL like a mischievous urchin darting upon an elderly gentleman round the Monument. "Such larks, TOBY! You stand by, keep your eye on me, and you'll see something."

It was a quarter-past four. Discussion on Brixton Market Bill drawing to a close. Presently group gathered at the Bar; prominent in the midst was GOSCHEN, supported on one side by CRAIG-SELLAR, and the other by the Member for Mid Surrey.

"Vainly trying to add a Cubitt to his political stature," said a familiar voice close by. It was TIM HEALY, come back to us after brief but painful separation.

"So you've come back again?" I asked, perhaps unconsciously.

"Yes—bringing my sheaves with me," said TIM, pointing to two other newly-elected Irish Members, round whom JOEY B. was hovering like a maternal eagle.

A merry group this, in strong contrast to GOSCHEN, fresh from his triumph in St. George's, Hanover Square. "He looks quite ghastly—eh, don't he?" said GENT DAVID, in an awed whisper.

"Why, when I was returned for Kennington, I came in quite cook-a-whoop."

GOSCHEN didn't improve during moments of waiting. Wrung his hands piteously, fumbled with his eyeglass, and looked unutterably miserable. "CÆSAR," said PLUNKET, "looks as if we had come to bury him, instead of to applaud."

At signal from SPEAKER new Member advanced, amid storm of cheers from Conservatives and hurricane of howls from Irish Members. JOSEPH GILLIS, his face illumined with a strange weird light, yelled, "Yah! yah!" Then the scene changed. GOSCHEN took seat on Treasury Bench, and TIM HEALY, personally conducted by JOSEPH GILLIS, advanced to the table amid thunderous cheers from the Irish Camp, and mocking laughter from the Conservatives. The "Sheaves" came after, amid renewed counter-demonstration, after which the House quietly set itself to putting and answering questions, as if nothing particular had happened. *Business done.*—More talk on the Address.

Friday.—The long course of speechmaking on the Address flashed up to-night in momentary flame. At outset Wind-Bag SEXTON nearly put it out altogether. Began soon after five and talked the House empty into the dinner hour. This a little hard on Home Secretary, who followed. Though House otherwise empty, Irish Members remained, and kept up a running commentary through his speech.

Getting on to midnight when HARCOURT rose. Scene changed. Members, having leisurely dined, back again ready to be amused or interested. HARCOURT in good form. Usual effect of irritating gentlemen opposite, who treated him something after fashion Parnellites comport themselves during speech of Irish Secretary. Howled and jeered, and more than once maliciously broke in upon carefully constructed sentence. HARCOURT had with great care prepared impressive impromptu for peroration. Speaking of Conservative Policy in Ireland he was to have said—"You are going the old way. It is a road strewn with the carcasses of many defeated administrations, and my belief is that your bones, too, will whiten it." This an echo of BRIGHT's style. BRIGHT might have

spoken it, and created a profound impression. House would not have it from HARCOURT. Broke in with shout of ribald laughter, and the carefully written-out impromptu on the notes not recited farther than the word "bones."

Business done.—PARNELL's Amendment to Address rejected by 352 votes against 246.

THE WOMAN AND THE LAW!

(A True Story told before Mr. Justice Hawkins at the recent Liverpool Assizes—vide Daily Telegraph, Feb. 8.)

In the criminal dock stood a woman alone,
To be judged for her crime, her one fault to repair,
And the man who gave evidence sat like a stone,
With a look of contempt for the woman's despair!
For the man was a husband, who'd ruined a life,
And broken a heart he had found without flaw;
He demanded the punishment due from the wife
Who was only a Woman! whilst his was the Law!

A terrible silence then reigned in the Court,
And the eyes of humanity turned to the dock,
Her head was bent down, and her sobbing came short,
And the gaoler stood ready, with hand on the lock
Of the gate of despair, that would open no more
When this wreckage of beauty was hurried away!

"Let me speak," moan'd the woman, "my Lord, I implore!" [say!]

"Yes, speak," said the Judge. "I will hear what you

"I was only a girl when he stole me away
From the home and the mother who loved me too well;
But the shame, and the pain, I have borne since that day,
Not a pitying soul who now listens can tell!
There was never a promise he made but he broke;
The bruises he gave I have covered with shame;
Not a tear, not a pray'r, but he scorn'd as a joke!
He cursed at my children, and sneered at my fame!

"The money I'd slav'd for and hoarded, he'd rob;
I have borne his reproaches when maddened with drink:
For a man there is pleasure, for woman a sob;
It is he who may slander, but she who must think!
But at last came the day when the Law gave release,
Just a moment of respite from merciless fate,
For they took him to prison, and purchased me peace,
Till I welcomed him home like a wife—at the gate!

"Was it wrong in repentance of Man to believe?
It is hard to forget, it is right to forgive!
But he struck me again, and he left me to grieve
For the love I had lost, for the life I must live!
So I silently stole from the depths of despair
And slunk from dark destiny's chastening rod,
And I crept to the light, and the life, and the air,
From the town of the man, to the country of God!

"'Twas in solitude then that there came, to my soul,
The halo of comfort that sympathy casts—
He was strong, he was brave, and, though centuries roll,
I shall love that one man whilst eternity lasts!
Oh, my Lord, I was weak, I was wrong, I was poor!
I had suffered so much, through my journey of life.
Hear! the worst of the crime that is laid at my door—
I said I was widow, when really a wife!

"Here I stand to be judg'd, in the sight of the man
Who from purity took a frail woman away.
Let him look in my face, if he dare, if he can!
Let him stand up on oath, to deny what I say!
'Tis a story that many a wife can repeat,
From the day that the old curse of Eden began;
In the dread name of Justice, look down from your seat,
Come! sentence the Woman, and shelter the Man!"

A silence more terrible reigned than before,
For the lip of the coward was cruelly curled;
But the hand of the gaoler slipped down from the door
Made to shut this sad wanderer out from the world!
Said the Judge, "My poor woman, now listen to me!
Not one hour you shall stray from humanity's heart!
When thirty swift minutes have sped, you are free!
In the name of the Law—which is Mercy—depart!"

SINCE Lord RANDOLPH's retirement many of his ex-friends have been "raising the cry of 'WOLF.'" Up till now the High Commissioner to the SULTAN has stood it like a "like a Lamb." Will he return?



A REAL JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

Impecunious Party (reading "Times"). "ONE HUNDRED DEBTORS WERE ALSO SET AT LIBERTY, THEIR LIABILITIES BEING DISCHARGED BY THE GOVERNMENT."

"THE POETRY OF MOTION."

AIR—"The Grasshopper Dwells." Duett from "Cox and Box," arranged for Messrs. L-b-ch-re and W. C. B-nt-nck.

Mr. L. (solo). The Steam-engine snorts through the Ambleside hills,
Its smoke is fair to see,
Its shrieks drown the music of lakes and of rills,
Its whistle is melodee!

'Twill come by night, 'twill come by day,
But there's a slight doubt if 'twould ever pay,
Yet poetry's all, and for payment who cares?
That only concerns those who purchase the shares.

Mr. C. B. (contemptuously). Twaddle, twaddle, twum, &c.

Mr. L. (together, con.) They'll come by night, they'll come by
Mr. B. (amore) day, &c. (as before.)

Mr. C. B. (solo). Were WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE alive in the land,
They'd highly approve of the scheme;

They'd welcome the advent of many a band
Of 'Arries! a true poet's dream.

The paths where they loved to meditate
Will be traversed now at the deuce of a rate.
The cloud-mists are dear to the Poet's eyes,
But now they'll be thicker and twice the size.

Mr. L. (ironically). Twaddle, twaddle, twum, &c.

Mr. C. B. (together). They'll come by night, &c.

Mr. L. Twaddle, twaddle, twum, &c. (as before.)

Bent on Trial.

THE well-known line, telling us how—

"The soldier leant upon his sword, And wiped away a tear,"
should nowadays be rendered thus—

"The soldier leant upon his sword, And it gave way at once."
It will want a good deal of extra "Britannia Mettle" to make up
for this weakness in our arms.

"OLD ROWLEY!"

[Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL and Mr. ROWLEY CATHCART played *Uncle's Will* and *Sweethearts* at Osborne. HER MAJESTY presented Mrs. KENDAL with a diamond brooch in the shape of an imperial crown, gave Mr. KENDAL a cheque for the night's expenses of the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. R. CATHCART a cheque for himself. Subsequently it was announced that, as a memorial of the performance of *David Garrick* at Sandringham, H.R.H. had presented Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM with a gold cup.]

AIR—"Froggie would a-Wooing go."

Off they went to Osborne to play,

("Heigho!" says ROWLEY.)

Off they went to Osborne to play;

There were only Mrs. and Mr. K.,

With their ROWLEY CATHCART.

("Would it were Greenwich.

Heigho!" sighs elderly ROWLEY.)

The first piece played was *Uncle's Will*.

("Ho! Ho!" laughs ROWLEY.)

They all three played in *Uncle's Will*,

And *Sweethearts* to follow completed the bill,

Both with ROWLEY CATHCART.

("Glad to get finidge'd,

Heigho!" growls elderly ROWLEY.)

They greatly delighted HER MAJESTEE,

("Hooray!" cries ROWLEY.)

They highly delighted HER MAJESTEE,

Did Mister and Missus and little ROWLEE,

With their tact in actin'

Little space pack'd in.

("Heigho!" says elderly ROWLEY.)

With a brooch did HER MAJESTY Mrs. K. deck.

("Hooray!" shouts ROWLEY.)

Crown diamonds shining in front of her neck;

A cheque to her Hub; then the QUEEN drew a cheque

For their ROWLEY, slowly,

("Solely and wholly

For me!" cries elderly ROWLEY.)

Postscript.

CHARLES WYNDHAM on hearing it threw his hands up,

("Hallo!" says DAVY.)

CHARLES WYNDHAM on hearing it threw his hands up,

And into them H.R.H. chucked a gold cup,

For command obeying,

Sandringham playing,

"Hooray!" cries WYNDHAM as DAVY!

SMITH SCORES.

BRAVO, MR. SMITH! In this big Party mess
You have scored, as a Leader, your first big success;
And, whatever betide, e'en your foes must confess
That you knew how to meet the Address with address.

NEWS FROM THE THEATRES.

THE *Hobby Horse*, having gone lame, will not be hacketed again. A comfortable stall will be provided for it at the St. James's until it is turned out for its *coup-de-grass* in the country. It was thought that *A Noble Vagabond* at the Princess's was *Hard Hit*; but, since this report was circulated, there has been, we hear, a considerable improvement in his condition. *Ruddygore* is now spelt *Ruddigore*. It would be always difficult to explain the "why or wherefore" of the piece, so the "y" is better omitted; and, now that it has "got its 'i' in," it ought to make its mark at every performance. Through all the densest fogs *Harbour Lights* shine brightly, attracting crowds of stranded passengers to the Adelphi Haven. The Messrs. GATTI's advertisement might take this form—"First-rate Houses—Inquire Adelphi Terriss, No. 1 A."

THE NEW UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE COLONIES.

ONSLOW appointed! Hum! Did business go
So very fast, that we must get On-slow?

LAST Friday Professor CROOKES in his brilliant lecture at the Royal Institution got as far as "the original pro-tyle." What was this? A night-cap? or a felt wide-awake, which is a pro-chimney-pot?

"HOLIDAY TASKS."

SHORT essays and stories. Again and again
You'll take up the book, and find pleasure in PAYN.



"TURNING A PHRASE."

Dramatic Author. "WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN BY PITCHING INTO MY PIECE IN THIS BRUTAL MANNER? IT'S SHAMEFUL!"

Dramatic Critic. "PITCHING INTO IT? NO, NO, NO, DEAR OLD MAN—YOU'LL SEE HOW PLEASED I WAS, IF YOU'LL ONLY READ BETWEEN THE LINES!"

THE DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPH.

ACT I.—A Local Police Office. Enterprising Detective discovered concluding an Address of Instructions to Members of the Force.

Enterprising Detective. Now mind what I've said. We haven't got to watch the Boulton boats, nor Liverpool, nor such-like places, nor bother with the Provinces in this here case. The man we want ain't got no money to get off with, and, from a cue we've received, we know him to be a hiding himself in the district at this very hour; so he's in your very midst. Now, you've all had a good look at his photograph, and, seeing that all the coffee-shops and restaurangs are put up to him, he ought to be starved out, and you ought to have him in your hands within a couple of months. Now, go on your beats, and keep your eyes open. [They open their eyes, and exeunt.]

Scene changes to a Spot in the immediate Neighbourhood. Enter two Intelligent Constables, and the Wanted One.

The Wanted One. This is the ninth day that I have repeatedly shown myself to them, and yet they will not arrest me. Ha! these two Intelligent Constables! Perhaps they will recognise me. I will try them. [Approaches.]

Enter a Casual Informer.

Casual Informer (addressing Intelligent Constables). I say, mates, I know who you're after, and that's 'im. [Points to Wanted One.] *Intelligent Constables.* 'Im? [Leisurely surveying the Wanted One.] Tell that to your grandmother.

[Exit Casual Informer to tell it to his Grandmother. Exeunt Constables severally.]

The Wanted One (looking after them reproachfully). Useless! They decline to seize me. Oh, this is indeed irksome. Ha! I have it, I will walk down to Scotland Yard and give myself up to the Inspector. [Does so, but on arriving at his destination, is informed by a bevy of Policemen, on duty, that the Inspector is out. He sadly surveys a photograph of himself displayed at the door of the Office, writes a communication on a fly-leaf, and posts it as act-drop falls.]

ACT II.—An appointed Spot. Enter an Enterprising Detective and a Skilled Subordinate.

Enterprising Detective (surveying a communication he has received with jubilant satisfaction). This is a nice bit of information, this is. Going to give himself up. Well, it shows how well we've worked the job. [Anxiously looking at his watch.] Rather after his time, though. [Brightens up.] No. Here's somebody with a Constable. I wonder if—

Enter the Wanted One in charge of a Cautious Constable.

Cautious Constable. I found him walking round the corner. He said he was a coming here, and so I've brought him.

The Wanted One. Yes, so you have, and many thanks. [To Detective.] I'm the Wanted One.

Enterprising Detective (suspiciously). Are you quite sure?

The Wanted One. I'll bet you ten to one I am.

Enterprising Detective (convinced). Then I take you. [Takes him.]

Cautious Constable (aside). Pity there wasn't a reward offered.

[Assists in the capture, and the three walk off arm-in-arm to the Station House.]

ACT III.—The Station House. Inspector on duty. Enter Detective, Constable, and Prisoner.

Inspector. Who is this?

Detective. Well, he says—

Constable. He told me fust, when I met him—

Prisoner. Further disguise is useless,—I am the Wanted One!

All (with conviction). He is the Wanted One!

Detective (to the Audience). And if our friends in front are only satisfied, we shall have no cause to regret "The Detective's Triumph."

[Curtain.]

KEATS IMPROVED.

"In his opinion, a railway was in itself a beautiful object."—*Mr. Labouchere in the Debate on the Ambleside Railway Bill.*

A LOCOMOTIVE is a joy for ever:

It's loveliness enchants us; it shall never
Be blamed for noisiness, but still will keep
The country quiet for us, and our sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and easy breathing.
Therefore in every Railway Bill we're wreathing,
An iron band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of the sentimental, who to mirth,
More manly natures, spite of foggy days,
Of all the unhealthy and smoke-darkened ways,
Made for our travelling: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty makes the whistle's squall,
Sweet to our spirits. Such the bellman's tune,
Roofs, old and rotten, leaking, a shady boon
For passengers; and such Excursion bills,
With the waste walls they cling to; and loud shrills,
With which the drivers nightly shindy make,
Sharp shunting shocks, the grinding of the brake,
The rich soot-sprinkling that befouls our homes;
And such too is the grandeur of the domes,
Art hath imagined for the Engine shed.
All lovely tales that ever we have read,
Of Attic temples on the river's brink,
Before that roof at Cannon Street must shrink!

THE HARSH-DEACON OF WESTMINSTER.

AT a meeting in support of the Church House, Archdeacon FARRAR said, in his archest-diaconal manner, that "he couldn't understand the animosity which this scheme had provoked." Yet he is not generally wanting in intelligence. But, perhaps, if the arch Archdeacon were one of the poor Clergy with a big parish, a large family, and a small salary, some slight glimmering of the reason why this Church-House scheme has provoked such animosity might possibly enlighten his present benighted state of existence. As it is, he seems to think that an English Vatican is to be a Pan-Anglican panacea, and that when the poor parsons ask for bread to give them a stone is Farrar-naeons food. Would he earn the title of Harsh-Deacon FARRAR? Let the arch Archdeacon consider under what conditions the work of the builders is but lost labour, and he'll propose justice to the poor Clergy first, and generosity to the Church House afterwards.

Rhyme by a Railway Porter.

STOUT Speaker PEEL with solemn face,
On DILLON put a damper,
Because he strove with his packing-case
The Government to hamper.

THE CONFUSED CROCODILE.

Nonsense Verses by the Nile. (With apologies to "Alice.")

LIPLEY. SAMPSON & CO.

How doth the dancing Crocodile,
With saltatory tail,
Frisk by the waters of the Nile,
Until his muscles fail!

How woefully he seems to grin,
How sadly spreads his claws,
And sighs, "I wonder who will win?"
With grimly gaping jaws.

In works of labour and of skill,
JOHN BULL seems busy too,
But France still strives with evil will,
To put things all askew.

JOHN tootles gently on the fife,
But France with angry scorn,
A shindy makes with peace at strife,
By blasts on the French horn.

"Which tune *am* I to caper to?"
The Crocodile inquires,
"Two steps at once I *cannot* do;
It's puzzling, and it tires."

Says Mr. BULL, "My pipe would play
The Music of the Spheres,
But when I'm well upon my way,
That twangler interferes.

"It's getting more than I can stand;
I shall strike work, that's flat.
If he'd be leader of the band,
Let him pass round the hat.

"No doubt 'twould seem a blessed boon
To yon vindictive viper,
Were he allowed to 'call the tune,'
While I'd to 'pay the piper.'"

This farce has long enough gone on,
Hard by the banks of Nile,
And with the worst effects upon
Our puzzled Crocodile!

HEE! HEE!

(By Walker Weir, Author of "Solomon's Ewers.")

CHAPTER I.—The Pot of Pomatum.

It was in this very month something over twenty years ago, that I, BIGWIG LORRELL TREE, was sitting one night in my rooms at Cambridge, grinding away at some mathematical work, I forget what. Short, thick-set, and deep-chested almost to deformity, with



Fac-simile of the Pot of Pomatum.

One-Half Size.

Greatest length of the original . . . 5½ in.
Greatest breadth . . . 2 in.
Weight . . . 2½ oz.

sinewy arms longer than my legs, heavy features, deep set grey eyes, a low brow, covered to my wide lips with a mop of thick black hair—such was my appearance nearly a quarter of a century ago, and such, with some modifications, is it to this day. I have but one fault, I am too fond of practical jokes. Once I loved a girl very dearly, and we were engaged. She wished me to name the day of our marriage. By way of answer I took her to the glass and stood side by side with her, and looked into it. "Now," I said, "if I am the Beauty, who are you?" That was when I was only twenty, and I am much funnier now. There was a knock at my door. I had but one friend in the world—I am good at guessing conundrums—perhaps it was he. Then there was a howl which shook the College to its very foundations. I knew the howl and hastened to open the door. A tall man of about thirty, with remains of great personal beauty, came staggering in with an immense box. He threw it down, and then stretching himself on the hearth-rug and placing his head in the coal-scuttle, fell into a heavy slumber. I revived him by pouring a bottle of whiskey down his throat.

"It's all right," he explained indistinctly, and then he told me a long incoherent story about his family. So far as I could understand, he was descended from an early Egyptian priest of Isis. "Not Cambridge man, but Oxford—hic—Isis," he explained. He was the sixty-sixth or six hundred and sixty-sixth (he did not seem sure as to which) lineal descendant of this gentleman, who it appeared had some quarrel with a lady of theatrical tastes. The name of the Priest was (so I understood) KILLIKRANKIE. The theatrical lady seemed to have made him disappear in some peculiar manner, and his son thereupon took the name of WINDEX, which, as my friend reminded me, was "Latin for 'venger.'" He then became almost unintelligible about his family in the time of "CHAMPAGNE" ("ole German sportsman," he suggested), and CHARLES THE SECOND, and ended by saying his father made a fortune in beer. They had called themselves WINKLE from time immemorial, because, as he explained, they were descended from "Chap at Isis—hic!—priest, you know, at Gunter's!" He declared that he had the whole blessed thing in the box, which I was to open when his son was five-and-twenty. Then he burst into tears, told me he had made a will leaving me that boy and his entire fortune, and staggered out.

The next morning my gyp informed me that he had found WINKLE dead and incapable on the stairs. I attended the funeral, and twenty years afterwards opened that box. It contained a letter addressed "To my son PONGO, should he live to open this casket," a scroll of paper, and what appeared to be the piece of a pot of pomatum. The letter told his son to go in quest of the theatrical lady, who some thousand years before had made his ancestor disappear, and who was said to live for ever. The scroll of writing was all in Greek and black-letter, and is too long for transcription, but I may say it seemed to be the same incoherent story that poor WINKLE had tried to tell me with his head resting in the coal-scuttle so many years before. I think he must have written it himself. The piece of the pot of pomatum was self-explanatory. I give a sketch of it.

"Well, I suppose we must go," said BOB—he had been a stable-help, and in that character I had engaged him as PONGO's nurse—"I suppose we must go."

"Bob, you are not worth a shilling," I replied.

That day three months we were on the water of the sea of Batter, bound for Aquariumbar.

CHAPTER II.—The Halls of M'dme Too Sör.

How different are the scenes that I now have to tell, from that which has just been told! Gone are the quiet College Rooms with their picturesque et-ceteras, and in their place rise several useful visions. Were I writing this for a weekly pictorial newspaper, such

as the *Illustrated* or the *Graphic*, I might here describe a number of incidents to give the artist a chance. For instance, I would go in for a squall, and tell how a vast wave came with a wild rush of boiling foam and made me cling for my life to the shroud, ay, and swept me straight out from it like a flag in a gale. Then I could dabble in some hunting sketches, and describe how two lions tried to eat us, and how one was eaten himself for his pains. Would not this be an extraordinary scene? I might tell how one of the lions managed to get well on the bank with a crocodile in pursuit of him, half standing and half swimming, and nipping his hind leg. I might add that the lion roared till the air quivered with the sound, and then, with a savage shrieking snarl, turned round and clawed hold of the crocodile's head. The crocodile with one of his eyes torn out, shifted his grip and the lion roaring with agony, laid his great hind claws in the crocodile's comparatively soft throat and ripped it open as one would rip up a glove. That ought to illustrate pretty well, ought it not? Then, with the same end in view, I might have a great deal to say about the savages belonging to the early Egyptian sorceress—how the girls kissed the men, how the men tortured strangers by putting a red-hot soup-tureen on their heads, and many other matters equally picturesque. I admit the soup-tureen incident would have had a peculiar charm for me, had I used it, as I could then have described the victims as "going to pot."

But, as this story will not be illustrated save by the sketch to which I have already alluded, I need not go into all this, but may as well come to my first interview with HEE—HEE—THE-DONKEY—THAT-WILL-HAVE-HER-WAY. For short she was always called HEE. Another name she had was AYESHASH, pronounced ASS-ISH. She lived in the land of M'dme Tor-Sör, amongst the Umbuggums (the people who deceive). I was introduced by an old man called BILLE STICKINGS (PONGO's nurse, BOB,—a gentleman scarcely worth a couple of sixpences—always amusingly spoke of him as BILLY) to her presence.

HEE was seated, robed in a sort of *peignoir*. She was attended by deaf mutes.

"There," said HEE, as BILLY left us, "he has gone, the white-headed old fool! Ah! how little does a man acquire in life. He gathereth it up like water, but like water it runneth through his fingers; and yet, if his hands be but wet as though with dew, behold a generation of fools call out, 'See, is he not a wise man!'"

From this I saw at once that the lady was a constant reader of the works of MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER; and, on further investigation, discovered she had for several years kept a commonplace-book. Under these circumstances, I will not repeat my conversations with her on various occasions, as they might become tedious. However, it is only right to say that, having heard her repeat, with a somewhat foreign accent, "*Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*," and "*τυττω, τυττεις, τυττει*," I became convinced that she was also a proficient in the dead languages, and quite qualified to be the Head of Girton or Lady Margaret's. Evidently to impress me, she showed me some reflections on a table in a darkened corner of the room. I saw, as distinctly as ever I saw anything in my life, PONGO lying on a bench in another apartment. A young lady was watching over him with a look of infinite tenderness, and with her chestnut locks falling on to her right shoulder.

"This is called the Kam-Orrers-Kurrer!" HEE cried, with a bell-like laugh. "Hast thou aught to ask of me, O YEW TREE?"

"Aye, one thing, O ASS-ISH!" I said, boldly. "I would gaze upon thy form."

"Thou shalt, my PLANE TREE."

She lifted her white and rounded arms—never had I seen such arms before—and slowly, very slowly, withdrew some fastener beneath her hair. Then all of a sudden the long bath-like wrapping fell to the ground. I gazed at her and I do not exaggerate—shrank back blinded and amazed. I had heard of the beauty of cirrus, acrobatic beings, and now I saw it. She was a mass of splendid spangles, with a deep broad coat of gold which fitted tightly to the figure from the neck to the knees. Though the face before me was that of a young woman of certainly not more than thirty years, in perfect health and with the improving flush of rouge upon her cheeks, yet it had stamped upon it a look of intense experience. I felt instinctively that, given a *trapeze*, she would jump for several miles.

"Now," said HEE, after she had resumed her covering, "wouldst thou see some of the wonders of this place, O SHERRY and PORT TREE?"

I bowed, and in a moment followed her to some side passages where were some figures covered with sheets.

"Uplift the cloths, O my CHRISTMAS TREE," said ASS-ISH, but when I put out my hand to do so I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege, and to speak the truth I was awed by the solemnity of the place and the presences before me. Then, with a little laugh at my fears, she drew them herself, discovering the life-like presentment of the most eminent personages. There were monarchs and heroes of all ages, and in the quaintest costumes. They stood like ghosts in their calm, if somewhat eccentric attitudes. Nearly all the figures—so masterly was the art with which they had been treated—were as perfect as the day on which they had been erected, in some cases, no doubt, years and years before.

"Behold the mysteries of M'dme Too Sör," she exclaimed. "Look not so frightened, O my TREE-GOOSE. I tell thee I deal not in magic—there is no such thing. And now for some more light. Thou wilt presently understand."

In a moment some of the mutes seized the oldest of the figures, and made them flame. *They burned like waxworks!*

"I promised thee a strange sight, my GOOD-AS-BEERBOHM TREE," laughed ASS-ISH, whose nerves did not seem to be affected, and immediately joined in a wild *can-can* with the mutes.

Overwhelmed at the extraordinary spectacle, I fell into a swoon, and saw no more!

CHAPTER III.—*The House made of Glass.*

WHEN I came to myself I found that HEE had made arrangements with PONGO and BOB (rather twelve pence-sive) to visit a new place not many miles from the land of M'dme Too Sör, and that we were even then threading the streets of houses of those long since dead. And here my pen fails me. To give a story of measurements and details of the various courts would only be wearisome. It is enough to say I saw where ancient Romans, and ancient Greeks, and ancient Egyptians, had dwelt, leaving records on the walls thousands of years old. Never had I seen anything more marvellous. There were statues too hewn from marbles so pure and white, that I could not name them without a catalogue. Suddenly she called upon us to ascend, what seemed to be a huge spiral staircase. We followed, clinging for dear life to the steps until we had reached a hideous height.

"Come!" cried HEE, once more discarding her *peignoir*, and seizing a huge pole that BOB (who said he was "as dizzy as a couple of tizzies") had carried for her, trod lightly and firmly across the frail bridge, and in another second was standing safe upon a heaving rope!

Oh, the horror of the sight! I have always hated a great height, but never before did I fully realise the dread horrors of which such a position is capable. Oh, the sickening sensation of that yielding rope—I grew dizzy, and thought I must fall. My spirit *crept*, but I passed over in safety. Then came PONGO's turn, and though he looked rather queer, he came across like a rope-dancer, and I heard her say, "Bravely done, my love,—bravely done! The old Greek spirit lives in thee yet!"

And now only poor BOB (better than a clown, as he was worth three "Joeys") remained, but he was so quaintly comic in his hideous terror that the fun of the thing proved a welcome relief to the varying humours of the unconventional entertainment.

Shortly afterwards we descended in safety on the other side, and found ourselves in some park-like grounds. It had now grown quite dark.

"Where are we now?" asked PONGO.

"This place, with its grounds, my KILLIKRANKIE, people name the House of Glass. Listen!"

We heard a grinding or crushing noise—a noise so awe-inspiring, that we all trembled, and BOB (with a Robert-like jerk) sank to his knees—and then there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow, many-coloured, and like the lightning bright.

"O-oh!" we exclaimed, astounded at the wonderful sight. This magnificent display was several times repeated. Now we saw green, now blue, now red coloured light.

"The works of fire are over," said HEE, at length, "and the time has come for my last feat."

She sank upon a seat, and covered herself from head to foot in the *peignoir*.

"Oh, look!—look!—look!" shrieked BOB (white as silver), in a shrill falsetto of terror, his eyes nearly dropping out of his head, and foam upon his lips. "Look!—look!—look! She's disappearing!"

I never saw anything like it! When we removed the *peignoir*, only the seat remained. HEE had completely disappeared.

"The Vanishing Lady!" shouted PONGO.

And overcome with the extremity of horror, we too fell on the sandy floor of that dread place and swooned away.

We got back safely to Cambridge, and that is the end of this history, so far as it concerns science and the outside world. But I feel that the other end is not reached yet. A story that began more than two thousand years ago, may stretch a long way (in newer volumes) into the dim and distant future.



"The Wheelbarrow Man."

To EQUESTRIANS.—The bit most useful for holding a horse, specially in Town, is—the Threepenny Bit.

OUR ADVERTISERS.—PUZZLING AND OTHER.

EASY COMPETITION.—Prizes of 5s. and 2s. 6d. respectively are offered for the two best Poems, in Twelve Cantos, on the subject of "The Athletic Drawing Room Proclivities of the Early Chinese Emperors," arriving first immediately after the appearance of the above advertisement. Enclose one shilling in stamps.—Rev. J. K., Catchem Priory, Grit-on-the-Slyde.

JABBERLOVIDWILLYONSTROCKAKOWSKY.—Give ten Biblical Names, using all these letters in each. Enclose 2s. 6d. entrance fee, and Solicitor's name in case of dissatisfaction. Prize optional.—The Brixton High Art Genuine Puzzle Company.

EQUIVALENT TO £500 IN MONEY is offered, in the shape of a Fire-escape in fair condition, together with 96 feet of Hose only slightly leaky, and the boiler of a Pumping-Engine, by a Clergyman anxious to dispose of them for a Charity, for the best synopsis of the lives of the Archbishops of York and Canterbury who have been noted for their dancing of the national Hornpipe. P.O. for 1s. and P.C. for result.—Rural Dean, Vicarage, Grabover.

GENEALOGICAL PRIZES.—Prizes, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., and 1s. "My grandfather's great grandmother's sister, married my maternal aunt's great uncle. What relation would their second cousin by marriage be to my brother's solicitor's posthumous step-son?" The above prizes will be awarded for the three most successful answers to the above. Enclose 3s. fee and directed post-card to K., 119, Bunglers' Road, Muddlesborough.

QUITE GENUINE.—EASY COMPETITION. A THOUSAND GUINEAS.—Second line of the popular ballad of "Who killed Cock Robin?" The sender of the first envelope, enclosing a correct answer to the above and one shilling in stamps, opened by the advertiser after the appearance of this advertisement will receive a cheque for the aforementioned sum by return of post. No disqualifications. No references.—Clipper, Post-office, Smokeleigh.

"MY KITCHEN BOILER IS OUT OF ORDER."—Most English words will be found in this, and any competitor who encloses a P.O. for one shilling and makes as many as he can of it, will have a chance of sharing whatever remains of the receipts, after paying the £15 17s. 6d. which is required for its repair. This is a *bona fide* advertisement. Beware of frauds.—HONESRY, Blurtem Cottages, Strataway.

GREAT PRIZE COMPETITION.—£150 to be gained in the shape of (1), A second-hand Steam-roller (slightly damaged); (2), A Highly trained and Performing Hippopotamus, with red hot pinching irons and double spring hook whip (for training) complete; and (3), Odd Volumes of a valuable Cyclopaedia, embracing the portion from M—T to X—N inclusive, lately the property of a literary Duke. The above will be awarded to the three best poems in blank verse of sixty lines in length, descriptive of an ascent in the lift at the Army and Navy Stores.—Enclose 5s. to FILCHER & Co., Blinders' Buildings, Pocketham.

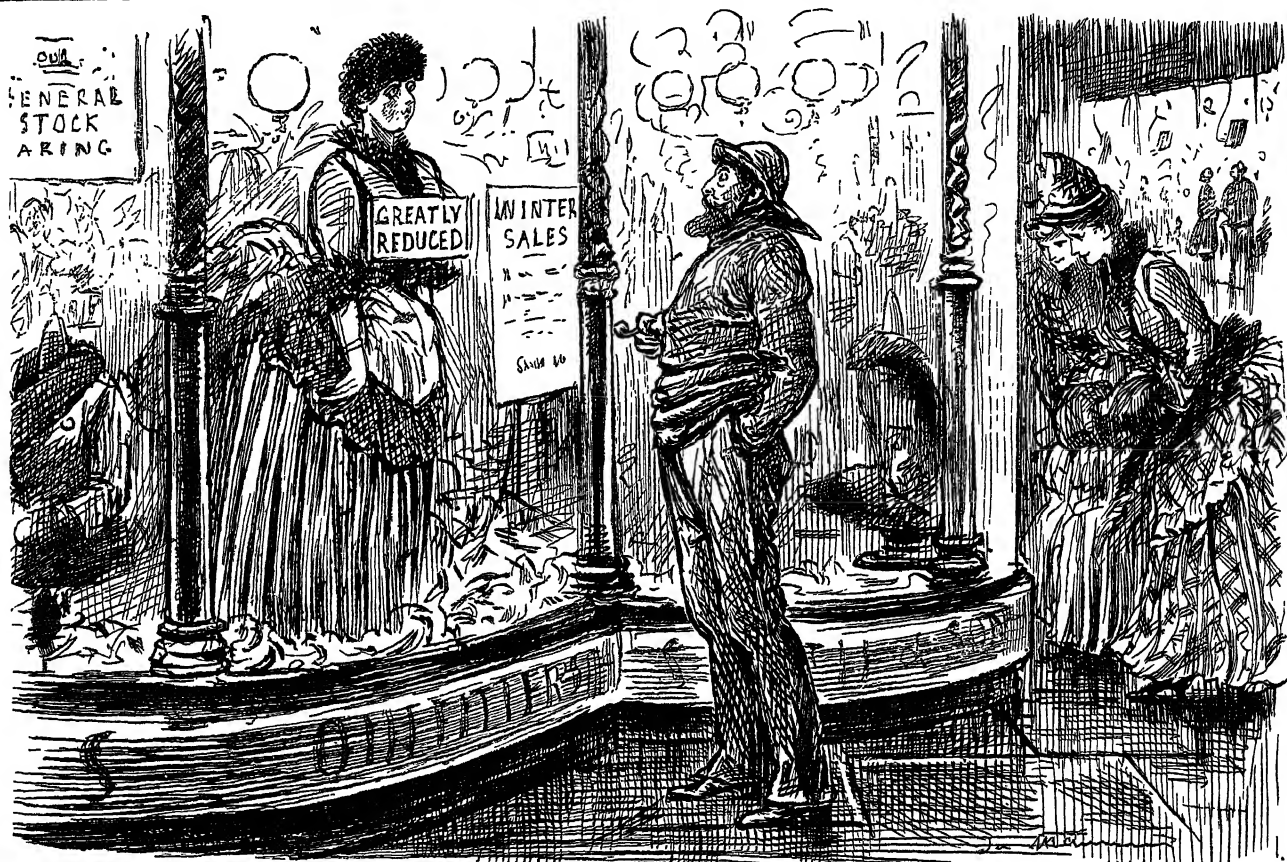
JAM.—Prizes of 20s., 15s., 10s., and 5s., offered to four first correct answers, giving greatest number of words out of above, received by return of post. NUTTALL's heavy black type folio as Reference Dictionary. Forward 1s. in stamps; 6d. more for full particulars of failure.—BLINKS, 192, High Street, Dodginton.

GREAT NOVELTY.—CIRCUS COMPETITION.—A Prize of £1000 and £500 respectively will be given for the two best Performances on a bare-backed steed. Entrance Fee, 1s. Subscribers will be expected to bring their own Cab-horse with them. Particulars as to site of trial, which will be in a suburban Square, will be furnished in full on the receipt of Fee, as above.—JORUM, Junker's Post Office, Barking Flats.

A BROKEN DOWN POKER PLAYER who has been turned out of most of the third-rate Gambling Hells of Europe, is anxious to meet with a party well up in the ins and outs of Competition Advertising, with a view to doing a little mutual business in that line with him. One or two new dodges to offer. No references required or given. As the Advertiser presumes the main business consists in collaring the entire receipts without giving a *quid pro quo*, he fancies he could throw out some valuable hints to a thoroughly enterprising collaborateur.—Address HOCUS, Post Office, Fitchington.

MATHEMATICAL COMPETITION.—£1, 10s., 5s., and 2s. 6d. offered to the first four successful arrivals with the answer to the problem, of "What does two and two make?" Note.—That to accommodate the rush of correspondents, the dust-bin has been fitted up as a letter-box. Milkman comes round at six, but the house may be invaded at any hour. The earlier the better. Be sure to enclose 1s. in stamps.—Z. Y., 194, Trickham Road, Holloway, N.E.

THE INFANT CONSOLATION PRIZE.—The Gentleman who had charge of this competition, having unfortunately suddenly disappeared with the entire proceeds, the Advertiser is reluctantly compelled to announce to inquiring competitors that the matter must now be regarded as definitely closed.



A GLIMPSE OF THE IDEAL.

(A Sketch at Brighton.)

Bill (with enthusiasm). "MY HEYES! SHE MUST 'A BEEN A CLIPPER!!"

"RATIONAL DRESS."

[A long correspondence has been going on in the *Standard*, regarding "Rational Dress" — Lady HARBERTON's proposed Divided Skirt, and kindred subjects.]

RATIONAL Dress, to our surprise,
Seems to be trousers in disguise;
What they call a "divided skirt,"
Ladies say would attract the dirt;
Women in general give their votes
Strongly in favour of petticoats.

Rational Dress, the Ladies say,
Means to dress in a manly way;
Thus they view with a grave alarm,
Possible loss of feminine charm.
Strange that a woman it was began
Making a Lady like a Man.

Rational Dress has been, it seems,
Oft in Lady HARBERTON's dreams;
Sharp her argument, swift her pen,
Urging women to dress like men;
While the Ladies have made reply,
Rational Dress is unwomanly.

Rational Dress—it makes men smile.
Why should the Ladies change their style?
Fashion at reformation mocks,
Milliners make them dainty frocks;
Rational Dress, our sex declares,
Is—whatever a Lady wears!

ADAGE FOR ROYAL ARSENALS. — Put your trust in the chapter of accidents, and keep your powder moist.

THE PLAYGROUND OF ENGLAND.

(What it may come to.)

THE Colliery on Seawell is now in full working order. Mr. RUSKIN has decided to leave Coniston, and settle in Timbuctoo.

This new Railway to the top of Helvellyn would be much improved if a few Pullman Sleeping Cars were added to the rolling-stock.

Of course the conversion of the River Rotha into a Canal from the flourishing Guano Works at Grasmere to the Railway at Ambleside is an advantage to the neighbourhood; but could not the enterprising Manager be prevailed upon not to disturb WORDSWORTH's grave by running his towing-path through Grasmere Churchyard?

Why, the water of this cataract at Dungeon Ghyll is actually bright scarlet! Oh! I forgot. Of course, it is due to the Chemical Works which have been established on one of the Langdale Pykes.

The coach-drive from Keswick to Windermere is much more enjoyable since Thirlmere was turned into a Manchester reservoir, and Dunmail Raise into a granite quarry.

The Patterdale Pauper Colony, from the East End, is in a very flourishing condition.

It is satisfactory that the water-power at Lodore is now properly utilised by the conversion of the Lodore Hotel into a Calico Factory.

No; that "hideous tower," as you call it, on the top of Skiddaw, is not a memorial to the Poet SOUTHEY. It contains the machinery for pumping Derwentwater dry whenever the bed of that lake becomes particu-

larly foul from the refuse of the adjoining mines, brick-fields, and cotton-mills being poured into it.

It was really quite a happy thought to cut up Borrowdale into agricultural allotments for the benefit of the most turbulent of the Social Democrats.

Did you say that the Company which has bought Rydal Mount intend to convert the place into Artisans' Dwellings, or into a bacon-curing establishment?

Now that the Rag-and-Bone Industry is successfully planted on the shores of Ullswater, the lake is likely to become quite a fashionable resort for the aristocracy.

NELSON'S SONG.

(Sung by his Statue.)

OH, let Trafalgar Square
Remain a thoroughfare
Unblocked by rowdy men.
Make Socialists and roughs
Go in for fisticuffs

Elsewhere, Sir CHARLES WARREN!
Their grievances they could discuss
Outside the four-mile radius.
I wish them at "Auld Cloutie."
I wish them at "Auld Cloutie."
What says each peaceful citizen?
"London expects Sir CHARLES WARREN
Will sternly do his duty,"
Will sternly do his duty!"

"LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES." — The Railway in the Lake District.



“HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE”!!!

First Appearance of the Eminent Comedian this Season.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XVIII.—AN AMATEUR LADY COMPOSER.

THE Lady Composer is usually born in affluent circumstances. Displaying early a taste for music, she quickly outshines the young



ladies of her acquaintance in the dexterous manipulation of the pianoforte. *Rondos*, brilliant *morceaux*, almost anything in the shape of a *moto perpetuo*, are easily caught up by her when yet quite a child, and executed to the undisguised admiration of her friends. Her addition to the keyboard is a matter of surprise to her parents. Whereas most girls dread their music lessons, and scamper through their hours of practice, the *embryo* Lady Composer will, on the contrary, take a delight in reading difficult *sonatas*, and is never so happy as when rooted to the music-stool. Musicians will, however, remark that she rarely masters a single piece thoroughly, while attempting half a dozen, and when asked their opinion of her playing, refrain only out of politeness from embodying in so many

words the irresistible conviction that a liberal use of the loud pedal covers a multitude of short-comings.

As she grows up her ear begins to be tickled by what seem to her to be unusual harmonies in the music of modern composers. Having been accustomed to play the works of the Great Masters mechanically, it does not occur to her that what happens to captivate her fancy in a German "Album," or a new-fangled English ballad, has been presented over and over again—and generally in a better form—by classical writers. She will fix upon some passage that has enchanted her in the accompaniment—for instance—of a song, and dwell lovingly upon it. Probably she need not scruple to reiterate it to her heart's content, as the parents of the Lady Composer, even if listening, will often be incapable of discriminating between one musical sound and another. By degrees her little circle begins to regard her as a *connoisseur* in musical matters, for she can tell you by ear what key you are playing in, and passes judgment on the "originality" or the reverse of contemporary music. So transcendent is the scientific aspect of her genius (in the opinion of her friends) that not uncommonly she will be asked to play harmonies, as contradistinguished from melodies.

"Give us some of those *lovely chords*!" her admirers cry: and then the gifted one will either imply that she does not feel equal to so much exertion, or (if in a good humour) will simper and say that what she proposes to play is merely a little scrap from SCHUMANN, BRAHMS, or WAGNER, that had struck her as *rather quaint*!

Gradually she learns to introduce and round off these precious harmonies—plucked ruthlessly from their context—with little improvisations of her own, and, as the last are always of the simplest, they are invariably the most applauded. So that it is not surprising that she conceives at last the idea of "composing" something on her own account. To the evolution of a waltz she first directs her attention. She does indeed produce something on the lines of that approved form of dance-music, inasmuch as it consists of several numbers in 3-4 time and a *coda*.

Her friends are delighted. But, to do her justice, she is not satisfied. She cannot help feeling that her principal *motif* is perilously like one of WALDEUFEL's best known melodies. She therefore tries again: and this time her heart tells her she is successful. In her second effort, she has merely poached upon one of WALDEUFEL's least-known melodies. When her father and mother drive down in their carriage and pair to the publishers', the Lady Composer and her MS. occupy the back seat. On emerging from the shop, for, after all, it is a shop and not a Temple of Art, where an arrangement for the publication of her waltz has been made with the courteous music-seller, who may have pleasantly condescended to accept an invitation to dinner to meet a titled amateur musician, she feels that neither she, nor her "works," ought ever to take a back seat again.

Even Lady Composers marry; do they not indeed bring extra attraction to fortify the spell of mere beauty, worth, and position? She weds in due course a "substantial" man, not brilliant if

may be; but one "clever person" is generally supposed to be a respectable allowance in any family. A wedding eventually takes place, and it is somehow impressed on the bridegroom that he is a very fortunate fellow. By this time his wife's music commands a large sale; for side by side with the indulgence of her artistic propensities, she has learnt to develop useful business capabilities. Although ignorant of thorough-bass, she has nevertheless an acute ear which seldom allows her to be betrayed into very glaring faults. The programme of a ball, given in the fashionable world, is not complete without contributions from her pen, and humbler writers are invited by the publishers to adapt the refrains of her ballads for dancing purposes. The "*Kiss me To-night!*" *Polka*" being, as the title-page announces, "transcribed by HANS WURST" from her successful song, is, strange to say, even more popular than the original. If the modest Herr WURST does not make a fortune by it he does not complain; and indeed this humble musician is content to take a trifling *honorarium* for his share in the work, the glory of which he leaves to original genius.

In order to be beyond the reach of malicious tongues, and impervious to sneers which envy embittered by failure might level at her, she even dares to challenge criticism in the higher walks of her beloved Art. "If I can produce, and cause to be performed an orchestral piece, who is there but will recognise that, while generally content to tread the more flowery paths of light composition, I am nevertheless as capable of serious and concentrated effort as my more pretentious rivals?" Such may be the substance of her reflections as she reads one morning a somewhat slighting notice of her latest effusion.

Fired by ambition, and galled by an unpleasant criticism that is in itself nevertheless more flattering than the cursorily polite reviews that she has hitherto been favoured with—e.g., "This is a very pretty song," "A dainty melody," and the like, under the heading "New Music"—the Lady Composer now begins in earnest to compile an orchestral work. It is produced at a large concert, and the talented authoress is "At home" afterwards. It is discussed in quite a friendly way by the experts, and who among the professional critics present at this festivity can have the heart to say anything of a mere amateur but what is encouraging and complimentary? She is a lady too, whom they all like so much, and about whom the good-natured fellows agree there is really no necessity to express any unfavourable opinion. Next morning the piece is described as embodying "considerable inventive ability." The leading theme is "gracious," though the mode of its treatment "betrays technical inexperience." On the whole the notices are decidedly laudatory, and yet, oddly enough, the publishers allege "depression in trade," "bad season," "no sale for this kind of work," as sufficient reasons for their being compelled, greatly to their regret, to decline undertaking the publication of a work which the Lady-Composer feels sure would make the fortune of any Musical Firm. However, she is not without tact, and in a short time the great work is forgotten by all except herself and her musical friends, who are frequently expressing their sorrow at her not having brought it out, words and score complete, in one volume.

Her husband is a remarkably sensible man. He does not shine dazzlingly, but he gives a very clear and steady light, which ultimately guides the genius to whom he has linked himself for life along the right road. It is owing to him, at least so some of us fancy, that, as time goes on, her rare compositions become still rarer, their publication less frequent, and the musical parties more and more select and limited in number. In the course of a few months the Musical Secretary finds there is no occupation for him, and resigns his office. He occasionally calls at the house, but there is nothing for him to do, and the Lady Composer is either "not at home" or so deeply engaged that she cannot be disturbed. It is whispered that she is at work on something really great. But when it will be completed nobody knows. Whether it will be "great" when it is finished, the result alone can determine. Sometimes in answer to inquiries, she replies, mysteriously nodding her head, "You will see." Perhaps, the world will yet be startled by the Amateur Lady Composer.

Peck v. Davis.

"Sir JAMES INGHAM said he was not of opinion that a Jury would acquit the Defendant," i.e., the proprietor of the *Bat* newspaper, "and he should therefore commit him to take his trial."—*Report of Proceedings at Bow Street, Standard, Feb. 18.*

THERE were birds, small and big, wishing honestly that A Beak, with one Peck, could have settled the *Bat*.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER (said last week's *Truth*) bought MILLAIS's portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE, for £1,200, and sold it to Sir CHARLES TENNANT for 3,000 guineas. Not the first Tennant by many out of whom the Ducal Landed Proprietor has made a good profit.



PREDESTINED!

Northern Matron (before the School-Board). "I'M NOT AGAINST EDDICATION, LADIES AND GEN'L'MEN. I AL'AYS MAKE HIM TAKE HIS BOOK O' NIGHTS BUT REELLY I CALLS IT A FLYIN' IN THE FACE O' PROVIDENCE TO BE KEEPIN' A BOY OUT O' THE STABLES WITH SUCH A PAIR O' LEGGS AS HIS'N!!"

HONOURS EASY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I NOTICE that Mr. DIXON, a Senior Wrangler, has written a letter to the *Jurist* giving hints on "the Art of being Examined." Now I've never wrangled myself, but I flatter myself I have been through double as many examinations in the course of my career as Mr. DIXON has, and I can add a lot of particulars which will be found tremendously useful by candidates for scholarships or honours at the Universities, for the Army, Civil Service, and so on.

The very first thing to do, when you are going to be examined, is to eat a particularly hearty breakfast. This gives you confidence. On arriving at the examination hall, try and secure a place between two clever-looking (and if possible short-sighted) candidates, from whom you will be able to copy freely. Also remember, if you see the Examiner himself anywhere about, to smile at him in a genial way, and, if you get near enough, make yourself agreeable by asking him what he thinks of the question of Home Rule, or the condition of Europe, or something brilliant of that sort. He is sure to be gratified, and as Examiners are "always human," sometimes even painfully so, it is not a bad thing to gratify them. Recollect that every Examiner has a "personal equation," which it is your business to find out. There are some who warmly relish being slapped on the back unexpectedly, and asked "how they were the day after tomorrow?" On the only occasion when I have personally adopted this system, it did not succeed; in fact, it ended in my being expelled from the room forcibly, and summoned at the Police Court for an unprovoked assault. This, however, is a mere detail. The plan is an admirable one, if you get hold of the sort of man who likes it.

From various incidents in my own experience I should not be inclined to recommend the plan of scribbling lists of the Jewish Kings or the "Furies and Fates," on one's shirt-cuffs, or taking in a LIDDELL and SCOTT'S Greek Lexicon, wrapped up in a brown-paper parcel, on the pretext that it contains your lunch. It is a much better plan to plead illness at the beginning of the examination, then take the paper out with you, and go home and write out the correct answers from your books, and slip in at the last moment and deposit

your answers among all the others. It no doubt requires some adroitness and "*sang froid*" to execute this manoeuvre properly. Shortly after trying it myself in an important examination at Oxford I was politely requested to quit the University, and migrated to Durham, but I consider that this was entirely due to the Oxford authorities envying my superior abilities. They are, you know, very Conservative there, and dislike genius and originality of all kinds.

"*Vivâ Voce*" is an ordeal which is always very embarrassing. There is, I am afraid, absolutely no way of getting through it satisfactorily except the clumsy old plan of really acquiring the knowledge which enables one to answer the questions asked. I have sometimes thought it would be a good idea, when one sits down at the table opposite the Examiner, to take a ten-pound note out of one's pocket (in mistake for a handkerchief), and wave it gently to and fro, as a hint to the Examiner of the reward which he may expect if he tempers the questions to the shorn candidate. I have never tried it myself, chiefly because I have never had a ten-pound note to wave. But I can cordially recommend it to anybody who likes experimenting, and is in search of novel sensations.

At the examination "*In Sanctis Theologis*" at Cambridge (at which University I entered under an assumed name, after a somewhat hurried departure from Durham), I was "*vivâ voced*" by a spectacled and particularly innocent-looking Examiner, so that I thought it would be quite safe to pin a paper containing the chief events in Ecclesiastical History on my hat, and place it in front of me on the table. My answers were admirable. The innocent-looking Examiner, at the end seemed quite pleased, and said, "You have answered so well, Mr. —, that you almost seem to have learned the subject by heart." I gave a modest, yet winning smile in reply. "Are you quite sure you have not *learned it by art* instead?" he went on, and made a sudden grab across the table at my hat, with results which it is needless to go into. Suffice it to say that I shortly afterwards entered as a student at Göttingen, where I now am, and that I am sure these few hints, if received in a proper spirit, will be of much service to those about to submit themselves to the ordeal of examination—the curse of the present century.

Yours, knowingly,

A. DODGKINS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE SPEAKER SLAYING THE JABBER-TALK. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 14.—Came upon the Markiss just now in a retired corner of the robing-room mopping his eyes with cambric handkerchief, whilst his stalwart form was shaken with sobs. A piteous thing to see a grown man in tears.

"What's the matter, Markiss?" I asked softly. "Has ASHMEAD-BARTLETT resigned, or is RANDOLPH coming back?"

"Neither," he answered, gulping down his emotion. "You are on the wrong tack altogether. These are tears of proud satisfaction. You weren't in the House just now, or you would have heard BRABOURNE's noble words. 'I confess,' he said, 'my confidence in Her Majesty's Government is not yet exhausted.' There's a high-souled feeling," sniffed the Markiss, having recourse to his handkerchief, and glancing askance at DERBY, who passed by determinedly not seeing his noble friend. "As long as BRABOURNE stands by us we are safe and strong. RANDOLPH may go, DUNRAVEN may follow him; but secure in the unexhausted confidence of BRABOURNE, we will withstand GLADSTONE and all his works."

The Markiss, straightening his bowed shoulders, thrust the handkerchief in his pocket, shook his coal-black crest, and strode back to the House of Lords another man.

In the Commons a miscellaneous sort of a night, with Scotch Home Rule on by way of change. At question time HARCOURT interposing with lofty sarcasm in veiled criticism of SPEAKER's management of business, Right Hon. Gentleman suddenly turned, and snapped at him to the uncontrollable delight of Conservatives. Later, HALDANE, a new Member, introduced thin edge of the wedge of new system of closure. ESSLEMONT, *à propos* of boots and the Address, proposed

to raise discussion on question of Scotch leases. One or two Scotch Members having joined in the entertainment, HALDANE rose, protested against waste of time, declared he would be no party to it, and walked out of the House. This demonstration did not affect course of affairs. Members having prepared their speeches, determined to deliver them, though the House nearly empty. BARCLAY, finding his opportunity, also found himself provided with an audience numbering eleven, all told. That evidently inadequate to importance of speech. Accordingly prefaced his address by calling attention of SPEAKER to numbers present. A Count called. Members dropped in, and, finding that it was "only BARCLAY," swarmed out again. And this is how we do business in the House of Commons!

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—Towards eight o'clock the monotony of a sitting exceptionally dull even in these times, broken by hue and cry. The Lord Advocate was wanted. Where was the Lord Advocate? Till he appeared on the scene the business of the nation must stand still, "like JOSHUA's Sun at Jerusalem," as GENT-DAVIS quoted. Through the sitting things had gone badly for business. Fifty questions on the paper, and before they were reached, two discussions and one division on private bills. Then CAMERON resumed debate on Address, endeavouring to give matters a turn aside from Ireland by introducing case of Scotch Crofters. Effort, though well sustained proved a lamentable failure. One or two Scotch Members having delivered prodigious speeches, the Irish rushed in and took possession of the field. MAHONEY led the assault with JOSEPH GILLIS immediately behind. Nearly eight o'clock and House almost empty. MAHONEY

on rising had been met by an attempt to Count Out. Members came in to make House, and straightway went off to finish their dinner. Amongst absentees was the Lord Advocate, and MARONEY, fixing fiery eye on vacant seat demanded his head on a charger. "The article," as JOEY B. would call it, not being forthcoming, he moved the adjournment of the debate, J. G. B. seconding the motion. What the Irish Members had to do with the Scotch business not quite clear; but here they were, and where was the Lord Advocate?

Ministerial emissaries flying all over the House found him at last sitting in the dining-room, eating soup, whilst the House of Commons was ablaze with excitement. Pale as death and trembling in every limb, the Lord Advocate was haled along the passages into the House. Leaning for support upon the table, he explained how it was "all the fault of the waiter." He had, in the interests of Scotland, ordered a modest refectation. The waiter had gone away and forgotten him. He, meanwhile unconscious of the storm-clouds gathering in the House, had sat drumming his fingers on the dinner-table, wishing that night or the waiter would come. Upon him burst the panting emissaries, and just when the waiter had remembered him, and was bringing in the soup, he was summoned to the bar of angry House of Commons.

A pitiful sight! a dinnerless and apologetic Lord Advocate snatching at the straw of a forgetful waiter in order to save a drowning reputation. House would not accept the waiter theory. Divided on motion for adjournment, and only thereafter the Lord Advocate, still dinnerless and increasingly apologetic, stated his case.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—When I saw CAVENDISH BENTINCK speaking from corner seat below Gangway at hour of private business, was certain that something would happen. BENTINCK usually reserves himself till after dinner. Towards midnight, when he has had the opportunity of rumpling his hair and crumpling his shirt-front, then's his time for addressing the House. This afternoon, as early as half-past four, introduced himself to House as "an old Cumberland Member," and talked about Ambleside Railway Bill. This looked ominous. But when, half-an hour later, whilst daylight still fell softly on Palace Yard, ADDISON, Q.C., with a seraphic smile on his face and a flower in his button-hole, leisurely walked up the floor arrayed in full evening dress, the portents were complete. House cheered uproariously, startling the smile from ADDISON's face, and almost shaking the flower out of his button-hole. Could not make out in the least what it was all about. Was going out to dinner at eight o'clock; thought it would save time and candles if he dined in the cool of the afternoon. Why should House think it funny?

Can't say. Perhaps it was the wondrous width and whiteness of the shirt-front; possibly it was a sense of incongruity between the blameless flower and the learned Q.C.; probably it was the smile of deep content which illumined his countenance. However it be, cheers and laughter filled the House till ADDISON, Q.C., blushing like a peony, with hastened steps made for a back Bench.

After this, DILLWYN rose to move the Adjournment, meaning to raise debate on Jury Packing in Dublin. JOHN DILLON, mysteriously escaped from the Dock, appeared with speech. SPEAKER spoiled fun by ruling DILLWYN out of order. W. H. SMITH, who had been sitting on edge of Bench, ready for emergencies, jumped up, and moved to take all time of the House for Procedure Rules. HENRY RICHARD pleaded for exception of Tuesday, so that DILLWYN might disestablish Church in Wales. SMITH tenderly refused. Long debate. House divided. Ministerial Motion carried. PARNELL next moved to except Wednesday. Another division. Original Resolution agreed to. Then excitement broke out in fresh place.

JOHN DILLON proposed to make his speech prepared for DILLWYN's motion on resuming debate on the Address. SPEAKER ruled him out of order. More squabbling. Another division, after which COX blandly proposed to discuss the general distress among working-men. Three speeches, then SPEAKER put on extinguisher. The Closure at last! the Parnellites fought it tooth and nail; Divisions taken at every turn. But Closure carried and Address agreed to.

Business done.—Deliverance by Closure.

Friday.—Been noticed through the week with painful apprehension that familiar figure absent from corner seat below the Gangway on Ministerial side. It was thence that "old Cumberland Member" CAVENDISH BENTINCK spoke yesterday. From day to day an eager succession of Members have struggled for the place.

"Who knows," said GENT-DAVIS, coming down early to get the seat, "that there mayn't be some virtue in it. Read in SHAKESPEARE or somewhere, of a fellow taking in his wine by the

pores. Suppose by sitting here I could take in some of CHAPLIN's gifts by the pores? Kennington would be prouder than ever of me."

Where has Our Chief been? Has physical sickness drooped his manly form? or has mental weariness touched his mighty brain? Neither; fact is, CHAPLIN has been sitting at home with wet towel round his head preparing impromptu and practising reminiscences of DIZZY for a great speech on Agricultural Depression. Was to have been delivered on Report stage of Address. When everyone else had talked himself out, Our Chief would stride in and smite the listening senate with admiring wonder.

Finished the oration yesterday. Was to have delivered it to-night; when lo, an important Radical playing tit for tat with the SPEAKER's prohibition of DILLWYN's motion of Thursday, places on paper notice of motion dealing with subject. According to SPEAKER's ruling, Our Chief's opportunity is snatched from him, and his speech worthless. He comes down to-night to learn the worst from the SPEAKER's lips, and having heard it, now sits with arms folded, head bent, a monument of Agricultural Depression.

Business done.—Report of Address agreed to.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

THERE is jest one subjeck as is a being torked about at all the great Liwery Bankwets as I attends—and, thank goodness, they gits more and more ewery year as if to spite the pore hungry Radicals as never gits a single taste on em, and is therefore allers a denouncing on 'em, and that is, wot shall they do to show their loyalty to our grate and good QUEEN wen she cums of Royal Age next June.

I wood then venture to suggest, werry humbly, the establishing of a Grand Skool of English Cookery, and when I says English Cookery, I don't of course mean none of your cheap rubbish, such as I have had to look at with hutter contempt at the various South Kensington Exhibishuns, but English Cookery of the werry ighest order of hartistic perfection. Why shoold Frenchmen and Etalliens be considered to be the ony Cooks fit for an high-class establishment, and why shoold our *Maynews* be shrowded in all the mistery of a forren tung? It's sumtimes werry hard on us pore Waiters. Wen sum new novelty of the Cook's genius has bin introduced with which we are all quite unaquainted, never praps having wunce tasted it, and a gent natrally says, "What is this, ROBERT?" and I am obliged to anser, "I reely don't know, Sir, I haven't studded the *Maynew*," I feels as I must natrally fall in his hestimation, and, to a man of my akute feelings, that is a fall indeed! Besides too, it wood put a check upon that werry free use of the French Langwidge at Dinner, to which all us head Waiters has such grate objekshun. Why shoold us true born Brittons be supposed to know French? Ony becoz it's the langwidge of the *Maynew*. Put that in what is so absurdly called the *Wulger Tung*, and we shoold take to it natrally.

Of course a Hed Waiter of my long experiens and posishun must have picked up a werry considerabel nollidge of the French langwidge, so when the other day at the Manshun House, a gentleman, who wanted another glass of champagne, asked me if it was *ad lib.*, I replied quite indignantly, "Suttenly not, Sir, you can have as much as you like." What he meant by laring and saying as I was a rum 'un, I have of coarse not the least idea, but I've no doubt he meant it as a complement.

Supposing as my brilliyant idear was carried out, as it is, I think, ewerybody's duty to do all as he can to make his own grand idears great suckesses, and as I begins to feel as my harduous perfession is a beginnin for to tell rather sewerly on my poor feet, I don't mind boffering myself for the position of Hed Taster in the new establishment, for which office my werry lengthened egspierience should render me amost inwaluable. I shooldn't want no extravagent sallary. A nice little sweet of rooms for myself and family, and jest one *sanktum* *sanktorium*, or sacred chamber, for carrying out my misterious and honerous dooties, and a moderate nincome of about 5 pound a week, wood satisfy me, and I shoold willingly deddecate the rest of my cheekered egstistence to one of the noblest haims of life, wiz., the ministering to the refined wants of them favoured mortels as is blessed not only with plenty of good taste, in this, its werry ighest development, but also with plenty of reddy money to devote to its nobel gratificashun.

ROBERT.

LORD WOLSELEY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG OFFICERS.

If you have brains, cram 'em full! Right about!
March off to a battle, and get 'em blown out.

AMERICAN-CANADIAN DIFFICULTY.—MR. PHELPS proposes a Joint Commission. It should be called the Fish-and-Joint Commission. Let us hope that the fish difficulty will disappear, and that they'll make both ends meet.

THE recent Adulterators of Beer were real specimens of "Publicans and Sinners" without a single pint in their favour.



"Davis sum non
Edipus."

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

NOTHING, as is well known, renders a young man (or for the matter of that, a young woman) so deservedly beloved as the practice of repeating in public, a poem of respectable proportions. Unfortunately the dearth of really effective pieces for recitation obliges many Reciters to repeat themselves as often as their poems, and it is with a desire to remedy this inconvenience, that *Mr. Punch* has commissioned one of his stud of poets (who has been eating his head off for months) to knock him off a few sweet little things, which would be likely to "tell" in a drawing-room.



One of these productions is given here, with a few simple directions by the author, for which there will be no additional charge.

It is a fine example in the Infantine Pathos vein, and is calculated to moisten the temperature of almost any room, provided that the instructions are religiously followed. It is particularly recommended to unmarried ladies under forty with

tears in their voices, and to small children with any genius for sentiment.

The Reciter is supposed, then, to be on the hearth-rug, facing the audience. You wait for the buzz to subside with your eyes modestly cast down, and then, as if it had just occurred to you, you raise them suddenly and say, distinctly but somewhat apologetically, "Filial little Frank!" That is the title, of course, and now, after a short pause, you're off, remembering to counterfeit the accents of a very young child in the first line:—

"Mummy, where's Popsy gone to? I want him so!" said the child, With his angel-face, and his clustering curls, and his eyes so blue and so mild. (This is the description of the child—not of "Popsy," and should be spoken in your natural tone.)

"For many a day, has he been away, and the very last time he was seen, Was by MARY ANN, when he left in the van, that was sent for him by the QUEEN!"

(Raise your voice at "Queen" with a touch of innocent delight at the condescension. For the next Stanza you should adopt a passionate tremolo.)

Can the Mother inform her darling, that the parent he thus deplores, Has been charged with pocketing pickles at the Army and Navy Stores? He was somewhat inclined to absence of mind—which might have accounted for that, (Change again here to a grieved solemnity.)

But not for the jar of preserved caviare, and the collared brawn in his hat! (Now you are to personate the Mother and her suppressed emotion—you can do this either by rolling your eyes, or twisting your handkerchief.)

"Oh, hush, my own little FRANKIE! Popsy's Her Majesty's Guest, And, while she desires his attendance, he's bound to obey her behest," (Now the child again: with a slow smile of dawning intelligence—you may find this difficult—practise it.)

"Then, if I do as he, will the QUEEN invite me, to go to Papa and her Palace see?" (Bend your head here in choked resignation.)

And the Mother sighs "Yes,"—for she dare not confess the assumption is based on a fallacy!

(Slight pause; continue in brisker vein as narrator.)

But mystified FRANKIE pondered—What had his father done To deserve such an invitation? he questioned many a one; And from all he heard, the child inferred—if he stoned a suburban train, Or did anything naughty, then, if he was caught, he would soon see his Popsy again! (Brisker still for next Stanza.)

So he wandered down to the railway, and there, on the platform, he came To a curious kind of contrivance—I can't remember its name.

(This with a fine carelessness—fine carelessness is attained by jerking the left hand.) But there is a slit in the middle of it, and when you've inserted your coin, Some toffee you get, or a mild cigarette—whichever you experience joy in.

(Work up the next Stanza to climax of excitement.)

Here was the means before him of rejoining his parent at last! And the thought made his eyes shine brighter, and his breath come thick and fast:

'Twas a desperate feat such an engine to cheat,—but the prize! he had centred his soul in it.

He'd a long piece of string, and—most fortunate thing—a penny possessing a hole in it! (Here you go back to your quieter style.)

Well; he fastened the string to his penny, and again and again it dropped, Till the toffee was all exhausted—and then the machinery stopped. And the fraud was perceived—but the child was relieved, having never intended to cage his treat.

But B. 32, said, "I'd recommend you to reserve your remarks for the Magistrat!" (Now comes your great chance: raise your right fore-finger and lower your voice. Speak rather in sorrow than in anger.)

Alas, for his childish fancies! the Bench was cruel and cold, It did not believe little FRANKIE and the artless tale that he told! His highminded deed was put down to the greed of a little unprincipled urchin, And a certain official, directed to swish all, was ordered to bring a new birch in! (You finish with a rapt expression—as of one who sees a vision in the chandelier.) So FRANKIE failed, for they sent him home—but will it be always thus? Ah, no! he, too, will be fetched one day in the royal omnibus:

And a cry of joy from the radiant boy will echo in Holloway yard,

(Child's voice again, with a tender exaltation.) "Oh, Popsy see . . . it is really me! I am in for a fortnight's 'hard'!"

If a young lady of even moderate talent does not sit down in a sea of congratulation after this, *Mr. Punch's* poet is not the great pathetic writer he fondly imagines himself—which is absurd.

WHAT with the hideous public-house left standing at an adjacent corner, the steps at St. Martin's Church unremoved, and the unsightly blank displayed at the rear of the National Gallery, the Authorities seem inclined to make a pretty piece of patchwork of Hemming's Row; but it is to be hoped Mr. WHITMORE will not let go the thread of the discussion he introduced on Thursday last. Dealing with such a central and suggestive locality as Hemming's Row, the First Commissioner should be reminded of the proverbial "stitch in time," and take it without further delay.

BACCHUS IN IOWA.

A true lay of to-day, full of comfort for Sir Wilfrid and his merry men.

"HELLO!" says SILENUS to BACCHUS one day, "I vote we skeddaddled out Iowa way. A testotal place? Ah, my boy, what of that? They'll dodge any law who're in love with your vat. The artists all paint us two gods of the bottle. Each squeezing a cluster of grapes down his throttle. Of course we were ne'er such a couple of noddies. The juice of the grape never entered our bodies, Until by fermenting, for tipping made good, And a life of long years in the goatskin or wood; But these Iowa toppers have hit on a plan Which I think you will own is a topper, old man. To dodge the harsh law that prohibits strong drink, They make grapes—indiarubber—and what do you think? Why they fill them, oh, not with crude juice of the vine, But with genuine full-bodied, odorous Wine! They sell these in bunches and boxes, you see, And a bibulous soul, on the strictest Q. T., Can take them about like his weed or his grub, And so be independent of wine-shop or pub.* That's something like grape-sucking. So I propose—" But already the god of the rubicund nose Was off to the West, followed close by SILENUS, They've not dropped a line, but I fancy, between us, That in Iowa, where though the Law makes a crime of it, Men tope, they are having a capital time of it.

* Vide St. James's Gazette, February 25.

ORIGIN OF TITLES.

According to D. Crambo, Junior.

DUKES.



Beau fought.

'Ead in burrow.



'Ab'er corn!

Well linked 'un.

THE JOLLY COMMISSIONERS.

(As it might have been. To be sung to a well-known Charmt.)

THERE were some Commissioners of Northern
Lighthouses (*bis*),
Who took a boat and went to sea,
Who took a boat to see what they could see.

There was Gorging JACK and Guzzling JIMMY
(*bis*),
With others, who ran up a little bill-ee
At the Waterloo, Grieve's Hostelry.

They went to inspect Lighthouses and Light-
ships (*bis*),
All round the Scottish coast, N.B.
A very pleasant trip it was, N.B.

Says Gorging JACK to Guzzling JIMMY
(*bis*),
"What shall we do if we're hunge-ree?
Which will happen very probablee."

"Oh, ain't we going to drink and eat too
(*bis*),
When Lighthouses we come to see?
Oh, this air gives such an appe-ti-tee."

Says Guzzling JIM to Gorging JACKY
(*bis*),
"O Gorging JACK, what a fool you be.
Let's store the boats provisionalee."

With dinners and dessert and Amontillado (*bis*),
And Chambertin they loaded she,
With Sixty-four Lafitte they loaded she.

Likewise with Seventy-four Pommery and Greno,

To which not one of us here would say no—
With GRISLER's Superior, and Ma-de-ree,
With Port three bottles, and Liqueur Brandee.

They'd Steinberg Cabinet of Sixty-Eight too,

And other wines which were all first-rate too.

Says Guzzling JIM unto JACKEE,
"Oh, what a lot of Lighthouses I see!

"But they all appear mos' dre'fully shaky,
The Lighthouses appear mos' horr'bly shaky!
It's very forth-nate that we came to see.
Thesh Lighthousesh are not steadee.

"I think the Lighthouses have been drink-
ing (*bis*), [*kee!* (*bis*).
They have been taking too much whis-

"Look at the lightsh how they're revolv-
ing (*bis*),
I don't think they're working properlee,

The Board of Trade must hear of this from We."

Before they finished their Waterloo Ban-
quet (*bis*),

They drank the health of her Majestee,
And they drank the Royal Jubilee.

And as for their little Bill (who paid it?) (*bis*),
It's being examined by a Com-mit-tee (*bis*).

When next they want Lighthouse Commis-
sioners (*bis*),

To examine the Scottish Coast, N.B.
Of candidates what crowds there'll be!!

TOBACCO CULTIVATION IN ENGLAND.—
Farmers have to sign a statutory declara-
tion before they can commence this new
industry. "Fancy an English agriculturist
compelled to obtain the permission of Govern-
ment in order to let weeds grow in his garden!

PUNCH TO JOHN BRIGHT.

"I will speak daggers, but will use none."

FRIEND JOHN, so hot against the soldier's
steel,

E'en when 'tis wielded fairly, can'st not feel
That words are sometimes daggers, that
their thrust,

Foully delivered, in a cause unjust,
Is mere assassin's work, not the brave stroke
Of men in open contest? When you spoke
Words lightly measured, yet of lethal power,
Against the men you're all too prone to
dower

With devil attributes, did you not know
Hundreds of gallant hearts would feel the
blow

Worse than the tameless Arab's treacherous
Shame, JOHN! Word-blows, like sword-
strokes, should be just.

Else they befit the platform bravo, not
The old man eloquent. Falsely to blot
War's panoply, bespatter the poor rag, [flag,
Steel-shorn, shot-riddled, that was once a
In whose defence dead heroes gladly died,
Is not a task to move a man to pride,
Nor can it help the noble cause of Peace.
The white flag, JOHN, may bid all battle
cease,

Not the white feather! In defence of right,
Despite your dogmas, men perforce must
fight,

With swords as well as words; be it their
With either, to heed honour, and fight fair.
You would "speak daggers" only; be it so;
But a word-stab may be a felon blow.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

A LONG SHOT AT THE FUTURE.

"THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE at the meeting of the National Rifle Association, called attention to the danger to tenants of property adjoining the Wimbledon Butts, in consequence of the long range of modern rifle-bullets."—*Daily Paper*.

SCENE—The Interior of a Villa Residence in a secluded part of the Isle of Wight. Domestic circle discovered assembled at lunch.

Paterfamilias. I have brought down the *Times* to read—(the paper is suddenly torn from his hand and carried through the window with a crash.) Hallo! What's this!

Superstitious Spinster. Brother, I have always told you that this place is haunted! The incident has unnerved me. Nephew, I think I will take another glass of sherry.

Youngster. All right, Auntie!

[Raises decanter to pour out wine, when both bottle and glass are knocked to pieces.

Materfamilias. How careless of you, CHARLEY! Have I not told you a hundred times that—

Schoolgirl. Oh, Mamma, what can be the matter? The poor canary is lying on its side, with a hole through the wire of its cage!

Paterfamilias. Dear me! Well, this is very strange! (Suddenly looking at heading of paper.) Why, to be sure! How thoughtless I am! I did not notice the date. Why, of course this is the first day of the Volunteers at Wimbledon. We had better take our plates as usual downstairs, my dears, and eat our luncheon in the cellars!

[The family act upon the suggestion.

"CHICKEN AND CHAMPAGNE."—We have received a card from a certain firm of Restaurateurs, whose name we shall not mention, in this form:—

"OPUS OPTICUM PROBAT."

"Messrs. — present their compliments to the Editor of *Punch*, and request his company at the Restaurant, on — day next, the — inst., at two P.M., when they propose to take his opinion on the alterations, decorations, and improvements which they have introduced into their establishment."

We will give them our opinion of one improvement and alteration they can make in their future arrangements, and that is,—not to send out these press-ing invitations.

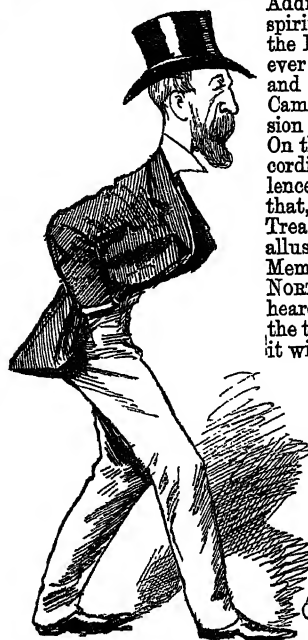
AN ARTISTIC FAMILY IN STRUGGLING CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Laocoön Group.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February, 21.—GLADSTONE back again to-day after strategic absence during inconvenient debate on



"Any Age you like."

Address. Full of life and health and spirits. Met HENEAGE cruising about the Lobby, looking more indefinite than ever as to his age. Found HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN on the Front Bench. Came up so briskly a moment's apprehension that he meant to chey them off. On the contrary, shook hands with them cordially. In fact beaming with benevolence all round. So affected GOSCHEN that, making his first speech from Tory Treasury Bench, he was full of tender allusions to "my Right Hon. friend the Member for Midlothian." Not since poor NORTHCOTE was here has the House heard this style of address bandied across the table. GLADSTONE himself didn't use it with reference to GOSCHEN; but GOSCHEN made up the average of frequency.

In the seraphic humour which enveloped his spirit, GLADSTONE would not say a hard thing of the Ministry. At the same time (certainly *en parenthèse*) he brought out curious position of affairs. Last time Closure before the House, Conservatives opposed it tooth and nail. It was the end of freedom of speech. It was the gagging of Parliament; and RANDOLPH and the rest of them, for once in unison with SMITH, GRAND CROSS, and NORTHCOTE, would die on the floor of the House rather than agree to it. Now the Conservatives as a Government were bringing it forward.

"After to-day's meeting at the Foreign Office," HARCOURT said, "I believe they have convinced themselves they were the authors of the proposal."

Should GLADSTONE, as Leader of the Opposition, dwell upon this embarrassing fact? Should he adopt the tactics of the Conservative Opposition in 1832? Perish the thought! "He would do everything he could to help the Government to make the New Rules of Procedure effective."

W. H. SMITH deeply affected. A sob passed along the Treasury Bench, and died away in a remote corner below Gangway, where CAVENDISH-BENTINCK sat. A beautiful and a touching scene! a little marred later when HARCOURT bustled to the front, belaboured the guileless GOSCHEN, and brought up the retaliatory RAIKES. Finishing touch given to proceedings when RAIKES commended for general adoption by the House the calm and fair spirit manifested by PARNELL. Can't say that business much advanced; but delightful and soothing to be present on such a night.

Business done.—Closure Resolution moved.

Tuesday.—DERBY entered precincts of House of Lords to-night, with hat firmly pressed on brow, lips pursed, and general air of determination to do some grave thing. Followed him, to see what



Lord D-rby.

was up. House nearly empty. Peers still nothing to do. Some half-dozen look in casually, sit five or ten minutes, and so home. To those assembled, DERBY opened his Budget. Appears that India, thrice blessed with stars, and gun-firing, and banquets, on account of Jubilee, is to have 25,000 criminals let loose upon it, in further recognition of the joyful event. DERBY thinks honest people won't like this. Grand Cross assures him nothing would please them better. So says LYTON. Ditto says RUPON, and DERBY goes home, musing on these things. Fancy matter will not rest here.

"Why should England wait?" DERBY asks. "We have our Jubilee; why not have our Criminals?"

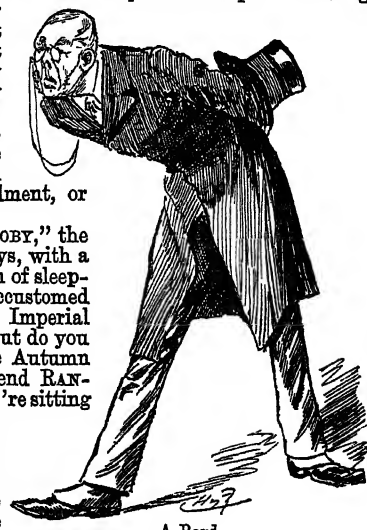
DERBY tells me he was led to take up matter by the receipt of petition signed "Missis SIKES." Son BILL in trouble again, with many other family connections and acquaintances. Missis SIKES wants to know why Oriental custom shouldn't be extended in their favour? Petition to that end now being extensively signed. Influential Committee meets daily at Skeleton Key, Seven Dials, where petition lies for mark. DERBY tells me this as we stroll together across to House of Commons.

"What is Jubilee for the Goose, should be Jubilee for the Gander," he says, in his sententious way. "We don't have Jubilee every year. No reason why its attendant privileges should be confined to India." Interesting moment in Commons. CLARK has just asked question with respect to dinner provided for Northern Lights Commissioners and Bill sent in to Treasury. Such a bill! Forty-seven guests; meats at the rate of 30s. a-head. Illimitable Steinberg Cabinet at 30s. per bottle, innumerable Pommery £1 per bottle, 1834 port, 1864 Chateau Lafitte, and so on. Ninety-six bottles choicest, most excellent wine amongst forty-seven of us! Hardly hear the question put for smacking of lips on Benches to right and left of SPEAKER. Secretary to Board of Trade, to whom question addressed, heard to exclaim in languishing tones, "That's the Diet for Worms."

After this everything flat. Members free from the Whips went off to dine on such poor fare as London affords. Ministers and others condemned to dine in the House dallied with their cut from the joint, sipped their one-and-sixpenny claret, and thought dreamily of the Steinberg Cabinet 1868, the twenty-four bottles Pommery and Greno 1874, and the three bottles of port 1834, round which they genially twinkled. *Business done.*—More debate on Closure.

Thursday.—House to-night dull, and respectable. Attendance small, and no fireworks. Got into discussion on a batch of Amendments to Closure Rule. Talk goes forward as quietly and monotonously as if we were discussing hypotheec. PARNELL takes leading part in criticising measure proposed, and stamps discussion with his most placid manner. JOSEPH GILLIS always makes a point of doing honour to his Chief by being present whilst he speaks. But cannot withstand somnolent influence of the hour. Softly sleeps, waking up occasionally to cry "Hear, hear!" or "No, no!" according as he recognises, by the voice of the speaker, whether he is in favour of PARNELL's Amendment, or against it.

"This is all very well, TOBY," the benevolent old gentleman says, with a yawn. "I don't mind a turn of sleeping about this hour, being accustomed to get to bed early when Imperial politics isn't to the fore. But do you mind the times we had in the Autumn Session when me noble friend RANDOLPH sat below me, where ye're sitting now, so as to be convenient for talking things over with me and TIM HEALY? D'ye mind the long speeches, the divisions on every line, the motions for adjournment, the blayguarding of GLADSTONE, and the sureness of us all the Constitution would be ripped up when Closure passed? And now there's me noble friend run away to



A Bard.

Algiers to get out of the way, and here's SMITH and HICKS-BEACH and the rest of 'em turned round forcing the Closure down our throats, so to speak. It's a haythen world, TOBY, and if we couldn't get a turn of sleep occasionally where should we be?"

Business done.—Debate on Closure.

Friday.—No one thinking of SCLATER-BOOTH when he rose just now from a back Bench behind Ministers. "Here, high and dry, he has been cast, like a piece of seaweed after a storm." (That's OSBORNE MORGAN's way of putting it. OSBORNE MORGAN is, I believe, a Bard in his own country, and sometimes drops into poetry in ours.) SCLATER-BOOTH not at all like a piece of seaweed. High in manner of the magisterial order, he has truly been, and always dry. True, also, that he is stranded as far as the tide setting in for office is concerned. Not the sort of man of which even Conservatives make Ministers to-day, though highly popular at one time. RANDOLPH has changed all that. With RANDOLPH's rising sun, the SCLATER-BOOTH orb has gradually sunk, and is finally set. (The Bard again.) Has accepted his fate without public complaint; only to-night, seeing his opportunity, snapped at it. Not prepared, he said, for such betrayal of voracious appetite for the Closure on part of Ministers. Five of them sat with him on Committee last year, and they then displayed no such voracity. Talking of appetite reminded SCLATER-BOOTH that it was dinner-time. So, having fired this shot, he marched out of House, leaving his former colleagues voracious, but not ashamed. *Business done.*—Debate on Closure.

THE BALLAD OF THE BROKEN BARONET.

FITZ-JOYNS at his breakfast sat, late-risen from his bed,
FITZ-JOYNS of the ample purse, large heart, and empty head;



And by him was the Baronet,
whose friendship was the crown
Of all the simple triumphs of his
short career in town.

But wan and wrinkled was his cheek,
unkempt his hair to-day,
Where watchful time had cleft the dye with a
great gash of grey,
And open-mouthed FITZ-JOYNS sat,
like one who doth not know,

While thus the Baronet spake on, with husky voice and low:—

"Last night you saw me *point de vice*, in fashion's nicest mould;
A shrivelled husk of self-respect this morning you behold,
Who'd gladly take his leave of life, and, if you have it handy,
A dash of seltzer-water in a claret-glass of brandy.

"I told you that the wine we drank—and fast your praises ran—
Was a sort of Indian sherry from the Isles of Andaman;
I don't believe the vine would grow precisely in that zone.
The wine was made in Bermondsey—a vintage quite my own.

"Now for awhile the moral scales have fallen from my eyes,
The hot remorse of 'coppers' melts the adamant of lies;
And hear, FITZ-JOYNS, while I sketch, succinctly as I can,
The *facilis descensus* of a shifty gentleman.

"Well-born, well-bred, I launched in life with dreams of a career
That need not owe to favour what it ne'er should lose by fear;
But weighted with the poet-pow'r that sways imagined scenes,
And high desires that could not brook the limit of my means.

"'Above Suspicion' I had made the motto of my life;
With mutual credit I'd have run away with CÆSAR'S wife;
And shady things, as done by me, a Cato might disarm,
Their very shadiness acquired a cool and mystic charm.

"And with the best I ruffled it in Town and Camp and Court,
Till here a horse and there a card those halcyon days cut short;
But, calm in all contingencies, 'twere false to say I fell.
I rather changed with frequency my Social Parallel.

"Barr'd by involuntary schisms from mixing with my peers,
I found kind hearts and simple faith in friends of humbler spheres;

And oh, be sure you're downward bound when you begin to prize
The moral virtues of the friends whose manners you despise.

"There is a charm that lingers still about this social wreck,
Fair flow'rs of speech and courtly blooms the corpse of honour deck,
And so permissive are my ways, that, on the lowest ramp,
I half persuade myself that I am really not a scamp.

"I've dish'd, a high-horse Cavalier, the writer's soaring hope;
With Indian craft I've shot the moon on the pacific slope;
By force or fraud to one and all the destin'd moment came
To curse my charming manners and revile my ancient name.

"As waltz-worn spinsters closer cling to waning hopes of marriage,
As baby-laden ladies steer straight for a smoking-carriage,
As authors haunt the friend in need who reads their first romance,
So round the titled carcase flock the vultures of finance.

"'What's in a name?' the poet asks. Well, I have found in mine
A standing tasting-order for all sorts of curious wine,
A round of brief Directorships on Companies, where need
Makes Baronets acquainted with strange boardfellows indeed;

"A passport to the vaguest Clubs of brotherhood complete,
Where booted Lords on common ground with Belted artists meet,
Where Lion cubs of comic strain accost the shady City,
And nothing much is known against a few of the Committee.

"But chiefly in exploiting wines I've shown my practis'd skill,
The Mithridates of the docks, impervious to ill,—
Yet deem not that the gentle tout can duly earn his bread
Unless above the face of brass he wear the flinty head.

"And mine, methought, were proof indeed. I've quaffed the live-
long day,

Huge flasks of Cipanesti in the small *trattorie*,
I've drunk Sauer Staut without a wink beside the Castled Rhine,
And whelmed the storied scene in floods of Baelnottorwein.

"I've sampled every deadly brand the chemic art can blend,
I've sampled them myself before I've tried them on a friend,
And weird Antipodean draughts, where all the headaches flee,
From bucketsful of happier growth, have wrought no ill to me.

"I've lived on Antowitz, which drives the rude Carinthian boor
To play tattoos with Alpenstocks upon his tutor's door;
One glass makes strong men swear eternal friendship to a stranger,
At two their dearest friend incurs considerable danger.

"And after these I did not dream that any draught could do
Such mischief as the Indian *brut* I tried to palm on you;
But that is past, and I have made what slight *amende* I can,
And told in brief the story of a shifty gentleman.

"That brandy's excellent of yours. It soon will set me right;
The potent spirit quite o'ererows the poison of last night;
And looking on the world again with a much clearer head,
I'd ask you to forget, dear boy, whatever I have said.

"But this remember, if you wish a shady thing to do,
Choose faults of which your world is prone to take a gentle view;
And don't revoke your Honour card, or you will come, like me,
To drift like a Social Phantom-ship on a Rank Outsider Sea!"

Important.

MR. GLADSTONE is going to reside for the season at Dollis-hill,
near Willesden. In honour of the advent of so great a lion, they are
going to alter the name to Willy's den.

"Music and Manners."

(In two Vols. by W. Beatty Kingston.)

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S KINGSTON! Tu terque quaterque BEATTY!
Qui book scripsisti in two vols. and both of 'em chatty.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following question, which we think
must have been intended for the *Guardian*. "How ought the
Church Militant to be represented in a picture?" We answer that
the simplest form of expression would be a portrait of the Vicar-
General in full regimentals.

MANNERS.—In the dining-room of respectable society it is not
considered correct to put your fingers into the plate before you. But
at church, into the plate that is set before you, all are expected to
put their alms.

FROM the report of the "High Rip Gang" case, it appears that at
Liverpool when you want a Policeman you must—whistle for him.
Is the rule very different in London?



THE DEAD SEASON.

(Showing how to be "In it" is to be "Out of it.")

Snobbington. "TOWN SEEMS MORE DESERTED THAN EVER, DON'T IT, MISS MASHAM?"

Miss Masham. "QUITE. I'VE BEEN UP TO THE TOP AND BACK AGAIN FIVE TIMES—THERE'S POSITIVELY NOT A SOUL IN THE ROW!"

EARLY CLOSING.

FROM THE IDEAL POINT OF VIEW.

Over-worked Shopmen and Shopwomen. Oh! when will this misery end? We have been toiling since seven this morning, and now, after thirteen weary hours of never-ceasing labour, we are called upon for more! Ah! who will rescue us?

Bloated Aristocrat (entering). You cry for help in vain! Now, slaves, let me see a sample of any article that I don't want.

The Over-worked Ones. Gentle Sir, have pity on us! See, Sir, we faint.

Bloated Aristocrat. Know, that no one can dispute my right to keep you working behind the counter until the chimes of midnight.

Over-worked Ones. Oh, mercy, mercy! Who will save us!

Sir John Lubbock (flourishing Shop Hours Bill). I will! Close the Establishment at once!

Over-worked Ones. Saved! Saved! Saved! [Scene closes.]

FROM THE REAL POINT OF VIEW.

First Coster. Now then, buy, buy, buy! 'Ere you are. Now's your time for making a bargain. Come, who will buy?

First Artisan. Well, I will. Couldn't get 'ere before, 'oos my work wasn't done. The Missus said as how I was to buy—

[Enters into particulars.]

Artisan's Wife. Well, I must say this is the time for shopping. After I've put the children to bed, I find my mind easy for doing my bargains.

Shopman. Now then, look out! Here they all are, very fine and large! Make haste about buying 'em, as I haven't sold one all day. And now's the time for getting a little profit to pay the rent.

Artisan's Wife. Ah! I know you are open early and late, but you see it's such a convenience to come at the end of the day, after one's done one's bit of work. Well, they do say that the shops and costers will be closed soon at eight o'clock.

All. Eight o'clock! Why, who'd do that?

Sir John Lubbock. I would! See here my warranty! (Produces

Shop Hours Bill.) I order you, in the QUEEN'S name, to close this establishment.

All (indignantly). Shut up yourself! You be blown!

[Scene closes in upon the discomfiture of well-meaning but too fussy philanthropist.]

THE MODERN SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANION.

A Fragment freely adapted from *De la Motte Fouqué*.

BUT ever in the rear, now seeming somewhat shrunken, but anon swelling to terrible size, lurked, marked or unmarked, persistent as a sleuth-hound on the trail, that boding figure of the diverse names, in whom was concentrated the Ruler's latest fear.

"Give thyself up to me!" screamed his fearsome follower. "What can Blood and Iron in one stout heart, on one stalwart frame, finally effect against Legion?"

But the voice, though strange and threatening, as the voice of many and troublous waters, shook not the purpose of the stern and strong-willed Knight. It seemed to him as if Peace, secure in mailed majesty, were rising before him, and a world of confusion dragging him back with a deadly grasp.

"I command thee, wild form that followest me," he cried, "to cease from thy people-seducing words, and to call thyself by that name by which thou art recorded in the red pages of History,—the name of the arch-fiend Anarchy!"

A cry, more fearful than a thunderclap, burst half-despairingly, half-threateningly from the lips of the Tempter, and he fell yet further to the rear.

The Knight braced himself firmly in his saddle, shouldered his lance confidently, and lifted an undaunted brow, as one now secure of triumph. He urged on his noble steed, which now obeyed his master willingly and gladly, and the faithful dog also ran beside him fearlessly. The valley was passed, and in front of SINTRAM there floated the bright morning cloud, herald of Light and of Victory.



THE KNIGHT AND HIS COMPANION.

(Suggested by Albert Dürer's famous picture.)

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

In the following narratives, which differ considerably from the usually accepted versions, it is hoped that the extraordinary force of the *Moral* will make up for any lack of incident and adventure. By constantly acting on the example offered by the characters of "Mr. Punch's Moral Fairy Tales," the young may hope to attain a peaceful and prosperous old age, after an uneventful, if undistinguished career. For this reason, *Mr. Punch* has every confidence in recommending his stories to be used in all nurseries and school-rooms, and in the lower forms in our public schools.

I.—BLUE-BEARD.

There once lived a gentleman of great wealth, but remarkable alike for the strangeness of his appearance and the unmerited misfortune of his domestic circumstances. He had fine houses both in town and country, and a deal of silver and gold plate, and embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But he had also a Blue Beard, and he had buried, in the most lavish style, no less than thirty-seven wives.

Such a man, you may think, did not easily find a wife, as his beard proved unattractive, and it was considered that his town and country houses must be inadequately provided with sanitary appliances.

In spite of these drawbacks, BLUE-BEARD (as the gentleman was called) was led, for the thirty-eighth time, to the altar, by a young lady of great beauty and prudence, but of scanty dower.

About a month after the marriage, BLUE-BEARD said to his wife, "My dear, business



BLUE-BEARD IN THE NURSERY.

affairs call me abroad. Make good cheer in my absence. Here are the keys of all my great wardrobes, my plate-chests, and my safe-rooms! But, for this little key here, it is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open all except that little closet, in which I forbid you to look." He then embraced her, and went on his journey.

His wife now very carefully locked up the little key of the secret closet in her jewel-case, and passed the time of her husband's absence in longing for his return and reading good books. When BLUE-BEARD came back, before he was expected, he asked for his keys.

"What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"

"Indeed," she said, "I thought it much safer in my jewel-box." And, immediately bringing it, he closely examined it, and found it had not been used.

"Best of wives!" said BLUE-BEARD, "with you I may hope to live long and happily, secure in the affections of a woman who despises curiosity. My System is at last successful!"

Nor were BLUE-BEARD's hopes disappointed. They lived, envied and admired, till the extreme limit of human existence, and it was not till the house was being repaired, after their death in each other's arms, that the mortal remains of thirty-seven previous wives were discovered in the closet at the end of the gallery on the ground floor.

Moral.—Do as you are bid, and don't ask questions.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE PALACE.

To the Editor of the *T-m-s*.

SIR,—There can be but one cause of the failure of the Crystal Palace to attract visitors. Have you ever noticed the quality of buns supplied at some of the refreshment-bars? Stale buns, and a shocking paucity of currants, are the real raisins for paucity of visitors.

Yours,

BUNTHORNE.

SIR,—The charges brought against the Crystal Palace buns are most *unmanly*. How, I ask, can "BUNTHORNE" expect us to keep a daily supply of fresh buns when there are no visitors to eat them? As to paucity of currants, this is due to the little boys picking them off when the custodian's back is turned, a thing which it is impossible wholly to guard against. In this way a bun will lose most of its currants in the course of a few weeks; but it is most unfair to blame

Yours indignantly,

THE FOURTH-CLASS REFRESHMENT-STALL KEEPER.

SIR,—I am delighted to see this correspondence about the Sydenham Palace. It will never do to let the glorious grounds be swallowed up by the brick-and-mortar demon. What is wanted is to have no end of *military tournaments* and displays of that kind. Why not act *Ivanhoe* and the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche in front of the fountains? That's *joust* the way to please visitors. In order to assist, I would propose that one or two regiments should be quartered in Penge; and you may depend upon it that the inhabitants would not object to having their quarter's rent paid in this way. At the same time let the Directors keep up the Concerts and Oratorios! *HANDEL* at one end of the building—cutting off the Turk's head at the other; there's my ideal! By introducing tent-pegging, and pegging away at the music, the public is safe to be attracted.

Yours enthusiastically,

HIPPEDROMIO.

SIR,—There is no doubt that the Palace is a National Institution, and as such should be supported by the nation. The plan that I would venture to suggest for adoption is that no public entertainment of any kind should for the future take place either within the building or in the grounds, but that a series of State-aided *fêtes* be at once organised, to which only the original financial patrons of the place, and their families and friends, should be admitted. Then, if the Government were to guarantee a dividend at the rate of fifteen per cent., I think that the arrangement would satisfy the claims of justice. It would also satisfy

Yours truly,

DEBENTURE-HOLDER.

SIR,—What's all this humbug about keeping the Palace Grounds as an "open space"? Aren't the streets open enough, I should like to know? Let those who like green fields go into the country—there are plenty of fields beyond Croydon, ten miles away. To hear the constant attacks on "bricks and mortar" is really most mortifying to

Yours trowelly,

JEREMIAH B'ILLDA.

BOATING AFTER CHURCH-TIME.

MR. PUNCH praises "GEORGE" Ranger, the First Commissioner, and the Secretary, who rejoices in being the namesake of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, for their act and deed, but not for the language in which



their kind permission for boating in the Parks on Sunday was conveyed to the Public. What Pharisaical trash to be so mighty particular as to whether the boaters have been to "a place of worship" before coming on to the Serpentine and other ornamental water or not. And what on earth, or water, can it matter to "GEORGE" Ranger, Mr. DAVID PLUNKET, and the primmest of PRIMROSES, whether 'ARRY boats, or goes to a place of wash-up (which would improve some of them a bit) in the afternoon! However, we rejoice in the permission, and consider it as wet-nursing the Public in the proper spirit.



THE PENNY TOYS.

Street Vendor (to Nervous Old Gentlewoman, who has a horror of Reptiles) "THEY ALL ON 'EM JUMPS, M'UM! ONLY A——" [So did the Old Lady.]

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 1.

Police Court, City, 2 P.M.—Mr. Alderman BUNCOMBE, presiding.
Present, the British Public generally, Police, Constables, and Reporters.

The Alderman (to the Chief Clerk). Anything more to-day?

Clerk. Only the Education Summonses, Sir.

Alderman. How many?

Clerk. Only fifty, Sir.

Alderman. The number does not seem to fall off.

Clerk. Oh no, Sir, quite the reverse. You see, Sir, they have got a number of new standards, and new rules.

Alderman. Rules of Procedure—the School Board don't spend so much time over there, as they do in another place.

Clerk. Indeed, they do not, Sir. (To the Officer.) Call JOHN THOMAS.

[A poor Woman comes forward leading a little Girl.

Severe School-Board Officer (to Alderman). May it please your Worship, this is a bad case. The defendant's daughter, JANE, has not been to school for two months, and only passed the Fifth Standard.

Alderman. How old is the girl?

Severe Officer. Twelve, Sir, last birthday.

Alderman. Well, Mrs. THOMAS, what do you say? Why doesn't your girl go to school?

Mrs. Thomas. Ax the School Board Man, your Honor. He knows as well as I do, that the child hasn't a pair of boots to her feet, and if that ain't a good reason in this 'ere foggy weather, with a East wind blowing, I'm blessed if I know what is. (Looks round the Court for sympathy, and gets it.)

Alderman. No boots. 'Um! (Hopes that this will give him a chance of not enforcing the penalties. To Chief Clerk.) Is that an excuse under the Act?

Clerk. Nothing about boots, Sir, in the Act.

Alderman (sighing sotto voce, then trying to appear as magisterial as possible). My good woman, you hear what the law is. You must either send the girl to school or be fined.

Mrs. Thomas. I won't send her to school, and I won't pay no fine. (Murmurs of applause, in which the worthy Alderman inwardly joins, but which are immediately suppressed.) Look you 'ere, your Worship, my old man has been out of work since afore Christmas.

And there's GWENDALENE JEMIMAR just cum out of fever 'ospital, and little MABEL 'as the mumps so bad—her cheeks, saving your Honor's Worship, amost as swollen as yourn—

Alderman (trying to make things as agreeable as possible). Take care, Mrs. THOMAS, if you say I am full of cheek, it might be contempt of Court. (Much laughter, in which the Police-constables, the Reporters, and the British Public generally, with the exception of Mrs. Thomas and the Severe Officer, join.)

Severe S.-B. O. (more severely than ever). The last time this girl attended school, she did not bring the fee, and of course was not admitted.

Alderman (hopelessly to Chief Clerk). I suppose the school fee must be brought. Isn't that one of the new "Rules of Procedure?"

Clerk. That is so, I believe.

Alderman (nettled). But there is nothing in the new rules about boots. The child may come without boots, but not without the fee.

Severe School-Board Officer (implacably). That is so, your Worship.

Alderman (politely, to Prisoner). Well, Mrs. THOMAS, you hear what the law is; the fee must be paid, boots or no boots.

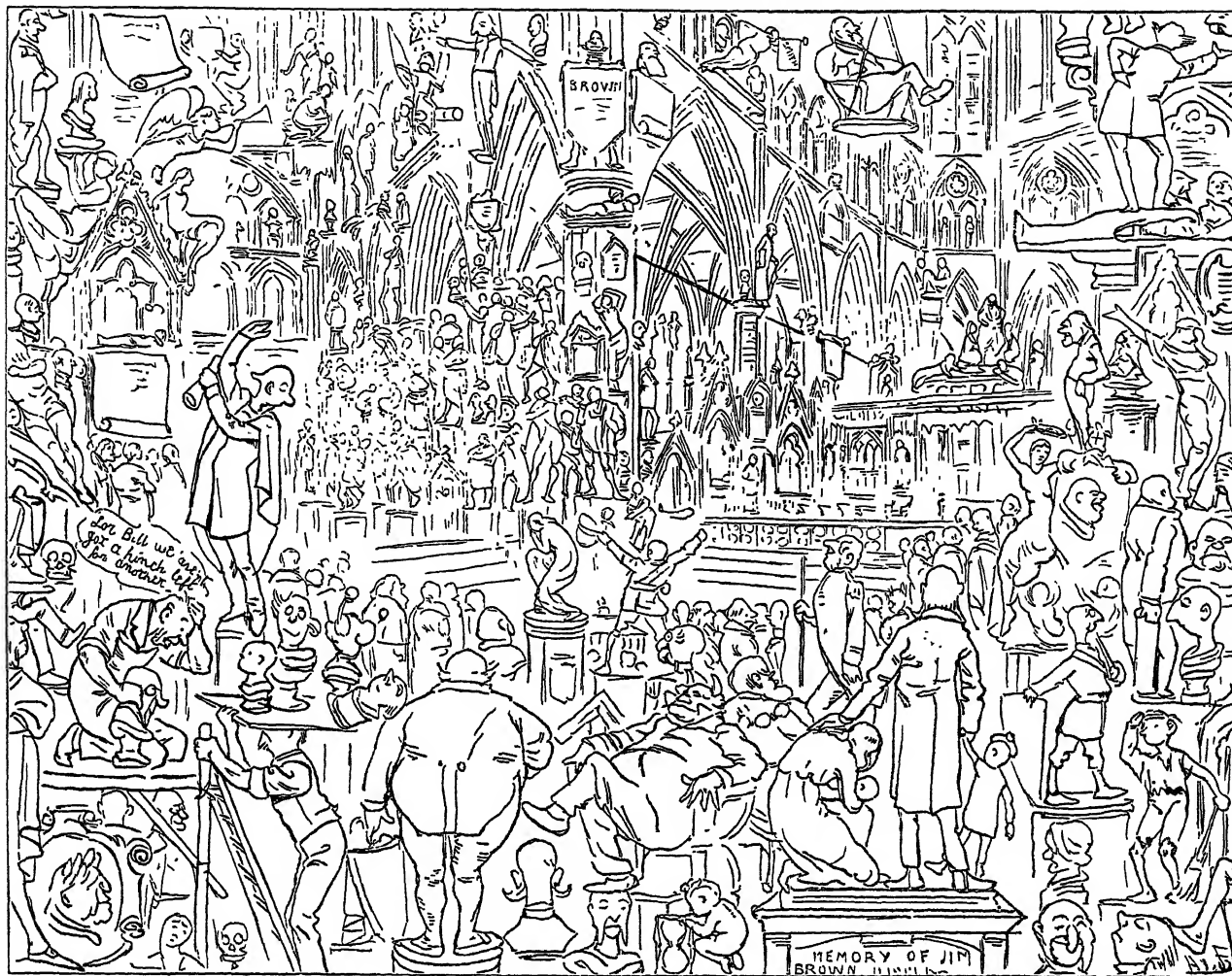
Mrs. Thomas (savagely). And so we did pay the fee quite reglar so long as my old man was in work. But if you tell us how to pay twopence a week out of nothing at all a week, I'd just like to know. They learn many things at School Board, but will they learn us that? (Looks round defiantly. Murmurs of applause, in which the Alderman again joins inwardly, but which are immediately suppressed.)

Severe School-Board Officer (in his hardest practical manner, to Prisoner). You might apply to have the school-fee remitted.

Mrs. Thomas (indignantly). And didn't I just go to School Board a purpose? And didn't I stand outside, i' the snow, waiting my turn till School-Board man comes out and says no more would be heard that day? (Severe School-Board Officer, still implacable. Alderman eyes him askance. Mrs. Thomas concludes, loudly and bitterly.) And so I loses my day's wage, and goes home dripping wet, an', you may lay your life, blessing School Board at every step. [Applause as before.]

Alderman (warmly). I don't doubt it. (Remembers that he is compelled to administer the law as he finds it. Magisterially.) But I am obliged to tell you that the child must go to school, or your husband must go to prison. However (delighted to think that there is still an alternative left him), I will allow you a fortnight to make up your mind what you will do. (Mrs. Thomas, about to speak, is handed out.) Call on next case.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 48.



"WITHIN THE ABBEY WALLS."

"WITHIN the Abbey Walls!" This certainly, as the Poet puts it, to English ears at least, is:—

"The pregnant phrase
That tells of Fame who holds her golden bay,
And here, at length life's battle bravely won,
Enshrines the name of each heroic son!"

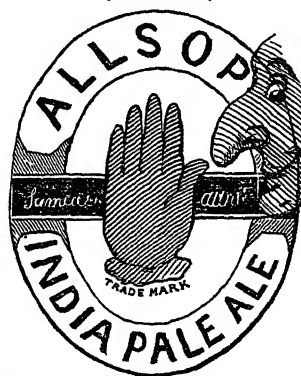
The Fame, however, who has in past times given her cachet of admission to the Abbey has to judge, from the crowd of celebrated nobodies, whose memorial tablets crowd its ancient walls, not proved herself a very discriminating goddess in her day. On the contrary, she seems to have let in "the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker," in the shape of a heap of ephemeral notoriety, who strutted for a little space across life's scene in their own immediate times, a performance for which their injudicious relatives and friends have apparently deemed them fitting objects for the admiration of their remotest posterity. Perhaps not latterly have things been as bad, but certainly the last century has a great deal to answer for, and the rush made in it by second and third-rate notabilities for immortality seems to have been quite unique. It has been boldly proposed to make a clean sweep of these last, and turn them bodily out, and both on artistic and historic grounds, it would seem desirable, for not only was the taste of the period in monumental architecture execrable, but the monuments themselves have been, in nine cases out of ten, raised to the memory of individuals whose names in any connection with their country's annals whatever, have never even been heard of by educated Englishmen of the present day. It is difficult, however, to say what can be done with them. They can hardly be relegated to the Embankment. Room might be found for them in the neighbouring Aquarium.

Anyhow, if space already occupied cannot be easily cleared, what is still left can at least be jealously preserved, and the claims of all future candidates for the national honour of mingling their dust with that of the mighty dead, who rest "within the Abbey walls,"

be rigorously scrutinised. Otherwise we shall soon have our really great men, as soon as they are departed, left out in the cold, and literally "going around" begging to find a fitting place of sepulture. Let the Dean then keep his weather eye open.

ONE OF ALLSOPP'S FABLES.

(Illustrated.)



New Design for Trade Mark, which ought to have been sent with the "Letters of Regret."

The best introduction to the study of the Metric System is to read NEWMAN'S *Grammar of A Cent.*

"Our Own Celestial."

News from China in the *Times* of Friday last, told us that "Lo, the head of a wealthy Christian family at Sze-Chuen, has been executed in spite of the remonstrance of the French Minister,"—and apparently without a word from BOB LO, our distinguished Mandarin SHER-BROOKE.

THE AMBLESIDE QUESTION IN A NUTSHELL. — Everybody admits that the Ambleside district is at present an Arcadia. Mr. LOWTHER thinks that a railway and its customary concomitants will improve it. The question the public has to decide, then, is, "Arcadia, or Lowther Arcadia?" Mr. *Punch* votes for the former.

"THE Turning Point" in a Revolutionary Street Riot is—The Bayonet's.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XIX.—JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C., H.M.L.

THE office of Common Councilman of the City of London, is one of considerable importance, and ought to obtain for its possessor a far



larger amount of respect than is generally the case, and the reason is not far to seek. It necessitates, if properly carried out, a large sacrifice of time, more or less valuable, as the case may be, and for that sacrifice of time the only reward is the partaking of certain sumptuous banquets, accounts of which are duly chronicled in the Press, and read by the hungry constituents with a considerable amount of envy. They are not too, as a body, highly distinguished in Art, Science, or Literature, but are an useful, harmless, and amusing race.

Mr. PODLER was an old inhabitant of the Ward he represented, and highly respected by the Ward Beadle, who almost trembled before him. He was a man of great energy and

decision, and never troubled with any feelings of what he called ridiculous sentiment.

The Town Clerk himself had him in his mind when deciding upon some knotty point of order. The Solicitor, wise man, never solicited him. The Remembrancer never thought of reminding him of anything. The Comptroller no more thought of controlling him than a mouse would think of controlling a cat, and even the Recorder, recorded his decisions with fear and trembling when Mr. PODLER had his eye upon him.

Most punctual of Common Councilmen, his attendance upon Courts and Committees, and Dinners, was an example to all. Always the first to come, and the last to go, he was looked up to with respect as a model of what a representative should be. Even at the monthly meetings of the Court of Lieutenancy, of which he was a Member, he was a regular attendant, and had even been known on more than one occasion to actually ask the meaning of some mysterious matter connected with the great City mystery known as the Trophy Tax.

The possession of the much-coveted honour of a Lieutenant of the City of London—a distinction which he owed to the favour of a remarkably timid Lord Mayor—conferred upon him the title of "Esquire," he having been addressed by Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, when she issued her Royal Commission, as "Our trusty and well-beloved JOSEPH PODLER, Esq." It also entitled him to the remarkable privilege of adding to his name the letters "H.M.L.," which privilege was the more appreciated as probably not one in a thousand of Her Majesty's loyal subjects knew what they meant. But, far above all, it obtained for him a place in that book which, although termed by some envious and disappointed persons the "Snobs' Bible," is the volume, above all others, in which members of what may very properly be termed the middling classes long to appear. Need we say we allude to the *Handbook to the Upper Ten Thousand*!

Upon his appointment a copy of the forthcoming edition was immediately ordered, and, on its arrival, placed on the drawing-room table, and a book-marker showed to the curious reader the page upon which was inscribed, among Dukes, Marquises, Bishops, and the *élite* of the land, "PODLER, JOSEPH, one of H.M.'s Lieutenants for the City of London." To hear Mr. PODLER in the Court of Common Council on a regular field-day, not merely advising this or suggesting that, but telling his hearers in plain and unmistakable language what they must do, and overwhelming with his biting sarcasm any rash member who ventured to differ from him, who would have suspected that the reason for his punctual and lengthened attendances, upon all and every occasion, was the thought of what awaited him in his cheerless home. And why? Ah! there is generally a bit of mystery in most men's lives that they would not like to have unravelled, even in the apparently monotonous life of a Common Councilman. And so it was with that of JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C. and H.M.L. His wife was a small, spare woman, with a fearfully shrill voice, and ever since a certain discovery of a certain document, the history of which had never been satisfactorily explained, she had been devoured by gnawing jealousy. — It might have been said of her that from the day of the discovery,

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'st yesterday."

Ah, poor fellow! it was often said of him that he deserved no pity from others, as he never showed pity to man, woman or child when in the performance of his public duties. But what a life was his! Plenty of honour, plenty of that fierce public contest in which his somewhat small soul delighted, and plenty of luxury during the day, but always with the feeling, growing hourly stronger as the night approached, of the sort of welcome he might expect in his childless home. See him seated, always well placed, at one of those magnificent Banquets, of which the old and still popular City Corporation has so well preserved the tradition, with every luxury that wealth and good taste can furnish for the enjoyment of the assembled guests, with beautiful women and famous men to give an additional interest to the gay scene, and with, occasionally, the sound of music with its voluptuous swell, to make the enjoyment refined as well as perfect, which, of the hundreds present, appears to be more thoroughly at home and happy than JOSEPH PODLER, and he holds his own in the well relished jests and brilliant repartees that flash around him. But watch him when the festival approaches its termination, and when the depressing thought will force itself upon him that it is nearly time to quit this brilliant scene, and go home! Such a home! That sleepless woman, nursing her sense of wrong, awaits him at his threshold. There is no honest watch-dog's bark to welcome him home; no bright eye to greet his coming and look brighter when he comes, but the same cold unalterable look of weary waiting, that he has known almost nightly for so many years. Let us change the scene.

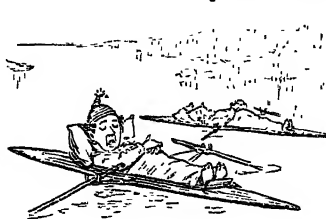
He is the Chairman of an important Committee appointed to conduct the proceedings on a very great occasion. He has worked as a public man must work who voluntarily accepts such a responsible position, and has scarcely seen his home for the last fortnight. At length the important day arrives. The manifold arrangements have all been eminently successful. The scene in the noble old Guildhall has been brilliant as upon any previous example. The leaders of fashion at the West End have agreed to patronise the affair, and the assembled company has been as distinguished as numerous. Congratulations without end have been showered upon the successful Chairman, who, for once in his long life, looks perfectly radiant with his success.

To crown all, he is introduced to the hero of the evening by the LORD MAYOR, and is received with such marked cordiality as makes him the observed of all observers, and he leaves the scene of his triumph at a very late hour and proceeds home. His old feeling comes over him as he opens his door, and his first look at the ghastly face of his old domestic tells him but too surely that the cold grey eyes that have so often awaited his return, are closed for ever. He enters the silent chamber, locks the door, and remains there for hours.

Some months have flown by, during which Mr. PODLER has been unusually quiet. But on one of those quarterly occasions that the Court of Common Council dedicates to the consideration of petitions from all sorts and conditions of people, for the relief of all the many ills that flesh is heir to, including among them that of poverty, especially if caused by misfortune rather than fault, a poor widow appeared at the Bar of the Court, petitioning for some small annuity to enable her to bring up her four children, left dependent upon her by the sudden death of her husband, who had been for many years in the service of the Corporation, when a member of the Court who had on many occasions warmly supported Mr. PODLER in his denunciations of these applications, as creating bad precedents, and inducing men to forget the duty of providing for their offspring, moved that the application be not granted; upon which Mr. PODLER started up, and in a speech full of generous Christian charity, and delivered with an amount of enthusiasm that electrified his audience, begged and entreated the Court to remember the noble character for wisely-directed benevolence they had so long enjoyed, and to treat this poor widow and her orphan children as they would wish that theirs should be treated under similar sad circumstances. The utter astonishment of the members may be easily imagined; and the poor widow went away calling down blessings on the head of her kind unknown friend.

From that memorable day the whole character of Mr. PODLER became changed; and while still devoting himself heartily to his public work, his hard heart seemed to have become softened, and his manner friendly and even genial. He adopted two of the orphan children of a distant relative, and now nothing but duty keeps him long from his happy home; and among the whole two hundred and thirty members of the City Corporation there is probably scarcely one who leads a happier or more thoroughly useful life than JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C. and H.M.L.

BOATING AT OXFORD.

By Dumb Crambo, Junior.

A Torpid Race.



Fresh-man getting Bumped.



Overlapping.



The "Sandwich" Boat.



Practice on the Isis.



Taken out Tubbing.

UNVEILED REBELLION.

(A Hint from Corsica.)

Is it really the case that Mr. DILLWYN, Mr. RICHARD, and several other prominent Welsh Members of Parliament, feeling emulous of the Bonapartist Barrister in Corsica, who has raised the standard of revolt and "taken to the mountains," have entrenched themselves on the top of Snowdon, and refuse to come down until Lord SALISBURY consents to disestablish the Welsh Church?

Sixteen briefless and very junior members of the Common Law Bar, in disgust at the want of employment now prevailing in legal circles, are reported to have stolen one of the antique guns on the Horse-Guards Parade, and to be giving the police a lively time of it in St. James's Park.

It is certainly rather strange to find that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has taken a couple of Gatlings and an old torpedo to the top of Primrose Hill, and defies the Regent's Park Volunteers to dislodge him, unless the Government at once increases his retiring pension by five thousand pounds a year.

No, it is not Helvellyn, but Helm Crag, which Mr. RUSKIN is at present attempting to fortify in order to be able to shell the engineers when they turn the first sod of the Windermere and Ambleside Railway.

Is it expected that Mr. W. H. SMITH will shortly "take to the mountains," in the neighbourhood of Henley, in order to escape from the plague of Irish obstruction in the House of Commons?

Fancy Mr. GLADSTONE having taken up a strong natural position on Arthur's Seat, and with a powerful body of followers, including Canon MACCOLL, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and the ex-Lord Chancellor, declaring that he will bombard Holyrood Palace unless Irish Home Rule is speedily granted!

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is perhaps hardly well advised in running off with an ironclad, and, in company with a large force of Liberal Unionists, cruising about the Channel as a Bold Buccaneer, because he is not quite satisfied with the Government's Home Policy.

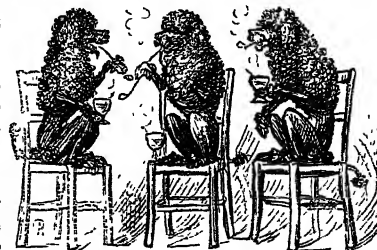
Is it the Duke of ARGYLL's recent article which has induced Professor HUXLEY to establish himself, with ammunition and provisions for a whole month, on the top of Ben Lomond, with the object of harrying the Duke's deer-forests, and so convincing him that his scientific views are inaccurate?

THE REAL "SPRING MATERIALS."—Sap, sunshine, and showers.

LUNATIC LAW.

MY DEAR TOBY,

Now that such care is being taken to secure the personal liberty of those of our hated Masters who believe that they are "copyholders" in the moon with liberty to commit "waste" by cutting off the head of any one they meet in the dark when he is not looking, and other pleasant little idiosyncrasies (or shall I say idiot-synchrasies) of the same sort,—of course I allude to the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill,—surely something ought to be done for those of our race who have assisted to make M. PASTEUR famous? Why should we not have a Hydrophobia Preventive Amendment Act? I suggest a few regulations that I think would be accepted at once by a majority in both Houses of Parliament:—



A Spirited Policy gone to the Dogs.

1. No Collie alleged to be suffering from rabies shall be restrained by a muzzle, or detained by a string, prior to undergoing medical treatment, unless under an order made by a Judge of County Courts, Stipendiary Magistrate, or Justice of the Peace, having jurisdiction in the place where the alleged afflicted Collie is. No owner of the said Collie so alleged to be afflicted shall be capable of making such an order or anyone else, except under such provisions as hereafter appear.

2. The order for imposing the muzzle or applying the string shall be obtained upon a private application by petition, accompanied by a statement of particulars disclosing how many persons the alleged afflicted Collie has already bitten, and by two medical certificates on separate sheets of paper, under the hands of two duly qualified medical practitioners, who have made a declaration that they are prepared to submit to penal servitude for life, or to any heavier sentence that, in recognition of their signature, may be awarded them.

3. The petition shall be presented if possible by the person who has received the largest number of bites, unless he shall be the owner of such alleged afflicted Collie, or shall have seen the alleged afflicted Collie within three days. If it is not so presented, it shall contain a statement of the reasons why the petition is not so presented, and under what circumstances anyone else presents the petition. And anyone else presenting such petition shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

4. No person shall present a petition unless he has been bitten by the alleged afflicted Collie, within at least fourteen days of presenting the petition. A person presenting a petition within fourteen days, or without fourteen days, or neither verbally nor in writing, or both verbally and in writing, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

5. The Judge, Magistrate, or Justice to whom a petition has been presented shall give to the alleged afflicted Collie notice thereof either personally, or in the case where the Judge, Magistrate, or Justice, has already been bitten, he may direct the notice to be dispensed with for reasons to be stated by him.

6. The Judge, Magistrate, or Justice, at any time before the order is made for applying the muzzle or string, if he thinks it necessary or desirable, and shall, if seemingly required so to do (by the alleged afflicted Collie savagely barking or showing his teeth), have a personal interview with the alleged afflicted Collie.

7. If any Justice thus called upon to have a personal interview with the alleged afflicted Collie shall deem it necessary to have the assistance of the Clerk of the Petty Sessional Division within which he may be acting for the time being, he shall be entitled to call for such assistance; and if any such Clerk refuse to come, then such Clerk shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

8. When a Collie alleged to be so afflicted has been muzzled, or led by a string, then any or every owner of such alleged afflicted Collie, and any or every petitioner who has presented a petition, and any and every Judge, Magistrate, or Justice of the Peace, and every duly qualified medical practitioner who has signed two medical certificates on two separate sheets of paper, and all the Commissioners in Lunacy, and the Lord Chancellor for the time being, and every Member of the House of Peers who has ever been a Lord Chancellor, and the Chancery Visitors, and the Secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy for the time being, and every other person or persons whatsoever connected or not connected with the transaction, inclusive of the Collie alleged to be so afflicted himself, shall be guilty, collectively and severally, of a misdemeanor.

Now if these regulations are embodied in an Act, we all ought to be as comfortable as the gryphon on the knife-board of the omnibus that goes by electricity from the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius up by Shaftesbury Avenue and the Great Desert of Sahara to the Regent's Park Kennel in the Dog's Star! But I am becoming excited!

Yours, thirsting for the blood of PASTEUR,

THE FIRST COUSIN TO THE ECCENTRIC MARCH HARE.



AT THE SESSIONS.

Counsel. "DO YOU KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH, MY GOOD WOMAN?"

Witness (with a black eye). "I DID OUGHT TO, SIR! WHICH MY 'USBAN' 'S A COVIN' GARDEN PORTER, SIR!"

ROBERT TO THE RESCUE!

WHAT a wonderful Mayor's Nest, the wary Truthful gentleman as represents Northampton, that not werry harrystocratic Burrow, has discovered, to be sure! And how werry kind it was of his friend, who represents Bethnal Green, to retale it all to the grinning House of Commons at second-hand. To be sure he quite forgot to tell 'em that several of the peeples menshuned in his statement had contradicted it all point blank; but even supposing as it was all true as Truth itself, what does it all come to? Why, just this; that the old loyal Copperashun of the City of London that has for about seven hundred years borne the battle and the breeze, being fiercely attacked with all the strength of a powerful Government, acshally spent a lot of their own money—left to 'em sentries ago, as I heard a werry venerable Deputy say the other night, for that werry purpus, among others—in defending theirselves, and in showing that the large majority of sensible Londoners much prefer things as they is rayther than things as they might be.

It seems that the Northampton Gent has got hold of some privet papers, that was in a Burglar's Safe, and with that fine sense of honner that so distingwishes some of the honnerable gents of the House of Commons, has bin and gone and publeeshed 'em without asking the consent of the owner, and to make the dellycat matter quite purfect, the principal charge in connectshun with 'em is brot against a eminent Officer of the Copperashun who has been dead some two or three years! How clever it was of the Burglar to keep 'em in his Safe until after the emment Officer's death! His explanation might ha' spiled all the fun.

Well, how was the ridiclous, not to say burglaryous charges met? Why, up stood Sir ROBERT FOWLER, the City Representative, and with a degree of skorn worthy of the cristian name he bears so prowdly, denowned 'em as mere idle gossip! and so left 'em.

And ewen sposing as all the charges was as true as Truth itself, which praps they is, what does they amount to? Why, that the libberal Copperashun having to do sumthink as was necessary to be done, did it ansomely, as they does everythink. They had to xplain matters to about four million peeples, and they spent a few thowsand pounds in a doing of it. BROWN, who is a grate calculator, having wun a prize at his Parish Skool for siphering, says as he makes it about a penny a head! What a mighty fuss about nothink! He says too, that the hole sum said to be spent in holding meetings, and

hadwvertising 'em, and in printin and stationary, and setterer, woodn't more than pay a year's sallery for Wicount Cross, and the LORD CHANCESELLER, and he's rude enuff to add, "and neether on 'em ain't such werry great geniusses."

It's no doubt a great pity, but it's, nevertheless, quite true that it takes a lot of time and a lot of money to get people to understand publiik matters except at Election time. They won't attend publiik meetings, and lissen to long, dry speeches, and speshally on pouring wet nights, unless you has two or three good performers to emuse as well as convince 'em; and so it's abserlutely necessary to make use of the Press for adwvertising on 'em, for it's found by experience that most sensible peeples prefer reading a speech quite cumfural at home, at breakfast, to going out at night to lissen to one in a ot and crouded room. And adwvertising, I'm told, is werry expensive work, sumtimes as much as £20 a page! So it soon runs into money.

But the werry best xcuse as the Copperashun could possorably make for spending their money so freely, if they condescends to do anythink so beneath their high position, is the fact that they succeeded in what they tried to accomplish, and utterly defeated the ennemy as wanted to utterly abolish 'em, root and branch, and, at the same time, saved the hole of London from the most owdacious, and the most stupidest, and the most extrawagentest skeme for their future government as ewen a Metrypolitan sollem Reform Leeger ewer emagined.

ROBERT.

A Publishing Paradox.

INTO Publishers' ways BESANT gives us a glance.

Though the Writers of England are famous for loyalty, It seems strange—and hard—that Republican France Should get more of the blessings of "Royalty."

TAKING STOCK.—In the *Investor's Annual*, Mr. G. H. PHILLIPS gives an interesting list of Capel Court expressions, which includes "Berthas" and "Dinahs," accompanied by "Cats" and "Apes." But perhaps the most suggestive idea in the catalogue is "Boars," especially to those unfortunate amateur flutterers who have lost in a fishy transaction in "Haddocks," or have been rooked while chasing the too-nimble "Snipes."

"HARS EST CELARE HARTEM"—

That is, it is real bookseller's art to provide the public with a pocketable volume of BRET HARTE's short stories, so that one can "*celare Hartem*" without the slightest inconvenience. Not to be pocketed unless paid for, of course. Messrs. ROUTLEDGE & SONS have achieved this, and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, with other stories, can be easily stowed away in the Tale-coat pocket. Let those who have not yet read *The Luck*, if any such there be, take this opportunity of reading it as they train out of the dismal nauseating fogs of London, to seek breathing space awhile at Jerusalem—super—Mare, reinvigorating Ramsgate, merry Margate, or virtuous Westgate. If any one is down on his luck, let him be down on Mr. BRET HARTE's *Luck of Roaring Camp*. For true humour, for manly pathos, for picturesque, dramatic, and perfectly untheatrical effect, what story of its size and weight can beat it? Nay, does even BRET HARTE himself come up to it again, or even rival it, excellent as are *Poker Flat*, *Miggles*, and *Brown of Calaveras*? No, *The Luck* is a gem of the first water, and it is all we have said, because there is so much Harte in it.

PROCEDURE AMENDMENT.—"To insert 'A Member rising in his place may move.'" How can he rise without moving? Of course he can move without rising. But they'll never get on at this pace.



FOWLERIUS TO THE FRONT! OUR CLASSICAL EX-LORD MAYOR'S DREAM OF THE CIVIC SITUATION.

The Cook Brought to Book.

"The remedy for London fog is cooking by gas."—DR. CARPENTER.

DR. CARPENTER points a clear way to the goal,
For which every Londoner sighs in despair.
Says he, "Cook your pea-soup with gas, and not coal,
And no more you'll be plagued with 'pea-soup' in the air.
So that what we've to break is the kitchen's fell yoke,
For the smoke causes fog, and the cook causes smoke.

THE ARTISTIC JUBILEE JOCADEMY IN BOND STREET. — The fire insurances on the building will be uncommonly heavy because there is to be a show of FURNISS's constantly going on inside. Why not call it "Furniss Abbey-Thoughts"?

THE Cheltenham *Looker-On*, for February 19, published a list of the ladies and gentlemen who appeared at the Bachelors' Ball, with a brief—very brief—description of the costume worn by each one. Thus "Miss —'s" costume is described as "*Only an Ivy Leaf*," and a "Mr. —" came simply in "*Facings*." In these hard times what could have been more economical than these two costumes? The Cheltenham *Looker-On*, however, does not seem to have expressed any astonishment, so perhaps he has seen "*Only an Ivy Leaf*" and "*Facings*" before, and has become accustomed to them.

ANOTHER "SELL"!—Anyone who wishes to obtain something uncommonly like a sovereign for a shilling, should apply to the agency whose tremendous practical-jokelike telegraphic address is "SELL London."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XX. "OUR SECRETARY."

WITHOUT the exercise of the useful but occult art known, or rather perhaps vaguely indicated, by the term "Wire-pulling," it is commonly understood that Political Organisation would be impossible. And without Political Organisation, where *should* we all be? Ask the Member of All Work, whose mission in life it is to 'preach it from a hundred platforms and promote it in ten thousand unmarked ways.

And yet, strange to say, there is scarcely one man in a million who will own that he is a Wire-puller.

"Our Secretary,"—as all his political associates delight to call him—is however not altogether as other men are. He admits frankly, to those with whom he considers it safe to be frank—that he is "a Professional Politician." There is no sham-dignity, no Ajax-like assumption of the heroic about "Our Secretary."

It is pleasant to hear him in one of his candid moods, when unboasting himself to some ardent and honest, but not entirely verdant local politician. His manner is so modest, his tolerance so extreme, he admits so much, he pretends to so little, his candour is so insidious, his appreciation is so soothing.

"Our Secretary," is a strict party-man, without being in the least a zealot. What his own fundamental convictions really are, if he has anything so uncompromising as a fundamental conviction, it would perhaps be difficult for anyone, himself included, to say. But he is always ready to utter his party's shibboleths when they are once fairly recognised as such. He has no idea of taking up "cries" before the main bulk of the political pack have given tongue. That is where young party-hounds are such a nuisance, and "Our Secretary" is by no means a young party-hound. He is on the contrary a very wary "old dog" indeed, and is often told off to soothe and silence impetuous political puppies. He knows so well how to deal with them. Long practice has made him an expert in the art of political muzzling in its many branches. What droll stories he could tell of the various canine types:—

"Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree,"

upon whose indiscreet or hungry jaws he has had to experiment.

No one knows better than "Our Secretary" that the game called Politics is not generally played with all the cards on the table. As "Truthful JAMES," he could, if he would, expose the hand of many a Parliamentary "Heathen Chinee." But he is discretion incarnate. It is instructive to watch the play of his bland, but at times expressive countenance, when he is confidentially chatting over a good dinner with his particular friend the Secretary of the C. C. C.—or Central Conglomerate Caucus. It would probably be even more instructive to overhear the mutual confidences which give rise to so many nods and becks and wreathed smiles. But that is an instruction vouchsafed only to a very select few, and those themselves members of the noble army of Wire-pullers. It would not do for the Wire-pullers to tell *everything* to the puppets. The puppets might perchance rebel, and determine henceforth to dance only at their own good pleasure and to their own favourite tunes. Which would never do.

There are few things in "practical politics" of which "Our Secretary" is not a master. He knows how to deal with political Big-wigs and to bring the influence of the great Panjandrum of Parliament to bear locally at need. He can give political platform rovers the straight tip as to the most judicious manner of manipulating meetings, and dealing with individuals, when they come to orate, to dine, or socially disport themselves in our midst. Without his guidance a Great Panjandrum in Little Pedlington would often feel like a fish out of water, or at least like a whale in a tank. Yet there are few more simply charming spectacles than a Panjandrum dealing out personal compliments or political spoon-meat to the Pedlingtonians under the sagacious direction of "Our Secretary."



He is also great on Committees. A Committee is very commonly an assemblage of manageable ciphers whose main function it is to give an appearance of what is humorously called "truly representative character," to the foregone conclusions of a few leading spirits. "Our Secretary" is sufficiently astute and apparently self-effacing to be a real power upon a Committee, Sub-Committee, or Council. The orators spout, the critics carp, the grumblers snarl, and the muddle-heads vaguely meander. "Our Secretary" listens *patiently*, sympathises *warmly*, deprecates *humbly*, understands *completely*, and then—brings the business before the meeting to its real bearings and pre-arranged conclusion. Ah! where would England's local liberties be without "influential representative Committees?" Ask "Our Secretary."

But where "Our Secretary" chiefly shines is in adroitly dealing with local recalcitrants. These are of many sorts. It is impossible even for an affable and open-handed Member of Parliament like Mr. TRUMPINGTON SNIPE, backed by a genial and judicious agent like "Our Secretary," to please *everybody*. But if there is anything which "Our Secretary" does—quietly and discreetly—pride himself upon, it is his ability to gauge every opponent's character and ascertain every grumbler's price. "Price" is not altogether a pleasant word, perhaps, to the ears of patriots and men of principle, and therefore "Our Secretary" never makes use of it—to men of principle or patriots. Why should he when people so readily understand its less startling and unsavoury synonyms? But "price" does not always signify hard cash. It may also mean political promotion, social patronage, personal flattery, almost anything, from a situation of profit to a dinner at Mr. TRUMPINGTON SNIPE'S Club or Town Mansion. Where "Our Secretary" is so useful is in discovering exactly what it *does* mean in any given case. Who so quickly as he can measure the money value of an incorruptible Scotch antagonist's silence, or take the length of an infuriated Irish obstructionist's foot? Who can deal so deftly as he with the enthusiasts who have to be soothed into acquiescence, the crotcheteers who have to be conciliated into conformity, the burly Brutuses who have to be bought over?

It is possible that "Our Secretary's" long and varied experience of such delicate little diplomacies may in some measure have affected his estimate of patriots and men of principle, for he has been charged by many with being a cold-blooded GALLIO, and by some with being, in confidential moments, a cynical political PIRATE. But it must be owned that when he does come across a local politician who is both sensible and incorruptible, "Our Secretary" is disposed to meet him in a very fair and friendly spirit. He would probably admit, however, that *this* is a difficulty which he has seldom to deal with.

On the whole, "Our Secretary" is rather a favourable specimen of the sort of men who, in these highly "organised" days, are constantly and quietly engaged in the art and mystery of political wire-pulling. He often has to do suit and service to men who are more self-seeking than himself, whilst less ingenuous and above-board. This does not seem greatly to disturb him; he smiles, and manages while he smiles; he dines with much enjoyment, and does not let even the maxim *in vino veritas* lead him beyond the delicate line which divides post-prandial frankness from political indiscretion. He never thrusts himself forward to speak, being always ready to give place to the many whom he knows to be afflicted with the *cacoëthes loquendi*, but when "on his legs" he is fluent, judicious, conciliatory, occasionally even mildly facetious, but seldom aiming at smartness. He knows that a clever stroke of satire may wound friends as well as enemies, and that an epigram or a repartee sometimes excites as much envy as admiration. In short, if judicious self-effacement be as virtuous as heroic self-denial, "Our Secretary" is among the most virtuous of mankind.

Those who object to Wire-pullers, and all their works, will perhaps find little to admire in "Our Secretary." And, indeed, the division of political mankind into puppets and those who pull them, can only be looked upon with modified satisfaction as being, like Party Government itself, a very provisional form of political machinery. It may be feared, however, that, for some time yet to come, "the Machine" will run, the wires will work; and among Wire-pullers and Machine-men there are indeed many worse fellows than that astute but faithful, if salaried, party Abdiel whom we call "Our Secretary."

A New Nuisance.

ALL our Newspaper wranglers are now quoting BURKE,
The parrot-like pests! One's unable to shirk them.
Like footpads in everyone's pathway they lurk,
Till one feels like a Thug, and could *burke* them.

LAVINIA was reading the *Times* Parliamentary Report to her Aunt, and read out:—"In the division on Mr. PARNELL's first amendment, Mr. JOHN ROBERTS voted by mistake with the Noes, instead of the Ayes." "How very absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM. "But I thought voting was always done with the hands."

AWAKE WITH THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

To judge from the highly satisfied attitude of the large audience that attended NOVELLO's Oratorio Concert, given at St. James's Hall



The Sleeping Beauty.

the other evening, there was on their parts evidently no disposition to quarrel with the quality of the musical fare provided for their delectation, by that enterprising firm, for as a distinguished German musical critic, sitting beside Mr. Punch, observed to him, "Ven he likes, no vellow can do it better." It is true that BEETHOVEN's Choral Symphony can scarcely be regarded as a new work, and the audience seemed a little overcome by the "Adagio molto et cantabile," that fell somewhat flat, much apparently to the

surprise of Dr. MACKENZIE, who commenting on the fact to his first violin, was evidently making some such remark as "H'm,—well, I wonder why on earth they haven't taken that." The rather uncomplimentary opening words of the recitative that follows the orchestral prelude, "Oh, friends! no more such sounds of discord," could scarcely explain matters, but the suggestion to the Chorus, "to sing a strain more cheerful, more flowing; a strain of gladness," judiciously thrown out and vigorously acted upon very fortunately, soon brought the Symphony to a happier conclusion.

But, to turn to the *pièce de résistance* of the evening, Mr. COWEN's charming and graceful *Cantata, The Sleeping Beauty*. The "book," which deals simply but effectively with the familiar legend, has been brought out by the composer, in a series of the most tuneful numbers, among which the chorus "At Dawn of Day," the incantation song of the "Wicked Fay," capably rendered by Madame PATEY, and the piece assigned to the Prince, Mr. LLOYD, commencing "Where am I?" at the opening of the Fourth Scene, may be specially noted as full of striking and characteristic melody skillfully treated. Mr. LLOYD, by the way, was quite to the fore throughout, and all that fell to his share may be said to have been well up on LLOYD's list. Mrs. HUTCHINSON made a graceful Princess, and Mr. WATKIN MILLS as the King, got through as much of the musical grist as was brought to him in an efficient style.

Mr. Punch, on referring to the book, notes several "stage" directions which he fancies were not carried out the other evening. He does not recall "A gay throng of Ladies, Lords, and Knights; some dancing," or recollect the Princess, "wandering dreamily from the Banqueting Hall and entering a large Gallery at the further end of which is a flight of narrow steps." Possibly the limited space available at St. James's Hall did not admit of the introduction of these undeniably attractive features; or it may have been that Mr. Punch occupied, as his artist has represented him, *bercé*d by the delightful music into the enjoyment of a delicious repose, found himself, though listening with his ears wide open to all the beauties of the charming entertainment prepared for him, yet with his eyes shut to all possible shortcomings.

Mr. Punch heartily congratulates his young friend, Mr. COWEN, on the enthusiastic and well-merited call that greeted him on the conclusion of his excellent work. It was quite clear that however soundly Mr. COWEN's "Beauty" was sleeping, the public at any rate were quite wide awake to her fascinations, and it gives Mr. Punch much pleasure to be able to record the fact.

Mem. by a Married Man.

"Himalayan cashmere promises to be in considerable request as the season advances."—*Fashionable Announcement.*

Ah, yes! In the "new stuff"—no doubt 'tis dear—
My wife and girls will wish to cut a dash;
And when it is a question of Cashmere,
What care they for a question of mere cash?

"My dear," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM to her niece, who has been very much annoyed by Mr. WAGSTAFF making some jest at her expense, "you mustn't mind him. He's what they call in Society 'a shattered Liberal,' and was only indulging, as usual, in a little bandage."

NEW NAME FOR "FISTIANA."—"The Record of the Hittites."

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

II.—HOP O' MY THUMB.

THERE once lived in a forest a poor Woodman who had a large family, and much ado to feed them. At length there came a famine, and the youngest of the children, a boy so small that he was named HOP O' MY THUMB,—overheard a conversation between his father and mother.

"We must give each child a piece of bread, and lose them tomorrow in the forest," said the woman, and the man agreed.

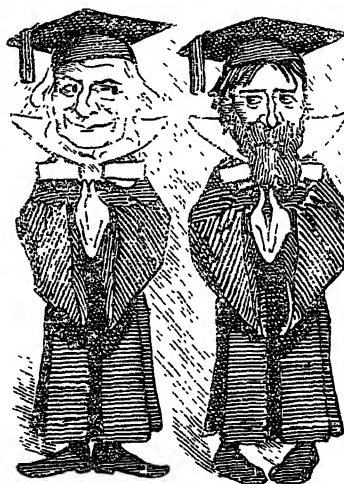
When HOP O' MY THUMB had imparted this project to his elder brothers, they observed that they did not care. "For," said they, "what is simpler than to fill our pockets with white stones, drop them on our way out, and, by their aid, discover our way home to the paternal roof."

HOP O' MY THUMB said nothing, but next day, when his brothers, relying on this stratagem, had fallen asleep in the wood, he possessed himself of all their pieces of bread, and, stepping briskly out, reached another country where provisions were cheap, and labour dear. In this country he hired himself to a farmer, whose daughter he married, and inherited the farm, where he lived much respected in the parish. His brothers, after a deplorable series of adventures, which I shall not weary you by relating, were devoured by an Ogre.

Moral.—Emigration is the best remedy for an overcrowded Labour Market.

FINE FELLOWS.

[MR. HERKÖMER, A.R.A., has just been made an Honorary Fellow of All Souls. The only other Honorary Fellow is Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE.]



First Distinguished Master of Arts. You're a Fellow!
Second Distinguished Master of Arts. You're another!

Both sing.

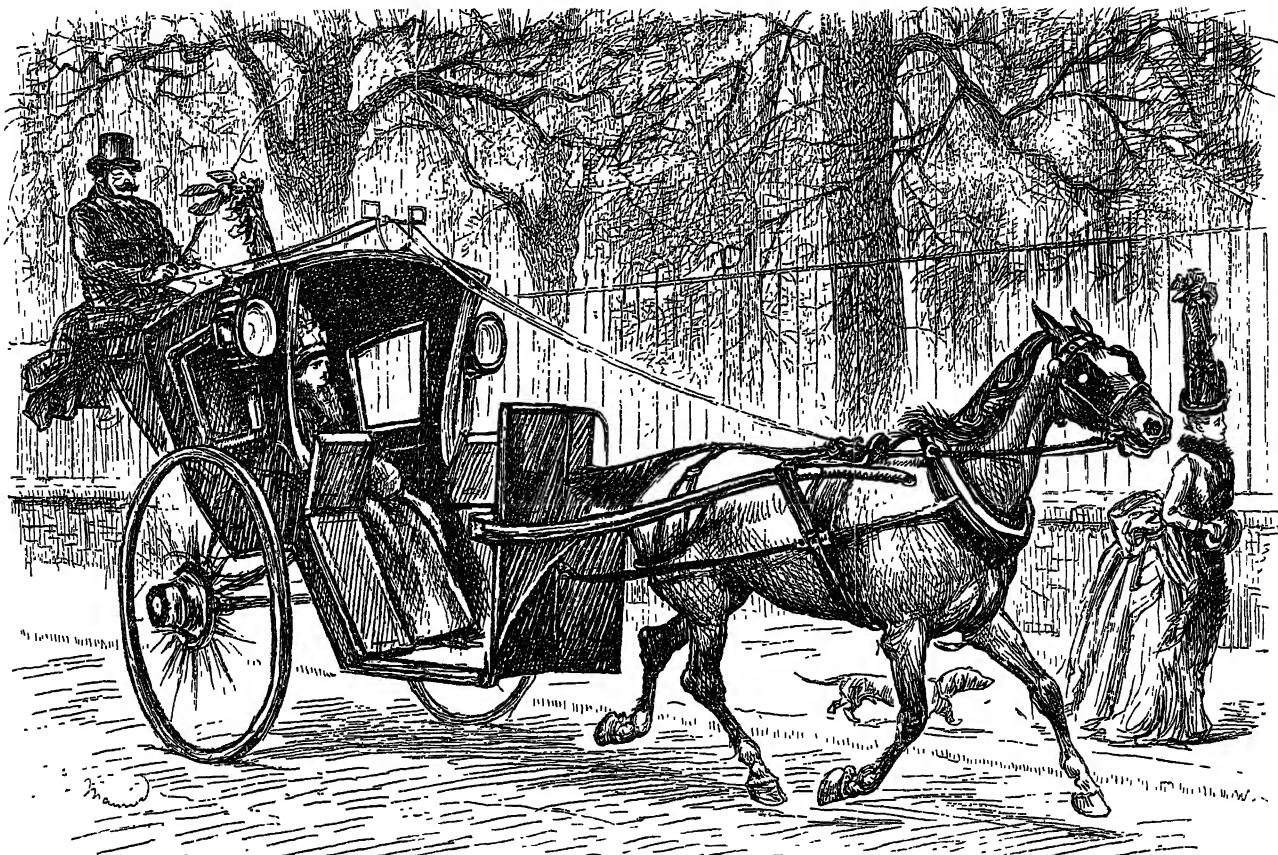
Fill up bowls,
We're jolly auld souls,
And jolly auld souls we be.
Beni vestiti,
Bene natti,
Et Docti Moderate!

[Exeunt dancing as quite the Lifes and All Souls of the party.]

THE Public is watching with interest, and without prejudice, the modern "RAIKES' Progress"—at the Post Office. At present it "wishes he would explain his explanation."

PROBLEM FOR PSYCHOLOGISTS.—Given two Lunatic Bills in the House of Lords, find how many demented Williams there are in the House of Commons.

THE 21st of June is to be the Official Jubilee Day. It will be "Queen's Weather," of course. If showery—then *Vive la Reine!* and let us be happy.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

MAMMON THE MENDICANT.

THE Gold-god sits in the market-place,
With a broad-cloth suit and a brazen face,
Like a Civic Monopolist, one of the race

Whence his favourite clients are furnished;
'Tis, therefore, no doubt, he assumes their
disguise)

There's a flush on his cheeks, there's a gleam
in his eyes,
And the brow he uplifteth to Babylon's skies
Seems to glitter as though it were burnished.
The least erected of Spirits that fell,
As MILTON declared him, seems wondrously
well;

He looks very much like a Stock Exchange
Swell,

His pathway to opulence pegging.
And what is he doing, the great god Mammon?
Sound sense may cry out such a pitiful sham
on,

But verily, Sense, 'tis not nonsense or gammon,
The great god, Mammon, is—*begging!*

The employment, perchance, at first glance
may seem odd,
And hardly the thing for a gentleman-god,
As Mammon of course must be reckoned;
But Mammon, no doubt, well knows what
he's about.

And what is this motley, scarce jubilant rout,
For whose close attention the god seems to
tout,

Most of them so meagre, few rosy and stout,
Some with cheeks falling in, some with elbows
much out,

Who gather, reluctantly, drawn by his shout,
And by his bold finger-tip beckoned?

Oh! these are the victims of "very hard
times,"

Men guilty of poverty—coarsest of crimes—

Poor women who labour whilst midnight's
dull chimes

Waft soft over Wealth as it slumbers;
Scantly fed curates and doctors ill-paid,
Soldiers, and sufferers from slackening trade,
All these round the aureate god are arrayed
In mournful but well-marshalled numbers.

"For lo!" cries the god, "'tis a Jubilee
Year,
And since times are so hard, and provisions so
dear,

And the poor in our land fill our Statesmen
with fear,

The hour seems appropriate, very,
To take tithe and toll of the fruits of your
toil.

A Jubilee once, on old Palestine's soil,
Meant rest, restitution; but, myriads who moil
In this land which runs not with milk honey
and oil,

Such a Season as this you will surely not spoil,
The schemes of the Church and of Capital foil,
Or the plans which make sycophants merry,
By hanging back now in a manner unhand-
some?

No, no! Show anarchical ravers of "Ransom"
The toilers in thousands are ready
To give of their little to those who have much,
To yield their scant coin to the clerical clutch,
To help the self-glorification of such
As to gild temples high would sack poverty's
hutch.

Self-sacrifice, willing and steady,
Is plainly a Jubilee-duty; at least
To those who sit low at the world's solemn
feast;
And that's why the West will now beg from
the East.

You see this array of big boxes?
Eh? Are they for Charities? Well, of a
kind,

But not for the halt, or the maimed, or the
blind;

No, friends, Mammon's plan is—I *hope* you
won't mind—

That the geese shall subscribe for the foxes;
For geese are so many and foxes so few!
So I pass round the hat and I put on the screw
For bishops and big-wigs; poor clerics must
do—

Well, the best that they can for the present.
Hurroo!

For Church-Houses, Institutes, Galleries,
For Statues and Steeples; old funds that
hang fire,
The fashion-loved church that's still *minus* a
spire!

Pour in, my good friends, and of giving don't
tire,

Or listen to satirists' raileries.
The chance is a rare one; occasions like these,
For giving your pockets a good all-round
squeeze,

Don't happen exceedingly often.
Think of poor Mother Church, with her Bishops
so proud,

Her glittering temples so richly endowed,
And yet with no Church-House! Think,
scant-penny'd crowd,

And I'm sure that your hearts must all
soften.

Oh, Curate, half-starved on a hundred-and-
fifty,

The fancy must fire you. Be rather more
thrifty,

And *you* may help Princes and Primates!
Stint wife of a frock, little Bob of a hat,
Yourself of a new winter-coat,—what of that,
In this most delicious of climates?—

You'll help Mother Church to more power
and pelf,
And save the old lady from helping herself!"



SENDING ROUND THE HAT.

MR. BULL. "MONEY INTO THAT?—H'M!—I'D RATHER PUT IT INTO *YOUR OWN!*"

So Mammon the Mendicant. *Punch* passing by
Surveyed the strange scene with a critical eye.

Quoth he, "Here's a curious disparity
Between means and end. In this Jubilee Year,
All hearts will with loyalty beat far and near;
Our Throne is respected, our Country is dear;
But Poverty's rife, Labour suffers I fear;
Many middle-class homes are despondent and drear;
I am bound to admit it *does* seem rather queer,

To see Dives, the fat,
First to pass round the hat;
And Mammon soliciting Charity!"

JACOBITES AT ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Nibbs. Well, Sir, your opinion on *Clancarty* at the St. James's?

Mr. Punch. I was disappointed.

Mr. Nibbs. I cannot say I am surprised to hear it, as I gathered from our last conversation that you expected a great deal from the performance. In what way were you disappointed?

Mr. Punch. Every way. I was disappointed at finding the piece not so good as I had thought it, and with the acting for not being better than the piece.

Mr. Nibbs. At all events the scenery and costumes were admirable.

Mr. Punch. Yes, Mr. HARFORD and our recently full-fledged Academician, Mr. MARCUS STONE, did their best, no doubt; but accuracy in architecture and upholstery, in wigs and shoebuckles, is not a substitute for dramatic interest, or for histrionic art.

Mr. Nibbs. Was not Mrs. KENDAL all your fancy painted her as *Lady Clancarty*?

Mr. Punch. No, nor half of it. But—contrary to my custom, and quite accidentally,—I was present on the first night, and I believe that it would not be fair to pass a final judgment on the performance of any one of them in *Clancarty*, or anything else, on such an occasion, when they were all excessively nervous, and unable to do themselves justice. But, taking it for what it was, a first night or a last rehearsal *coram populo*, I can only say that with what I saw, and heard, I was disappointed.

Mr. Nibbs. My remembrance of the piece, as originally played, is vague, but what I distinctly recollect is Mr. ANSON as *Scum Goodman*, and Mr. SUGDEN as *William of Orange*. Mr. HENRY NEVILLE as the gay Cavalier I can call to mind in a general way; but, as he was always more or less the gay Cavalier on the stage, this doesn't assist me.

Mr. Punch. Comparison, neither fair nor necessary. Mr. KENDAL began as a light comedian, but he hasn't become lighter. He is not TOM TAYLOR's ideal *Clancarty*, nor, I should say, was Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, but he is a very real and concrete *Clancarty*. On the first night he wanted oiling. But then he has not been playing for some time, and absence does make the joints go rusty.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. MACKINTOSH's *William* was good.

Mr. Punch. Decidedly. It was the hit of the *première*. But when I saw the costume I fully appreciated Mr. HARE's wisdom in not playing the part. His neat head and dapper little figure would have been smothered by the huge wig and coat, and his legs wouldn't have had a chance. The results would have been all wig and no HARE.

Mr. Nibbs. True: and for the same reason this actor must always be a Tory, as of course one Hare can never be a Whig. But, seriously, there is no geniality in the part.

Mr. Punch. But there are pathetic touches, too, with which Mr. HARE, speaking Dutch-English, would have had a difficulty. It strikes me that TOM TAYLOR wrote this play not for the sake of the CLANCARTIES, but because their story supplied him with a frame for the dramatic portrait of his hero, *William of Orange*. After the King, in the author's mind, came "*Scum Goodman*," and when all the *dramatis personæ* of this piece have faded from the memory, these two will remain. At the St. James's the acting of *Scum Goodman* was of the feeblest description, as indeed was all the purely melodramatic business of the play.

Mr. Nibbs. Were you disappointed in the dialogue?

Mr. Punch. A little, perhaps. In the serious portions it is just the sort of straightforward, plain-spoken dialogue such a Drama requires. But in what is in-



"THE STANDARD."

First Country Boy. "'A' YOU LEFT THE SCHOOL? WHA' FOR?"
Second Ditto. "SH' SAHY SHE CAN'T LEARN ME NO MORE!"

tended for the light-comedy relief, the dialogue seems thin and weak, and, I am bound to say, it was not helped by the acting. I dare say poor Mrs. BEERBOHM-TREE was frightfully nervous, and quivered—as Mr. RIDER HAGGARD would say, had he such a name to deal with—like an Aspen-Tree.

Mr. Nibbs. A young friend of mine, who saw the play the other night for the first time, observed that he thought the hero and heroine "uninteresting;" and the play itself he considered "stodgy."

Mr. Punch. Well—of course the weight of that opinion depends upon the character of your young friend. For myself, I should like to hear that something had been cut out of the Third Act—which dragged on the first night—that *Scum Goodman* had improved—(why make him a pale, scowling, black-habited, palpable villain, on melodramatic mischief, to music, bent?)—and that fire and energy had been infused into the piece all round, and then I own I should very much like to see it again.

Mr. Nibbs. I am with you, Sir. *Au revoir!*

THE REVOLT OF THE REVIEW-READERS.

SMITH writes an article in a Review
On — HOMER, Home-Rule — anything
will do.
Some points therein are promptly
pounded upon,
In twenty pages, say, by ROBINSON.
ROBINSON's reasonings rouse the wrath
of BROWN,
Who on them, in another score, comes
down;

BROWN's paper is opposed in fiery tones,
And ten or fifteen pages more, by JONES.
Oh, pity a poor reader, on whose eyes
Polemics dull in Alps on Alps arise!
SMITH is no genius, yet we'll yield him
place;
But patience falters when condemned to
The long prolixions, void of power or pith,
Of JONES on BROWN on ROBINSON on
SMITH!

MR. GLADSTONE says he objects to "abstract resolutions." Some people think he is apt to extend that objection to what may be called concrete "resolutions," which may perhaps account for his so often having taken them a little "too late."

RULE OF PROCEDURE.—Order of the Night: Never too late to adjourn.



VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

"SHOCKING UNPRINCIPLED LOT, THOSE 'BUS CONDUCTORS! ONE OF THEM PASSED A BAD SIXPENCE ON ME A FORTNIGHT AGO, CONFOUND HIM! I'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO GET RID OF IT YET!"

PEARLS OF PRICE.

MR. RUSKIN has in a recent letter described Railroads as "the loathsome form of devilry now extant; animated and deliberate earthquakes, destructive of all wise social habit or possible natural beauty, carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves." Here are a few more elegant extracts taken by anticipation from his own Particular Common Place Book:—

Five o' Clock Tea.—"A festering consensus of male and female foul-mouthed fiends met together to jabber their hell gibberish one to another with a white-livered disregard of their own inevitable damnation."

A Penny Steamboat Company.—"A shrieking, mud-crushing and spluttering concern, designed by its bedevilments to churn up the filthy ink of a metropolitan Tartarus, and carry its infernal human cargo into utter outer darkness economically."

The British Muffin.—"Cursed and riddled paste of Cerberus fitted to choke the deliberate and gluttonous voluptuaries who feed on it."

The Three per Cents.—"A diabolical device of financial jugglery involved in which Government and Investors clutching at each other's throats, go down to the bottomless pit howling together."

Army and Navy Co-operative Stores.—"A Mammoth Tophet, where blasted and blighted Shareholders haggle in hysterics over the cheapening of their own coffins, in sight of the infernal fires that await them when the bargain is over."

Saturday Pops.—"The yelling of midnight cats, and the baying of barking hell-hounds, mingled for the satisfaction of the godless and fatuous fools who can be cozened into listening to them."

Riding in an Omnibus.—"An altogether damnable method of locomotion, destructive of all wise, social habit, or possible natural beauty, in the pauperised moods of those who, as a fitting preparation for a ride in their own hearses, have recourse to it."

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.—"The loathsome form of diabolical athleticism extant, wherein sixteen devils, like animated and deliberate volcanoes, disport themselves in the presence of a roaring and infernal mob, who would not care a single brazen farthing were they to see them slip off their sliding-seats into the ridges of their own graves."

A Recent Letter on Railroads.—"The silliest bit of idiocy that has lately found its way into print; a rhodomontade of violence and balderdash stuffed with phrases of 'devilry' and 'damnation,' that ought quickly to relegate it to its own particular grave,—and the sooner the better."

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 2.

In the City, before Alderman GOODENOUGH.

Chief Clerk. Call JOHN JONES. (*A woman, apparently meek and married, comes forward.*) Are you wife of JOHN JONES?

Mrs. Jones. Yes, Sir.

School-Board Officer (book in hand). Your Worship, this is a very bad case. The boy JONES, the son of the Defendant, is a regular truant; he has only made five hundred attendances out of one thousand.

Alderman. You call him a regular truant. I should call him a regular "half-timer." How old is he?

School-Board Officer (severely). Just ten, Sir, and (*indignantly*) only passed Fourth Standard.

Alderman. Not so bad for a boy of ten. Well, Mrs. JONES, what have you to say about him, and why doesn't your husband come himself?

Mrs. Jones (sadly). Has been out of work since afore Christmas, and to-day is gone to look for a job as has been promised.

Alderman. But your boy, what have you to say about him?

Mrs. Jones. Only, Sir, that his father and me sends him to school reglar, and stints ourselves to pay the fee, but at times he plays truant just like other boys.

[*Casting an appealing glance towards School-Board Officer, who is deaf to "extenuating circumstances."*]

Alderman (also with an eye on the School-Board Officer, and in a pleasant tone). You may say that, Mrs. JONES. I have played truant many a time myself, and got whacked for my pains. But you see, we are much wiser now; instead of whacking the youngster, we send his governor to prison.

Mrs. Jones (trembling). I am very sorry, Sir, but I hopes you will send me to prison, instead of my good man, for he has been promised work to-day.

Alderman. Don't be alarmed. I don't mean to send you to prison, or your good man either. Not for the present any how.

Mrs. Jones. Thank you, Sir.

Alderman. She seems very tired. (*To Police Constable.*) Let her sit down. (*Mrs. JONES sits down, and appears very thankful.* *Disgust of School-Board Officer at such an exhibition of Magisterial weakness.*) You seem tired, Mrs. JONES. How far did you come to attend the Court?

Mrs. Jones. From Diddlecombe, Sir.

Alderman. From Diddlecombe! That is four or five miles off.

The Clerk. About four, Sir.

School-Board Officer (impatiently). Oh no, Sir. Here is the Ordnance Map. You will see, Sir, that the distance is just three miles and three-quarters; and there are trams and 'busses running every quarter of an hour.

Alderman. Did you come by 'bus or tram, Mrs. JONES?

Mrs. Jones (wearily). Nay, Sir, I came a-foot.

Alderman. No money to pay for the tram?

Mrs. Jones. Not a penny, your Worship.

Alderman. And you are going to walk back?

Mrs. Jones (sighing). Yes, Sir. Leastways, I so intends, unless you locks me up.

Alderman. Don't be alarmed, my good woman. I shan't lock you up. (*To School-Board Officer.*) The school-fees for this boy have been paid.

School-Board Officer. That is so.

Alderman. And she is left without a penny to pay for tram or bus, and to trudge along some seven or eight miles in this dismal day of wind and rain.

School-Board Officer. Will you make an order, Sir?

Alderman. Yes, I will make an order that this poor woman shall have something to eat, and that she shall have a shilling out of the Poor-box to pay her fare home.

School-Board Officer (with offended dignity). Then, Sir, you dismiss the summons?

Alderman. Of course I do; and I have a great mind to give costs against you into the bargain. This woman has already been punished enough, and more than enough.

School-Board Officer (with the air of one who is not going to be snubbed with impunity). Then, Sir, I shall have to ask you for a case.

Alderman (cheerfully). As many cases as you like. The summons is dismissed.

[*Mrs. JONES retires, making a low curtesy to the Bench; slight attempt at applause in Court, at once suppressed.*]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

"House of Commons, Monday, February 28.—Rather fought shy of JOSEPH GILLIS to-night. Come into a fortune, you know, including a Castle,—not in Spain, but in Ireland. All very well for him to take notice of humble persons whilst he was plain JOSEPH GILLIS. But now that he is JOEY B., Esq., J.P. of Castle Butlerstown, things are different. So I thought; but only shows how little even one permitted to exceptional degree of intimacy knows of this great man. The princely possessor of the Castle is just the same as my old friend. The same simple attire, the same manner, bland though shrewd, and the same comprehensive smile. The only alteration is that noted at the opening of the Session, all unknowing its purport. A distant relative left him the Castle; Heaven sent him the beard and moustache, which he assiduously cultivates in Committee of Supply and during the long stretches of debate on Procedure.

"I felt something would be expected of me," he said, twisting his fingers in the locality where some day, if matters proceed in present satisfactory way, the ends of a moustache will appear. "It's all very well for an ordinary man to go about with smooth upper lip. But a man who owns a Castle should behave as such. You must come down and spend a week with me, TOBY. Let me know when the time would suit you, and I'll tell my Seneschal to prepare the turret-chamber for you. By my halidame, we'll fill the wassail bowl, have the boar's-head spiced, and make a revel of it!

"It's merry in hall
When beards wag all;"

and the Castellan laughed a deep "Ho! ho!"

Delightful to find him in such high spirits. TIM HEALY, who fears the growth of aristocratic tendencies in the Party, speaks disrespectfully of the Castle, and sneers at the boar's head.

"It was pig's cheek with you once, JOE BIGGAR," he growls; "and good enough too."

As for the turret-chamber, TIM says it's a little closet over the pig-stye, and the moat is nothing more than a ditch. But this is doubtless only petty jealousy. I believe thoroughly in the Castle which I have read of in the newspapers. In my mind's eye see JOEY B., seated at head of his table in lofty hall, on whose oak wainscoting the light of the yule fire fitfully plays. Hope the Government will not miss the opportunity of doing a graceful act. If titles are flung about in Jubilee year, why should we not have opportunity of writing to "Baron BIGGAR of Castle Butlerstown?"

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—"I wish I'd stopped another couple of months in New Zealand," Sir ROBERT FOWLER said, just after prayers. Evidently in uncomfortable frame of mind, blowing his nose inconsequentially, and muttering to himself. Could catch now and then the phrase "anonymous tittle-tattle."



A QUIET CORNER

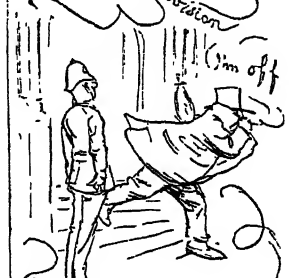


My Funnies

IN THE LAVATORY



IN THE SMOKING ROOM



IN THE DINING ROOM

THE "DIVISION" BELL. ELECTRIC SHOCK ROUND THE HOUSE.

"Yes, TOBY, I was happy enough in New Zealand, and needn't have hurried home to get into this mess. Used to find much entertainment among the natives; sat out with them in their boundless pasture land; formed a ring; I used to call out 'Yah! yah!' as I do in House of Commons, they used to answer with unearthly shrieking; umpire declared which made the most noise. I generally won. All these simple pleasures faded, and here we are with House of Commons meanly wanting to know how a trifle of Corporation money was spent."

House full at Question Time. Evident state of expectation; FOWLER in the corner seat behind Treasury Bench lately annexed by RANDOLPH. GEORGE HAMILTON in centre of line of troubled Ministers, fretfully tearing up a copy of the Orders into scraps a finger long. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, beaming with chaste joy, surveyed scene from front Bench below Gangway opposite.



G. H.-w.-ll.

Questions over, Sage pulled a wire, and up jumped HOWELL, to move the Adjournment, "in order to discuss matter of urgent public importance." Opposition rose like one man in support of application. Then HOWELL unfolded his Budget, and a terrible one it proved, though "the noble Baronet," as ROWLANDS called FOWLER, made spasmodic effort to smile a smile of scorn, and Lord GEORGE, fancying he had got the Sage in his grasp, tore up the Orders with increased ferocity. Hire of speakers to address meeting, hire of audience to listen to speaker, hire of "Chuekers-out" to watch over proceedings, all paid for out of public funds in charge of Corporation of City of London, under direction of a Committee, of which "the noble Baronet" was a member, and an Association of which Lord GEORGE was Chairman! House roared with laughter. GLADSTONE, leaning forward, and turning towards HOWELL, listened with portentous solemnity.

When HOWELL sat down all eyes turned upon "the noble Baronet." What would he say? Well, not much. With one hand in trouser pocket, with the other he attempted to brush away the charge as "anonymous tittle-tattle." House would not have that. Roared at noble Baronet in way that must have reminded him of his afternoons out in New Zealand.

"Let us," the noble Baronet shouted in teeth of storm, "have the statements on the responsibility of some one who will give his name."

Then the Sage came to the front, in blandest manner and with most winning tones. House had all the time seen his legs under the curtains of the puppet show, and recognised his hand pulling the wires to which HOWELL and BRADLAUGH danced. Now he presented himself in reply to the noble Baronet's challenge, "I am responsible for the statements," he said, "and I give my name."

Uproarious cheering; increased excitement. Lord GEORGE wrestled with it in vain. In the end Government caved in, and unconditionally agreed to inquiry. Found noble Baronet an hour later abstractedly looking through the A.B.C. Guide searching for return train to New Zealand.

"Do you think," he said, in a tremulous voice, "that they'll have me up before the Committee and make me tell all I know about the late movement of public opinion against HARCOURT's Bill?"

Evaded question, not liking to harrow his feelings; but I rather fancy they will.

Business done.—Further debate on Closure.

Friday, 3 A.M.—"Why were the proceedings in the House last night unlike the month of March," RAIKES asked LYON PLAYFAIR just now, as, feeling their way through



Members who have Passed the Chair.

the fog, they passed the Chair on their way out. "Never guess riddles under a £5 prize," said PLAYFAIR.

"Well, because they came in like a lamb and went out like a lion."

Quite true. At Question Time House only half full, and general air of dulness prevalent. Ominous shouts of welcome from Parnellites when JOHN DILLON entered, triumphant from the Dublin trial. DILLON took early opportunity of making impatient speech, but after that for some hours debate jogged along in old familiar style.

At eleven o'clock the Fog took the Chair, in absence of SPEAKER. Members began to appear in curiously large numbers on Conservative side; a smell of grilled bones contended with fog for possession of the House. "Ha! ha!" said SOLATER-BOOTH, "that's supper getting ready. Plenty of time to enjoy it. House to sit till Constabulary vote is passed."

At midnight a sudden shout, a roar of pain and anger, went up from the Irish camp. The Fog, which had regularly settled in the Chair, folded its legs, crossed its arms, and bent its head just like the SPEAKER in view of prolonged discussion, jumped up with a start, and slowly dispersed itself over the House. Returned, and took the Chair again, when it discovered that it was only the Irish Members. Complaint had been made of the use of policemen's *bâtons* in Ireland. "If something worse than *bâtons* are next used," said Chief Secretary, angrily glaring upon Irish Members, "I warn Hon. Members that they are the people who will be held responsible."

"A threat, a threat!" shouted the Irish Members in a chorus, which rose and fell like a storm of wind. Above the uproar TIM HEALY could be heard roaring "Murder! Murder!"

"Order! Order!" shouted the Chairman.

"Murder! Murder!" TIM replied.

"Fire! Fire!" shrieked JOSEPH GILLIS, original to the last.

This went on for several minutes. Hubbub hushed, only to break out again. Members constantly popping up on either side on points of order, which completed the state of disorder. Immense business in broiled bones down in the kitchen. At two this morning Supply began to give out; then storm lessened, and, at a quarter-past two, division taken.

Business done.—Constabulary Vote agreed to.

Friday.—Extraordinary scene in Palace Yard between four and half-past this afternoon. Members streamed down, nearly every man carrying his bed, or the equivalent thereof. Some had rugs; some blankets; some spring mattresses. Admirable to observe the ease and grace with which Lord ARTHUR HILL stepped across the yard, with mattress under one arm, bolster under other, portion of feather pillow sticking out of coat-tail pocket, and a pair of sheets wrapped round his neck.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Been to a sale?"

"No, TOBY, old man," his lofty Lordship shouted down to me. "But I've been in a fog, and don't mean to get caught again. Weren't you here at breaking-up time this morning? Three hundred men groping about for cabs, finding none, and feeling their way out of the yard, hoping to find their way home on foot. Some of them, I believe, are walking now. Passed the night in the street myself. Prepared for emergencies to-night. If fog comes on, shall lay my bed in corner of Division Lobby, and go to sleep. Heard of G. O. M.'s adventures, I suppose? Stranded at midnight, in Hyde Park. Nothing to what some others of us suffered. If fog comes on again, and you can't do better, come and curl yourself up at the foot of my bed."

"Thanks—but know trick worth two of that." Very little fog at present; comes on later. Go straight home now, and be quite safe.

Business done.—Haven't heard.

GOOD-BYE, OLD FRIEND!

[The papers of Tuesday, March 1, recorded the decease of a once very popular character, JOHNNIE DEAN, aged 71.]

JOHNNIE DEAN
Has left the scene

For ever. Blithe and bonnie,

Kind, bright, of mirth
Brimful. May earth

Lie light upon thee, JOHNNIE!

ALIMENTARY EDUCATION.—In the primary education of children a device has been introduced to rear the tender thought and teach the young idea how to shoot by means of biscuits and goody-goodies, on which are stamped letters of the alphabet, and other rudiments of knowledge. An excellent combination of food for both body and mind, if not too dangerously conducive to excess of cram.

Two Views of It.

CRIBS Yankee PAT, "I'm 'toirely in the van,"

For shure me counthrees' marching like a risen one!"

Says JOHN, "My friend, you'll find that with your *plan*,

The only van you'll join will be the prison one!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

UNCONVICTED.



"ABANDON hope, all ye who enter here!"
Not the brute convict; he, not void of cheer,
 May face the well-earned penalty of sin.
 Health rules the house which he must enter in;
 But this foul den, this dark and narrow cell,
 This is the dungeon where the wretch must dwell
 By Law suspect, indeed, yet whom the hand
 Of Justice is not yet upraised to brand;
 A torture-room and lazar-house in one,
 Free to the sewer, secluded from the sun;
 Dismal as Chillon's dungeon, cold, unsweet,
 Through which no breath of health or ease may fleet.
 Here the cramped limbs in narrow bounds must ache,
 Here in chill night the palsied flesh must quake,
 Here frost and foulness, with insidious stealth,
 Must shake the spirit, and must sap the health.
 In this Black Hole, whose breath is pestilence,
 Let the poor victim ponder his defence.
 The man, says Law—on justice proudly built,—
 Is innocent, till trial proves his guilt.
 How strange a comment on that ancient boast!
 How strange a spectacle for HOWARD'S ghost!
 Our last philanthropist, Hygeia, stands,
 Pity at heart, but in her helpless hands
 Nothing—for him the unconvicted one,
 Whom—*till his guilt be proved*—e'en she must shun.
 Then, then indeed the wretch may hope to share
 A chamber clean, fair space, untainted air.
 How just, how generous! Let the Law arise,
 And sweep this shameful folly from our eyes!

"And I," said the youngest, "shall only have my usual petticoat; but, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered mantua, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world."

The good girls *never* talked thus when they knew CINDERELLA was present, but I am sorry to say that she listened to conversations which were not intended for her.

The great day came, and the ladies drove off to Court, and CINDERELLA fell a-crying, though they had ordered for her supper all the dainties to which she was partial.

Now I must tell you that CINDERELLA'S God-mother, an old Fairy, was not the wisest of Fairies, as, indeed, we often see that the old are by no means judicious in their treatment of the young.

"Thou wishest to go to the ball—is it not so?" said the Fairy. "Then run into the garden, and bring me a pompion."

Her Godmother then turned the pompion into a gilt coach, with six mice for horses, and a rat for coachman, but *she forgot to turn an old stick into a chaperon!*

This neglect was fatal, as it should be at all well-conducted entertainments, and, though CINDERELLA was dressed in the height of Fairy fashion, no one knew her, and consequently, she danced with no one. The King's son observed, to one of CINDERELLA'S sisters, "Who is that little girl out of the Grosvenor Gallery?" whereat his partner smiled so divinely that he instantly lost his heart, and could eat none of the fine collation for gazing on her.

To be brief, he offered his heart to the eldest of CINDERELLA'S sisters, who, blushing, accepted it. But CINDERELLA, who perceived this bye-play, got up very angrily, and looked for her carriage, which as nobody knew her name, she could not find. She lost both her glass shoes on the way. Being got home, the Fairy met her, and said, very eagerly, (as old ladies will)—

"Well, my dear, how often did you dance with His Royal Highness?"

"Never," said CINDERELLA in a pet, bursting into tears, "and I wish I may never dance again!"

Now the Fairy Godmother had promised that all CINDERELLA'S wishes should be fulfilled.

So she gently touched this bad girl with her wand, and changed her into a *Wall-flower!*

You have all heard of the Talking Rose, in *Beauty and the Beast*, but you never heard, and *nobody* ever heard, of a Wall-flower that danced!

Next day the good elder sister married the Prince, and nobody much missed CINDERELLA.

Moral.—Younger sisters really must not expect to go out before their elder sisters have had their chance.

"CLEVERLY WON," by HAWLEY SMART, written *Cleverly Too*.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

III.—CINDERELLA; OR, THE ORIGIN OF WALL-FLOWERS.

THERE was a Gentleman married for his second wife the pleasantest and prettiest woman ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own, in all ways worthy of her. He had, likewise, by a former wife, a young daughter, but of a pertinacious, pushing temper, and sixteen years of age.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the marriage over than CINDERELLA began to show herself in her true colours. She was determined not to be "put upon," as she said, by a Step-mother, and, so unchecked was CINDERELLA, that her new mother and her new sisters have been found in three separate rooms, in three distinct floods of tears, owing to the behaviour of this *chit*.

Though backward in her lessons, CINDERELLA was so forward in her desires, that nothing would serve her but to attend a ball, the King's son having invited all persons of fashion. To this, however, as CINDERELLA had never been presented at Court, but was still under Governesses, her Mother would not consent. She had, therefore, to endure, with what temper she might, to hear her sisters thus discoursing:—"For my part," said the eldest, "I shall wear my red velvet suit, with French trimmings."





THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Guest (who is a bon-vivant, to Host, who isn't). "YOU MUST COME AND DINE WITH ME, JONES!"

Host. "WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR FRIEND! WHEN?" Guest. "NOW!"

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

THIS Manual began, it may be recollected, with a contribution to the *répertoire* of the Amateur Reciter which was of a studiously simple and domestic nature. This week, however, the Poet has risen to a higher altitude, with the inevitable result of producing a piece that will only be suitable to the more advanced, and (in the Author's opinion) cannot be rendered with full justice unless the Reciter can accompany himself softly upon the piano. Even a few scales here and there are better than nothing. The vital point is to produce a certain expression of *atmosphere*. The Reciter, then, should seat himself upon the music-stool, and improvise a few modulations. He will obtain some useful hints for these by studying the preludes (many of which are of singular beauty) of the gentleman who comes to tune his piano.

Having thus obtained a concerned silence, you should throw your head back, and announce the name of your subject, which happens to be—"The Star and the Moth." Then play all the chords you know best, and begin:—

O'er the purpled pale of Heaven leaned a lonely little Star,

(*Leit-motif here for the Star: "Twinkle, twinkle," is recommended, or "Star of the Evening," or anything else you can pick out with one finger and consider appropriate.*)

Gazing down upon the great world, rolling in the distance far;
Wistfully she watched the movements of a milky-pinioned Moth,
Fluttering about a garden, purposeless as ocean-froth.

(*Short scumble in treble, to express froth.*)

Till she found a vent for her sentiment in a languishing little lay.
(*For a star can sing, like anything, whatever astronomers say.*)

(*You should speak these last two lines through a waltz refrain. If you don't know any waltzes, learn "Lilla's a Lady," out of Hamilton's Exercise Book. Now you come to the Star Song, which should be recited with a mixture of intense passion and childlike naïveté. Scales will suit the metre here, but, although they have the advantage of being instantly recognised, the Author would advise you to attempt something rather more spiritual.*)

Moth, with the wings so white!
So much attached to light,
Can you be short of sight?
Diffident? Dreamy?
I smile at you down there;
You don't appear to care!
If you've the time to spare,
Look up and see me!

Thus the Star; and, flushing crimson, scintillated so with hope,
That each scientific person turned on her his telescope.
(*The music here should express the cold-blooded curiosity of Science, but you must work this out for yourself the best way you can.*)

She did not resent the rudeness, feeling far too much distressed,
For the inadvertent insect still continued unimpressed!
(*Waltz refrain again.*)

Though for him she shone, he went frivolling on, and he sang, but it wasn't to her.
(*For no moth is dumb, you can hear 'em hum,' as the naturalists aver.*)

(*Now you want a leit-motif for your Moth; the only air the Author can think of at the moment is, "Beautiful as a Butterfly," which doesn't strike quite the right note for the invocation which follows.*)

Lamp, with the globe of ground-
Glass which I flutter round
List while thy praise I sound,
Paraffined Peri!
Blue-bottles seek thy flame;
Cockchafer do the same;
Daddy-long-legs go lame,
Crippled—but cheery.

But the Lamp no answering lustre shed upon the table-cloth;
"Call again when I am lighted. Not at home!" she told
"Lamp," exclaimed the Star, "I thank thee for the mercy thou hast shown.

No designing Duplex art thou, mildest Moderator known!"
(*Here you should keep up a faint tremolo with two fingers.*)
But alas! for the Moth was a volatile Goth, and an entomological Vandal,
And his pique only prickled him to perish a victim at the shrine of a tall tallow candle!

Altar, the casual goat
Gets holocausted at!

(*This is, perhaps, rather fine language for a common Moth, but allowance must be made for the excitement under which it is supposed to be labouring.*)

Column composed of fat,
Slender, if fallow!
What if it's reckoned rash,
Into thy flame to dash?
Soon shall I be but ash,
Tomb'd within tallow!

(*Chords here, and a few bars from Chopin's "Funeral March"—if you can manage them.*)

Long the Star in pallid anguish kept her eye upon the scene,
Saw the Moth expiring sputter 'mid the candle-rays serene.
Then she leaped headlong, despairing, nought below her course to bar.

Some said, "Isn't that a rocket?" Others, "Oh, no,—
(*Deliver these comments in such a manner as to convey your sense of their tragic disproportion to such an occasion.*)

But as she was stooping, prepared for her swooping through space to its uttermost verge,
Her unprecedented mishap she lamented, and chanted her own little dirge:—

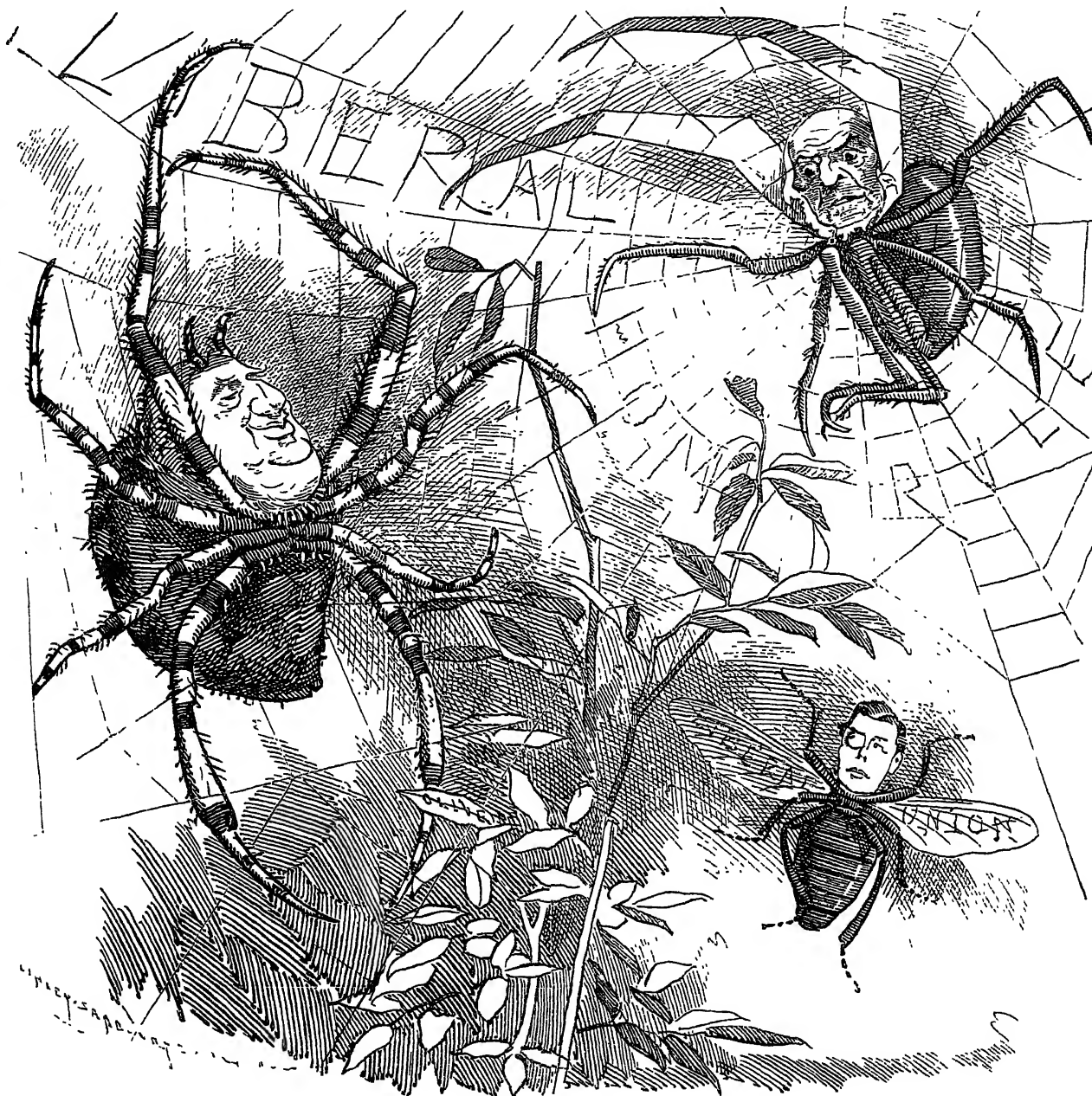
For a mere Moth I pined; I'll not be left behind, Now that, forlorn, I find He's suicided!	No, for I, too, can die— Into star-dust I'll fly! Asteroids all, good-bye! Don't do as I did!
---	--

(*Let your voice die away into a whisper at the last line, run your fingers rapidly down the keys, concluding with a crash, to express the fate of the Star. Then rise, and receive the compliments that will follow with all the modesty at your disposal.*)

If triumphant, the Jubilee Motto over the Post-Office door will not be "Vivat Regina!" but "Vivat Raikes!"

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

(NEW VERSION.)



"WILL you walk into our parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly;
 "'Tis the cosiest little parlour, friend, that ever you did spy.
 The way into this parlour is quite wide, as you're aware,
 And, oh! we'll do such wondrous things when once we get *you* there!
 Then, won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you,
 Pretty little fly?"

Now, as I've heard, this little fly was young, but wary, too,
 And so he thought, I'll mind my eye—the thing may be a do!
 So "No, no!" said that little fly; "kind Sir, that cannot be.
 I've heard what's in your parlour, and I do not wish to see."
 "Then, won't you," &c.

That Spider he was portly, and that Spider he was bland,
 And he played the part of siren for an even Older Hand.
 Says he, "Oh, Fly, you must be tired of being on the shelf,
 Why don't you just step in awhile, if but to rest yourself?
 Then, won't you," &c.

"Our parlour's snugly furnished, for expense we never spare,
 We've such a nice Round Table; you shall have an easy chair.

It seems incomplete without you as a sort of settled guest;
 Turn up solitary buzzing now; step in and take a rest.
 Now, won't you," &c.

That little Fly looked longingly. Thinks he, "I *do* feel tired,
 I'm fond of cosy parties, and I like to be admired.
 Yet I have a slight suspicion that the thing may be a trap,—
 I twig something in yon corner—I distrust that fat old chap,
 With his won't you," &c.

So "I'll wait a little longer," to the Spider said the Fly,
 As he spread his wings (with friend Cor-LINGS), and fluttered
 towards the Skye.

But whether he'll come back again, and try that parlour yet,
 Is a thing on which a cautious man would hardly like to bet.
 "Then won't you, won't you," &c.

MOTTO for MR. RIDER HAGGARD to put to *She* (i.e., according to
 the *P. M. G.*, which finds rather more than the germs of the romance
 in the *Epicurean*):—"There's MOORE where this came from."

PILFERING PETER THE PATRIOT;

OR, THE LAST OF THE NAVAL DRAGOONS.

(A Tale of the Terry-ble.)



It was late in the afternoon when Admiral PUNCH knocked at the door of an office at Whitehall, which had a branch establishment in Somerset House. He carried with him a report. He asked for the First Lord. A Messenger, who was putting on an overcoat leisurely, informed him that the head of the department could not possibly be seen until the following morning.

"There is no one here, Sir—unless you would like to see the gent we call the Naval Dragoon?"

"Certainly," replied the Admiral. "But why Naval Dragoon?" The answer came promptly—"Because, Sir, he's quite the old soldier whenever he touches anything connected with the sea!"

A few minutes later the Naval Dragoon was introduced. He held in his hand an enormous packet.

"A design for a new gun, Sir?" queried the sea-going horse-soldier. "I shall be glad to receive it. There is some demand for the article in the proper quarter."

"No, Sir," replied the Admiral, sternly; "this report contains an indictment. Herein are set down the graver faults of our Administration; herein you will find why WRIGHT, the Engineer-in-Chief, is wrong—why—"

"Pardon me," returned the Naval Dragoon, "I have not time to attend to that sort of thing. Really, the graver faults of our Administration, and what is written about WRIGHT, are of secondary importance to the duties I perform as Universal Provider."

Then he bowed, smiled, and disappeared, but not before the Admiral had had time to notice that the large envelope was addressed to the representative of a Foreign Government.

The ball was at its gayest. Thousands of brightly-costumed dancers indulged in the eccentricities of the recently revived polka, or the more staid measures of the *chaperon*-patronised quadrille. Pilfering PETER, the Patriot (as he was called by his intimates) was alone dull. He still carried the packet, half-hidden beneath the long cloak that partly concealed his uniform.

"Wal," at length observed a masked figure standing beside him, "have you fixed up that there little parcel slick?"

"I have," replied PETER. "Two ships, four torpedo boats, and seven new guns."

"Good," returned the strange Masker, receiving the packet. "I calculate it was about all we were waiting for."

Ten days later, England was engaged in war.

The sea was covered with vessels. Surrounded by an almost countless host, the only British Ironclad (the *Ethelred the Unready*) in Commission, proudly crested the waves.

"Why, what is this!" exclaimed the English Commander, gazing at the enemy through his telescope. "Those ships! Why every one of them is constructed on a plan supplied from Whitehall! And those guns! They, too, have been treacherously transferred to the exultant foe!"

At this moment there was a loud explosion. Then the sea was deluged with smoke. When it cleared away, only H.M.S. *Ethelred the Unready* was left—the foreign fleet had entirely vanished.

"Dear me!" observed the English Commander, "this is very strange! The guns burst at the first discharge. The Ironclads, constructed on plans treacherously transferred, foundered before they could get into action! I cannot understand it! What does it mean?"

The question was answered by a badly wounded man who, blown up an incalculable height by the explosion, had at length descended from the clouds on to the British deck.

"It means," cried this poor wretch, with difficulty, "that

Pilfering PETER, appropriately called 'the Patriot,' has saved his country. I foresaw this result. It was for this I supplied—"

He tried to speak, raised his eyes to the Union Jack, attempted to comprehend the construction of a new torpedo, and sank back. The last of the Naval Dragoons was past serving his native land any further!

THE BLACK ASSIZES;

Or, what it is coming to,—a brief Judicial Tragi-comedy apparently in active rehearsal in some of our Country Towns in this Year of Grace 1887.

The Scene is laid in the immediate neighbourhood of a provincial Assize Court, on the morning of the Judges' appearance on the Bench. Prisoners awaiting trial, innocent and guilty alike, stuffed away anyhow, in any of the various holes, nooks, corners, and recesses, of the building that will contain them. Some three-and-twenty of them occupy a low ill-ventilated room, fourteen feet by ten, from the effects of the close and reeking atmosphere of which some are suffocated while all are joining in a gasping clamour for more air. In one corner 'ORRIBLE JIMMY, a prisoner who is about to take his trial, after several previous convictions, for burglary coupled with murderous assault, is regaling a mixed crowd of professed thieves and first offenders, with an account of his most infamous exploits in unrepeatable language. Oaths, imprecations and blasphemies fill the air. At an opposite corner of the room an aged father and his daughter, brought here on a false charge of embezzlement, cower and try to hide their eyes from the loathsome sight, and shut out the hideous sound from their ears. In other parts of the building six other prisoners, two of them being mere children, are locked up in dark cupboards in which they can scarcely breathe. Four or five more are stowed away in a damp underground cellar, lighted by a feeble jet of gas, to which the Authorities would think twice before they consigned a dog.

Enter First and Second Steeled Officials in passage.

First Steeled Official (after listening complacently to groans, imprecations and cries). Well, I calls them a lively lot this morning. Ark at their growls. I'll growl 'em, if they won't stop. Why they'll be 'eared inside o' the Court next.

[A shriek is heard from the room the size of which is fourteen feet by ten.

Second Steeled Official. They're a doing murder. P'raps it's 'ORRIBLE JIMMY up to some of his games, or p'raps they can't breathe or somethink. (Shriek is repeated.) Well, what a row they makes about it.

First Steeled Official (opening the door, at which a frantic rush is made. Getting his body inside the room). No—you don't. Phew! Well, you have got up a nice stench betwixt you, anyhow. But what's all this hollering about?

Aged Father (indignantly). Holloaing, indeed! Why, this poor girl, maddened for want of air, has gone off into hysterics; and now she's in a dead faint. [Points to a female prisoner lying on the floor.

Prisoners (generally). We ain't got no air. We can't breathe. We're a stifling.

Aged Father. Ay, stifling; but not only with the physical atmosphere, but—what is worse—with the moral. It's outrageous to herd the basest of criminals and respectable people together like this.

First Steeled Official. Precious respectable you are, ain't you! Why, what are you doing 'ere, I should like to know. Get along with you!

Aged Father. You ought to be in here yourself, to preserve decency and order.

First Steeled Official. What, me in here a breathing this pestilence! Wouldn't you just like to see me! Hookey! Here (addressing Second Steeled Official). Give us a hand with this.

[They lug out the fainting girl between them, and close the door on the groaning, swearing, suffocating, struggling, and reeking crowd within. Bringing her to with a bucket of cold water, they relegate her, for want of any better place, to the coal-cellar.

First Steeled Official (listening, as he passes up corridor, to smothered cries coming from several cupboard doors. Hammering at them). 'Old your row, won't yer? If you give me much more of that, you sha'n't come out for a month. (Playfully.) Pretty full this time, ain't we?

Second Steeled Official. Yes; but nice and proud and 'aughty they're a gettin'; as if what's done for this hundred years and more ain't good enough for the likes of them.

First Steeled Official. More air, indeed! Why, they'll be asking for welwet chairs next. [They move off.

The Scene changes, an hour later, to the interior of the Assize Court. Learned Judge discovered on Bench. Leading Counsel, Jury, Witnesses, and public in their respective places. A rather long pause.

The Learned Judge (after fidgeting a little, looking over the Calendar several times, and whispering to Court Officials in his

vicinity). Ah, yes! Well, I'll ask. Do you know, Brother BUNKUM, what is delaying us?

Mr. Serjeant Bunkum, Q. C. No, my Lord. We are quite ready to begin. But I'll inquire. (Seeing Divisional Surgeon entering Court, pale, and breathless.) Ha! perhaps this gentleman can tell us. Well, Mr. Surgeon?

Divisional Surgeon. You'll have, my Lord, to put off the Assizes.

The Learned Judge. To put off the Assizes!

All. To put off the Assizes! Why?

Divisional Surgeon. Because there are no prisoners.

The Learned Judge. No prisoners! What, have they escaped!

Divisional Surgeon. No. They are all asphyxiated. But you must excuse me. We've got them all laid in the Court below, and three of the hospital Doctors are doing their best to save some of them. But this Officer will give you all information. [Exit.

Enter First Steele Official.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! All asphyxiated? That some should be is, of course, I know, not uncommon. But how—all?

First Steele Official. Want of air, my Lord. They said they found it a bit close; but my orders was to keep 'em under lock and key. And so I did.

The Learned Judge. Just so. (Referring to Calendar.) But shall we be able to take no cases? We have rather a full calendar, I see. This case of fraudulent trusteeship, for instance?

First Steele Official. He's dead, my Lord. We found he'd gone off in the cellars in the night, of consumption.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! how awkward. (Referring again to Calendar.) But this case of bigamy that follows?

First Steele Official. Found him smothered, my Lord, in the cupboard under the stairs. He ain't no use.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! Dear me! But this next case?

First Steele Official. Gone clean off his 'ead, becous he was shut in a closet as was too small for him. You can hear him a ravin' now.

The Learned Judge. Ah, most annoying! And this—?

First Steele Official. Gone and 'ung hisself with his braces, 'cous he couldn't stand no more of it. They're all down, your Lordship—ain't none of 'em fit to come before you.

The Learned Judge. Well, Gentlemen of the Jury, I scarcely like to dismiss you in this fashion, but you see how we are circumstanced. (Commotion in Prisoners' Dock.) But ha! what's this?

[Aged Father and Daughter, in a very feeble state, are led in by warders, and, supplied with restoratives, are tried for fraud and conspiracy; an alibi is proved by five witnesses, the prosecution collapses utterly, and the Jury, refusing to hear further evidence, acquit them unanimously, without leaving the box.

Aged Father (staggering to the front of the Dock). My Lord, before I leave this place, to which I have struggled with my daughter, I wish to point out, and while pointing out, to protest with all the energy I can command, to your Lordship against the infamous treatment to which we have for the last three weeks been subjected, while waiting the issue of to-day's trial. We have been forced to share the society of devils in human shape, thrust into crowded kennels into which it would be under such conditions sheer brutality to force a dumb animal, and all this not as branded criminals, but as people whose character is as free from stain or reproach, as your Lordship's own. Surely, my Lord, it is a theory of English Justice, that every Englishman is to be considered innocent in the eye of the law, until pronounced guilty by a Jury of his fellow-countrymen. Yet, we have been treated worse than felons consigned to penal servitude.

The Learned Judge (with warmth). And rightly too; not according to theories of English justice, with which we in this place have nothing to do, but in conformity with its practice, with which we are more immediately concerned. You have, Sir, in common with your class, got hold of that pestilent legal heresy, that the law regards every prisoner as innocent until he is proved guilty, when the very reverse is the case. How often shall I have to point out from my place on this Bench, that the law, on the contrary, holds every man charged with an offence as guilty, and punishes him as such, until he has been acquitted by a Jury of his fellow-countrymen. Hence then, I dare say, not uncommon catastrophe, that the Court has witnessed this morning. But, you at least, are now out of it, and have nothing to complain of. Stand down, Sir, I am ashamed of your ignorance.

[The Prisoners are assisted from the Dock, and as the Judge is being presented with with a pair of black kid gloves in honour of the occasion, the Curtain slowly falls.

A THEATRICAL CHAT.

Mr. Nibbs. What, Sir, did you think of *Modern Wives* at the Royalty?

Mr. Punch. The First Act, in idea, in acting, in every way, capital. Mr. EDWIN is perfect as the retired 'atter, and poor Mr. LYTON SOTHERN was exceptionally good in the last part he ever played. His career was full of the brightest promise, poor fellow, and he would evidently have been Mr. CHARLES WINDHAM's successor in that peculiar bustling light-comedy line.

Mr. Nibbs. He is a distinct loss to the stage.

Mr. Punch. As to the Ladies in this piece, the three sisters are well contrasted. Miss ATHERTON is rather too American perhaps for an English tradesman's daughter; but in the Second Act, when his part becomes weak, Mr. EDWIN justifies his daughter's accent by his own. Miss EVA WILSON is a charming ingénue, not too ingenuous, and Miss OLGA BRANDON looks uncommonly handsome as the second married sister, whose husband, Mr. Honeysett, is most naturally played by Mr. SELTON.

Mr. Nibbs. I thought Miss BENNETT, the waiting-maid, very good; didn't you, Sir?

Mr. Punch. Yes. The haspirates were judiciously misplaced, and the character was not in the least overdone.

Mr. Nibbs. It struck me the Second Act hung fire.

Mr. Punch. Undoubtedly it does; it is weak and too long. The actors seemed to be endeavouring to infuse some extra life into this Act by boisterous fun. Bustle and swagger are not always satisfactory substitutes for humour and dramatic interest.

Mr. Nibbs. Quite true, Sir; but it has reached its fiftieth night. By the way, I am told that the performance of *Clancarty* at the St. James's has much improved.

Mr. Punch. I was sure it would be so. A first night is a test, but not the fairest, nor the best. I must see it again.

Mr. Nibbs. The Pantomime of AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS is having a fine time of it—in spite of the fogs.

Mr. Punch. Yes—and *sub Rosa* there is to be an Opera season after Easter, and, later on, when the CARL and MARIE ROSE Show is over, he is going in for Italian Opera.

If "not in mortals to command success,"

AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS will "deserve it."

He is a marvellous Manager! quite, as I have observed before, *Harris in Wonderland*.

Mr. Nibbs. Which reminds me that there is another enterprising Manager who has deserved well of parents, guardians, and children of all ages.

Mr. Punch. Meaning The BRUCE, EDGAR of that ilk, with Mr. SAYLE CLARKE's *Alice in Wonderland*. I am quite of your opinion. If the Manager and his CLARKE are not above listening to a humble suggestion, I should say, Renovate, without removing it; and, with a few changes, you may run it, with *matinées*, right through the year. I venture to think it would be more crowded in spring and summer, when the children can walk to the theatre and back, than in winter.

Mr. Nibbs. I hear that a Mrs. BROWN POTTER, an American beauty and theatrical amateur, is to make her *début* as a professional actress at the Haymarket, in the play of *Man and Wife*.

Mr. Punch. It sounds a happy selection. But I have almost forgotten the piece. Perhaps during this lady's engagement the Haymarket will be known as "The Potteries." Let us to luncheon.

CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISTIC LITERATURE.—This cutting from the *Times*, March 10, is well worth translation and preserving:—

TO KIND-HEARTED RICH PERSONS, fond of Animals.—Will one such, with noble generosity, spare a lady pain of parting with pair of ponies, to which she is devotedly attached, but no longer means to maintain? Immediate NEED.—Address, &c.

The translation is simply, that a Lady wants to keep her carriage. We sincerely wish she may get it.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY IT?—In these days of prizes for word-puzzle competitions, it would be pretty safe to offer a very handsome reward for the discovery of the point, wit, humour or fun, in LEWIS CARROLL's *Game of Logic*, published,—perhaps as part of the joke, whatever it may be,—with a set of counters and a plan, by Messrs. MACMILLAN. *The Hunting of the Snark*, we always thought, ought to have been called "No. 1, of the Colwell-Hatchney Series," but this, the latest work by the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, leaves it far behind. It may yet have its use, however, as pages of it, or fifty lines at a time, might be set as a punishment to naughty boys and girls to write out or learn.

LEWIS CARROLL has been "chopping logic," and has given the young 'uns some uncommonly dry chips.



A CAUTION TO LADIES.

(BEWARE OF THOSE TREACHEROUS GAUZE FANS.)

Sir Pompey Bedell. "WELL—A—NOW THAT I HAVE THOROUGHLY EXPLAINED TO YOU WHAT MY CONVICTIONS ARE WITH REGARD TO THE IRISH QUESTION, I WILL PROCEED TO—BUT—A—I AM REALLY ALMOST AFRAID I BEGIN TO PERCEIVE—A—THAT MY VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT FAIL TO AROUSE YOUR INTEREST, MISS MASHAM!"

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.

A Surgeon of the Medical Staff Corps was introduced.

The Commissioner. May I ask what I can do for you, Sir?

Applicant. I have to complain, Sir, that by a recent War Office Warrant the relative rank of Medical Officers in the Army has been abolished, and can scarcely do better than give a quotation from a much respected organ of our profession, the *British Medical Journal*, which is as follows:—

"The medical officers regard the anomalous position they are now placed in as a matter of the gravest importance. They look upon the fact of their being deprived of rank in the Army as a degradation, for while, only recently, real rank has been conferred on the officers of the Commissariat and Transport and Pay Departments of the Army, the only rank the medical officers have ever had—relative rank—has been taken away from them."

The Commissioner. Please explain the distinction between the officers of the Commissariat and Transport and Pay Departments of the Army and the Medical Officers.

Applicant. Both are non-combatants—the first have to supply the food and transport and pay of the Army; the last the medical assistance.

The Commissioner. Are the duties of the first—supposing an Army to be in the field—of a more dangerous character than those of the last?

Applicant. Certainly not. On the contrary, as an Army Surgeon has frequently to be close up to the fighting line, he shares all the risks of combatants. It is true that hospitals are supposed to be protected by the Geneva Cross in civilised warfare, but not unfrequently the flag has been utterly ignored; and in cases of a campaign against savages it absolutely becomes a target for the sharpest fire. I need scarcely remind you of the defence of Rorke's Drift, where the Zulus made the hospital their chief point of attack.

The Commissioner. I believe that the Victoria Cross has been frequently conferred on Medical Officers.

Applicant. Frequently. I question whether they will be able to gain it in the future, as they will virtually sink into the position of civil employés hired for a particular service.

The Commissioner. Certainly there seems to be food for consideration in your suggestion. Has the position hitherto, of an Army Surgeon in a regiment, been an enviable one?

Applicant. It has depended to a great extent upon the individual himself; but, as a matter of fact, in cases of discipline the Army Surgeon has always been junior to the most recently joined subaltern. The relative rank has given him certain advantages as to the choice of quarters, receiving salutes, &c., which now will be presumably abolished. The military idea is, that a man capable of keeping his head clear, and giving orders to his assistants in the most delicate surgical operations, is yet unable to command a file of men, as well as a youngster fresh from two months' militia-training, or a schoolboy course at Woolwich or Sandhurst. Of course such a suggestion is not calculated to gain for an Army Surgeon the entire respect of combatant officers in their teens. The new order goes a step—a very long step—further, and deprives him of even the shadow of rank. You may imagine how painful his position will become in a society where military rank is of the first importance. Some time ago Army Surgeons were removed (except in a few favoured battalions) from the regiments with which they had been closely associated for years, to be put upon the Staff. This was done, so it was said, on the score of economy; but it is difficult to find a reason for this more recent departure—a departure which, I fear, may lead to departures of another kind, and departures that will rid the Army of every self-respecting member of our profession. For you must remember, Sir, that we are not only Officers, but Gentlemen.

The Commissioner. It is well to remind the Authorities of that fact. I consider your grievance a very serious one, and shall take all necessary steps to see that it is redressed.

[*The Applicant thanked the Commissioner on behalf of himself and some seven hundred colleagues, and withdrew.*]



“THE STICKING PLACE!”

Macbeth . . . L-RD S-L-SB-RY.

Lady Macbeth . . . “A M-RK-NG P-P-R.”

LADY MACBETH. “‘INFIRM OF PURPOSE! GIVE *ME* THE DAGGERS!’—*I’LL* SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT!!”

Shakspeare, adapted to The Times.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXI.—THE BASHFUL GHOST.

"CAN'T you speak when you are spoken to," I asked, but she only wrung her hands (noiselessly of course) and looked down.

She was a White Lady, but the most gentle and retiring of her species. Obviously she would never have haunted the room of a bachelor if she could possibly have helped it; it was the fault of the housekeeper at Schloss Schreckenstein for putting me into the chamber where she generally appears.

"If you don't speak," I said, in a resolute tone, (for I had got over my first fright) "if you don't speak, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get up and dress!"

Of course this was a brutal kind of thing to say to a ghost of her nervously bashful type, and, in calmer moments, I have often regretted it. But what was a man to do? I felt for the ghost as much as anyone can, but she wouldn't go away, she wouldn't speak, and she was not even useful for scientific purposes of Psychological Research. Who would have believed me, if I said I had seen her?

"I'll get up," I said, "and bring all the other men. They are still in the smoking-room, I daresay. My saying I have seen you, is no evidence, as you must know; but if they all see you, then there will be evidence to go to a Jury—to GRANBY and MYERS, I mean."—and I began to move as if I would throw off the heavy German eider-down quilt. The Ghost fell on her knees. "For my sake, don't do that," she said. "Oh, is it not punishment enough to have to haunt rooms where all sorts of strange people come, without your uttering such unmanly threats? Oh, I never was spoken to so, since my life!"

"Then, why do you haunt them?" I asked. "This is my room, not yours. It is not at all like the case of *Mr. Pickwick*, and the lady in curl-papers."

"It was most wrong, and inconsiderate of the Seneschal," said the Ghost, "to put you in here. If he had the feelings of a gentleman, he would only put ladies in this wing of the Castle."

"But the ladies refuse to be put here," I replied. "You know you have frightened them all away, and I don't wonder at it."

"I do not know what the world is coming to," said the Ghost, "in my time it was very different."

"When was your time?"

"Oh, about the Reformation," she replied, evasively.

"The very early Hussite movement, then, judging from your dress," I remarked, on which she flushed up, and muttered something about "personal remarks."

"When I was a girl," she said, "we would have been ashamed to be afraid of our White Lady, BERTHA VON SCHRECKENSTEIN, to whose place I succeeded. We always got on capitally with her, and she with us. Never a complaint on either side. No Knights were ever put in her rooms, I warrant you. Are you a Knight?"

"My dear Madam," I replied, "I am not in trade, nor am I a medical man, nor a Mayor, nor a painter. I am a literary character, I am. They don't make us Knights."

"I see, you are a Minstrel?" she answered.

"A lazy one," I replied, and she quite brightened up, and said she had read my little things (she was mistaken about that), in the drawing-room, after the family had gone to bed.

However, she began to become shy and self-conscious again.

"In this Schloss," she said, "gentlemen seldom go to bed before two in the morning, and I get the haunting over early, and have a few hours to myself. But you've come up too soon! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed in an agony, "I hear them bouncing along from the smoking-room, and they are just as likely as not to come in here to 'draw' you, and then, oh dear, oh dear," said the Ghost, "what will the next world say of me? They are so censorious."

Could there be a more painful position for me, and for this retiring spectre? "Can't I get up, and make a bolt for it?" I said, but she would not hear of it.



It was only too probable that young GRIGSBY, of the Guards, and that young wretch VON SPICHEREN, would "draw" me—and their own conclusions!

"Can't you disappear?" I said.

"Impossible," she answered, peevishly. "I can't disappear before cock-crow."

It was awfully awkward. At this moment young GRIGSBY, in the passage outside, gave, at the top of his voice, his celebrated imitation of a cock crowing. In a second, before you could so much as wink, the White Lady had vanished, and not a moment too early, for the door burst open, and GRIGSBY rode in on VON SPICHEREN's back, the latter going on all fours.

"Hi, here's the Family Ghost," shouted GRIGSBY,—but I did not think it necessary to inform him that the Family Ghost had just gone. I simply hit him over the head with the bolster, bringing him down from his charger with a crash. Next day I left the Schloss, the position was so dreadfully awkward, and I have often thought since, with sympathy and regret, of the Unlucky Shy White Lady of Schreckenstein. Doubtless many spectres, perhaps most, are in her very compromising position, a thing we reflect on too little when we hear of haunted houses. The ghost of a retiring gentleman, for instance,—but the subject is too painful.

SIR PERCY AND THE FEARFUL FOGGE.

(A new "Percy Relique.")

FULL seven hundred Members mayde aloude thys one remark—

"Scarce can we breathe, or speke, or thynke. Wee all are in the darke."

Like unto pygmyes arm'd against great Basan's Monarque Og,
So gasping, gallant gentlemen doe battell with the Fogge.

Stout PERCY to the Commons went, all in Westminstere.

Quoth he, "Ye have good needs of help, the Fogge doth enter heere.

"I ventylate and drayne the House, and keep it sweet and cool."

Cried every man, "Who'll stay the Fogge?" Quoth bold PERCY,
"I woe!"

"Now bless thee, Doctor PERCY!" cry the Commons, with a cheer,

"If thou the Fogge shalt set at naught all in Westminstere;

"And if with cotton-wool thou pluggest cranny, hole, and crack,
The Lords we'll dysestablyshe, and to thee give the Wool-sack."

Stout PERCY sniff'd a pynche of snuff, all of the olden schoole.

Quoth he, "And if I taye I'll get the Sack without the Wool.

"Natheless the cotton-wool I'll try; my very best I'll do."

"No more can we expect," sayde each to each. "Que woolley-woo?"

Stout PERCY hies him to the work, nor lists to knave nor fool.

"Plenty of 'cry' there be," quoth he. "My ears hold cotton-wool.

"As walls have ears, I trow," quoth he, "those at Westminstere
Will thank me soe for saving them from much that else they'd heare."

Then Heav'n send Doctor PERCY may bring them light and peace!
May Fogge clear from Westminstere, and all obstruction cease!

FITS OF THE BLUES.

By Dumb Crambo, Junior.



Starting with a Swinging Stroke. Clearing the Lock with a Head Wind.



A Slight Foul.



A Rather Uneven Crew.



PRECAUTION.

Constable (to Citizen in degraded condition in the gutter). "NOW THEN, GE' UP! 'MUS'N'T LIE THERE—"

Citizen. "ARE YOU 'PLEESHM'L?"

Constable "GET UP, SIR! YOU'LL BE RUN OVER!"

Citizen. "EH?"—(solemnly)—"EN SH-H-TOP TH' TRAFF'C!!"

A SUGGESTION FOR IRELAND.—To be quite fair, why not divide the duties of Irish Secretary between Colonel SAUNDERSON and Mr. DILLON? The former to be in office Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and the latter, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Sundays, being *dies non*, they could dine together, and talk matters over amicably, or arrange a meeting in the Phoenix with their Under-Secretaries as seconds.

JUBILEE INTERCHANGES.—The QUEEN gives the POPE a splendidly bound Vulgate, and the POPE gives the QUEEN a magnificent Mosaic. Her MAJESTY'S gift, however, has the advantage of including the finest specimen of Mosaic work.

We see that a certain firm of manufacturers advertise a "Jubilee Soap." Scarcely necessary, as there is such a quantity of the article about everywhere. Still to some Provincial Mayors and Common Councilmen a supply may yet be useful, and we could mention one or two who would be likely to "take the cake."

A SHIP IN CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTIES.—The Irish Secretary-Ship.

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No 3.

In the City, before Alderman KUMITSTRONG.

A Small Boy is placed in the Dock.

Alderman. What is the charge?

Clerk. Stealing boots, Your Worship.

Alderman. What do you say, boy?

Boy. Nothink, Sir.

Alderman. Why did you steal the boots?

Boy. Nothink else to do, Sir.

Alderman. What does he mean? Is there anyone in Court who knows this boy?

A Working Man (stepping forward). I am the father of the boy, Sir.

Alderman. How old is he?

Father. Thirteen, Sir.

Alderman. Well, you hear what he has been doing,—stealing boots. What do you say about it?

Father (with grumpy resignation). It is all fault of School Board.

Alderman. What do you mean, Man? What on earth has the School Board to do with it?

Father (as if he were delighted to have it out with somebody). Well, I'll just tell you, Sir. You see this 'ere boy is a werry good boy, and he can read and write, and do his 'rithmetic with the best on 'em. So JEM SNOOKS, the greengrocer, 'ires him at six bob a week, which he did his work reg'lar, and every Saturday night came 'ome with his six bob, and give it to his mother.

Alderman. Well, what then? What has all this to do with stealing the boots?

Father. Well, as I was a sayin', he came home reg'lar on Saturday night, but one night he came 'ome a crying and said he'd got the sack, but he brought his six bob all the same.

Alderman. And why, as you call it, had he got the sack?

Father. 'Cause he said School Board man wouldn't let him stop. So on the Monday mornin' I goes to JEM SNOOKS, and says I to JEM, says I, "Why did you give TOMMY the sack? Ain't he a good boy, and don't he do his work reg'lar?" And, says JEM to me, "TOMMY is a werry good boy, and does his work reg'lar, but School-Board man came and looked beastly glum, and says he, 'If you don't pack off that 'ere boy this very day, I'll have you up before the Beaks, and you'll be fined and imprisoned, and have your goods sold up, 'taties and inguns and all, and no mistake.' So what could I do?" said JEM, "but send away TOMMY?"

Alderman (a bit puzzled). They must now go to school up to fourteen?

The Clerk. That is so, Sir.

Alderman (to Father of the Boy). Well, I have listened to your story, but what it has to do with stealing the boots I don't understand.

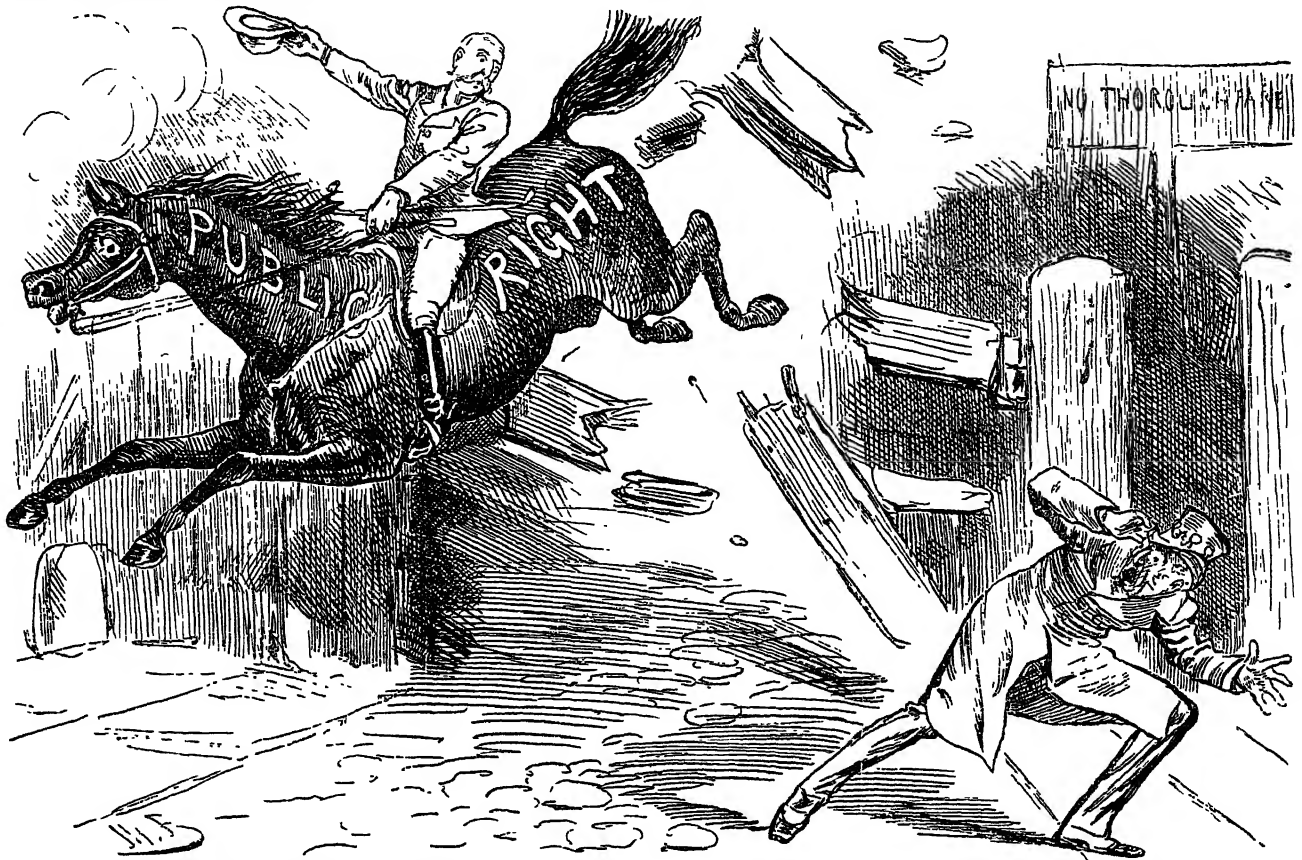
Father. Just this, your Worship. This 'ere boy you have 'eard, is a good boy, and though swells, such as you, mayn't think much of six bob a week, it is a mighty 'elp to poor fathers like us, in sich times as these. And TOMMY having been used to hearn a 'onest penny and 'elps, tho' I say it, to keep the younger kids, would not go back to school again. And so, having nothin' to do, he falls in with some idle chaps, and they persuade him to steal the boots.

Alderman. And you would really have me believe that the School Board has made him a thief. Ha! ha! that is a joke indeed. But there must be some inquiry made about this boy. I will remand him for a week.

THE EARLIEST BEVERAGE RECORDED IN THE CLASSICS.—The Sack of Troy.

A REAL "HIGHWAY"-MAN.

"MR. HOWARD VINCENT is trying to clear the streets of London from the gates, bars, rails, posts, walls, and other obstructions to free circulation for vehicles or passengers."—*Daily News*.



HURRAH for this genuine Knight of the Road!

No Dashing DUVAL would be in it,
And DICK who Black Bess so sublimely bestrode,
Would not hold it with him for a minute.
DICK cleared turnpike gates to be sure, at a pinch,
But here is a rider of mettle,
Who'd clear them away. Ah, my HOWARD, don't flinch
Till our Babylon-blockers you settle.
Too long have our dual obstructions, too long
Have our lollolly Landlords perplexed us,
With bars, posts and rails. Now you challenge the wrong
With which Vested Interests have vexed us.

Here's pluck to your horse, and here's power to his heels!

May he bear you with stout unwrung withers;
Till the last dual dodderer hopelessly feels,
His last barrier is kicked all to smithers.
REBECCA'S rough Daughters achieved a good task
In clearing the Toll-gates; but you, Sir,
Our latter-day Highway-Man, minus the mask,
A far finer work have to do, Sir.
The ermined obstructions will doubtless object,
The Landlords will rail and raise ructions;
But the Public will praise and your *Punch* will protect.
The Clearer of City Obstructions!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 7.—Dr. TANNER bustling about the House to-night, advocating his scheme for preventing the fog taking the Chair again in the absence of SPEAKER. As far as I can make out, he proposes a supply of head-gear made of antiseptic cotton-wool; to be kept in Cloak-Room, and, whenever a fog comes on, to be served out to Members. PLUNKER objects on æsthetic grounds. Doesn't think it would look well from the Ladies' Gallery to see Members muffled up in masks of cotton-wool. Besides, doubts efficacy of suggestion. "In short," he says, "TANNER's scheme not worth sixpence."

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate proposes amendment. If the cotton-wool, antiseptic or otherwise, were stuffed into the ears of Members, on foggy nights or fine, he should support proposal. TANNER says that won't do; and there matter stands for the present.

Cry of "WOLFF! WOLFF!" through House to-night. In Committee of Supply, Vote on further payment on account of DRUMMOND WOLFF's Mission to Egypt comes up. Seems it costs £15,000 a year, and no one knows what it's about, much less when it will be brought to conclusion. FERGUSON seems to know less than anyone, but assumes oracular air, hints at important negotiations carried on, winks and nods confidentially at Members opposite, and whispers,

"Wait a bit, and you'll see." Members won't wait, but go to Division, and very nearly succeed in cutting off WOLFF's salary.

"How strange are the ways of life!" CHAPLIN murmured, gazing through half-closed eyes at bench opposite, where Fourth Party once sat.

"Who, three years ago, could have forecast their history? There's RANDOLPH stranded on the shores of Africa; here's GORRER subsided into an Under-Secretary. There's BALFOUR with Dublin standing wide-eyed round him as he's sworn-in Chief-Secretary; and here's WOLFF pic-nicing in Egypt at a cost to the nation of £15,000 a year; whilst I—not done so well as any of them. But my time will come."

After Wolff episode, Committee pounded away at Votes. One o'Clock in morning having long since sounded, ROBERTSON moved to Report Progress. Clear across the House came from the bench where CHAPLIN sat the thrilling inquiry, "Who is the animal?" J. O'CONNOR asked the Chairman what he thought of that as a point of order. Chairman apparently thought nothing, for he said nothing, and business went forward again. COURTNEY, in not noticing the inquiry, probably had in mind well-known precedent when, years ago, JOSEPH GILLIS first presented himself to notice of the House. DIZZY, then Premier, fumbled his eyeglass into position, and staring across the floor, said to Lord BARRINGTON, "What's that?"

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Few things House likes more than to hear M'GAREL Hoge answer a question in his capacity of Chairman of Board of

Works. Matter too important to be trusted to the chances of extemporaneous speech. Some time in course of the day M'GAREL possesses himself of largest available sheet of foolscap, takes a new pen (quill), and writes out his answer. On ordinary occasions is content to sit on any seat behind Treasury Bench. When he has to appear as Representative of Board of Works, feels occasion demands corner seat; so comes down early, and secures that sacred to the memory of RANDOLPH. Here he sits, watchful, till the unfortunate Member, who has ventured to question any action of Board of Works finds his opportunity. Then The M'GAREL rises, his one war-lock set in battle-array across the white expanse of his impressive head. Holding the manuscript in his left hand, and fixing his eyeglass with the other, he first turns upon his interlocutor a scorching look of reproof. Then, in loud voice, rapidly reads his little homily, glancing over his eyeglass at the end of each successive sentence to see how the Hon. Member likes it. If, as sometimes happens, the offender is not literally shrivelled up by the time the last sentence is rolled forth, The M'GAREL turns upon him a final regard, indefinable and indescribable; yet the looker-on feels that the glance is eloquently expressive of pained surprise that there can exist on this fair earth a human being so insensible to conviction of having incurred displeasure of the Metropolitan Board of Works.



"Mr. Gent-Davis was ruled out of order."

Thursday's Report.

[We hope he had medical advice, and is quite recovered by this time.]

recovered by this time.] Holding the manuscript in his left hand, and fixing his eyeglass with the other, he first turns upon his interlocutor a scorching look of reproof. Then, in loud voice, rapidly reads his little homily, glancing over his eyeglass at the end of each successive sentence to see how the Hon. Member likes it. If, as sometimes happens, the offender is not literally shrivelled up by the time the last sentence is rolled forth, The M'GAREL turns upon him a final regard, indefinable and indescribable; yet the looker-on feels that the glance is eloquently expressive of pained surprise that there can exist on this fair earth a human being so insensible to conviction of having incurred displeasure of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

"I am surprised that my Hon. friend," said The M'GAREL just now turning upon DIXON-HARTLAND a withering glance, "should have felt it necessary to ask this question, after the pledge I gave on Thursday."

If DIXON-HARTLAND had been a sensitive man, nothing but a spot of grease on the bench where he had sat, would thereafter have represented Uxbridge. As it was he tried to hide his emotion behind an uneasy smile, whilst the ribald House shook with laughter.

Business done.—Further debate on Closure.

Thursday.—"And so now you're a B.B.K." I said to CHARLES LEWIS, as he stood at the Bar. "How did it come about?"

"In simplest possible way, TOBY. By observing a modest demeanour, never thrusting myself upon the notice of the House, and keeping generally in the background. Reflect on these things; follow my example, and peradventure the Jubilee Year will not come to a close without recognition of your personal worth. Why not Sir TOBY M.P.?"

Nice fellow LEWIS, a good judge of character, and generally appreciative. House used to be prejudiced against him, because he wore a white waistcoat out of season. But he's an intelligent man, and I think there is always something in what he says.

A long night in Committee of Supply. Discussion on Egyptian affairs brought up an old quarrel. BLAINE blandly suggested that GOSCHEN had a personal interest in the vote for the increased expenses of the Army in Egypt; based assertion on fact that nearly quarter of century ago GOSCHEN's firm had floated loans for Egypt. GOSCHEN came in just in time to hear BLAINE blundering along on this course. Suddenly flared up with righteous wrath.

"I wish," he cried, striking the table, "the Hon. Member to state distinctly and specifically what he means by what he says."

Rather exacting this. If every man had to say exactly what he means by what he says, House of Commons not be so popular resort. BLAINE fumbled and fenced. Was brought up by the Chairman, and pinned to the ground by GOSCHEN. Getting flabbergasted, Windbag SEXTON came to his assistance, but didn't succeed in making diversion. GOSCHEN, still blazing, kept BLAINE to the point. As soon as possible BLAINE retired from the contest, a little amazed at the uproar he had created.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Friday.—Last sitting of week wearisomely given up to Procedure and Estimates, agreeably varied by little domestic piece. No translation from the French, this. Quite new and original. Title, *The Perfidy of Plowden*. Dramatis Personæ: Sir WILLIAM PLOWDEN, the Confiding Caller; Mr. FORWOOD, the Designing Host. Secretary, Clerks, Office Boy, Porters, &c. Scene, the Admiralty. Time, last Saturday. Enter, PLOWDEN, encountered by Secretary. Asks to see Report of Contracts Committee. Secretary hesitates. "Private

affair, don't you know. Awful row if it got into those newspapers." PLOWDEN nothing to do, with newspapers. Secretary relents. Shows Report in confidence. PLOWDEN walks out. As he goes, drops a letter—doesn't perceive his loss. (Slow music.) *Exit*.

Scene 2. Room darkened. Office Boy steals in; observes letter on floor; puts it on top of FORWOOD's letters. Thunder in the wings. Office Boy starts. *Exit*, making cart-wheel.

Scene 3. Still at Admiralty. FORWOOD enters. Finds on his desk the morning newspapers, and heap of letters. Being a man of business, reads newspapers first. Starts. Treachery! Secret Report has got out! Who has done this? Leans head on hands, and thinks intently. (Slow music.) Approaches heap of letters. First one is that which PLOWDEN dropped. (Reverberation of distant thunder in wings draws nearer.) Letter written to PLOWDEN by a Confederate! Proposes rendezvous, where he "will explain how the Secret Report could be easiest got at." Betrayed! FORWOOD falls senseless on the floor, where he is later found by the irresponsible Office Boy, and put away in the waste-paper basket.

Act II. Scene 1. House of Commons. FORWOOD tells his story. House groans in horror at PLOWDEN's perfidy. Scene 2, the same. PLOWDEN explains matters. FORWOOD accepts explanation. Fall on each other's necks, and so *exeunt*.

Voice from Strangers' Gallery—"My high!"

This is the Office Boy, who is immediately thrust forth, and the House gets to business.

Business done.—Closure Debate.

THE NEW "LILLI BULLERO."

(To be sung by Nationalists to the old air.)

Ho! Broder League, dost hear the decree? Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la. "SAUNDERSON ought to be sub- Secretree," Bully Bullero, Buller a-la. Lero, Lero, REDVERS BULLERO, Lero, Lero, Buller o-la	Is the blood-orange a sign of the Times? Lilli Bullero Buller a-la. Lero, &c. Down with Moon-lighters and up with the Laws! Lillo Bullero, Buller a-la, And save us from Fire-and- Sworderson's claws! Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la! Lero, &c.
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Oranges come to us from foreign
climes,
Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la,

THE MICRO-TELEPHONE PUSH-BUTTON.



Householder. "HULLOA! WHAT IS IT?"
Visitor. "I'VE CALLED FOR THE THIRD TIME FOR
THE TA—!"
Householder (promptly). "NOT AT HOME!"
ringing. On the advantage of this in everyday life it is unnecessary to dwell."—*Globe*, March 9.

The Authors' Meeting.

Wednesday, March 9.

THEY listened to a good harangue.
From a man of scents, y-LANG y-LANG.
When on his legs got BRETT, R.A.,
Some people wished they were away.
Most came to hear E. W. GOSSE.
Who stayed away sustained no loss.

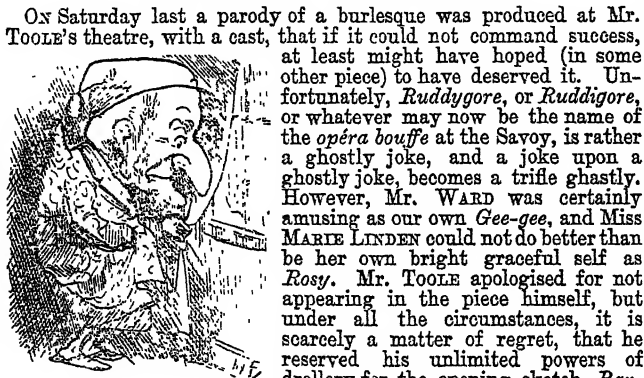
LATEST FROM OUR COLWELL-HATCHNEY CORRESPONDENT.—He always smiled when he looked at his watch, because, he said, the hands directed him to grin each time.

"THE RIVER WEAR."—Flannels.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A FOREIGNER AT THE TOOLERIES.



"Oh, what a Frost!"

item *Ici on Parle Français*, which together went better than ever, and kept the audience, while they lasted, in roars of laughter. By the way, according to the programme, Mr. TOOLE has appeared no less than 4,079 times in the character of *Mr. Spriggins*. It is never safe to prophesy, unless you know, still a run of this very considerable length can hardly be predicted with confidence for such stuff as *Ruddy George*.

JOTTINGS FOR JOURNALISTS.

A "SCHOOL for Journalists," is announced, with offices in the Strand. A gentleman of experience, Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, to wit, of the Outer Temple, who heads his advertisement "What to do with our Boys," (what, all of them?) is going to "employ a staff of expert assistant-masters," and will instruct his pupils in writing leading articles, paragraphs, reviews of books, dramatic criticism, sub-editing, war correspondence, and so on. It sounds a trifle sanguine to undertake in twelve months "to make any fairly well educated young man a thoroughly trained and expert journalist, capable of earning from six to twenty pounds a week," but no doubt Mr. ANDERSON can do it if anybody can. *Mr. Punch* wishes success to the heroic venture, and adds a sample of the sort of instruction which may prove useful to budding editors, sub-editors, &c.

How to Write Leaders.—Beginners in this branch of Journalism are apt to fall into the vulgar error of supposing that what the public wants is a really good English style. Carefully avoid this mistake. Never write good English, and don't write English at all if possible, but try for a style consisting of long-winded Latinisms and slangy idioms and expressions borrowed from every language under the sun. Avoid modesty. Never assert that a policy *seems* bad, but say straight out that it is bad. Never do what the Proprietor or Editor of your paper suggests, but take your own "line," and never mind if you subsequently have to "take your hook" in consequence. This gives an impression of manly independence, and leads to your services being much appreciated. Say to the Editor, when he tries to dictate sentiments to you, "Sir, either give me *carte blanche*, or the sack!"—and he will most probably give you the latter. Make it a habit to treat all Statesmen, on the side opposed to that which you have (temporarily) adopted, as utter humbugs, and transparent knaves. You must not say so, of course, in so many words; but you can let your opinion be clearly seen. A good start for an article is like this.—"Regarded as a serious contribution to the study of the Church Disestablishment question (or whatever the actual question may be), the Prime Minister's latest speech is simply beneath criticism. The Right Honourable Gentleman"—probably a man universally respected for his integrity and matchless services to his country, but never mind that—"is thereby convicted either of the most amazing ignorance of the first principles of that political science on which he presumes to dogmatise, or else of the most arrant hypocrisy." Then you go on easily and gracefully to prove your points, in the full assurance that the Statesman in question will probably never see your article, and that even if he does he is perfectly certain not to take the trouble to contradict any misstatements you may have made. This knowledge gives you a pleasing sense of security as you write. If you are not much acquainted with the subject you are asked to write on, write all the more decidedly about it. Never feel bound over to hold your peace about any topic owing to the trifling circumstance that you happen to be absolutely ignorant of it.

War Correspondence.—This is a very good line for a sickly lad to adopt. It does not require much literary skill, but tact in getting out of the way of bullets and cannon-balls is essential. By way of practice, your instructor should hire a large hall, and fit it up with models of savage warriors in wax (also in a wax), rushing rivers, impenetrable forests, camps, and so on. If the

savages could be made to howl, by clock-work, occasionally, so much the better. Every student should bring his own mechanical horse, and be able to mount it without falling over the other side, which might spoil the "ensemble" of the engagement. Practise ambushes. Also practise being caught in one by the aforesaid savages, who might perhaps be constructed so as to throw a blunt spear at you at the right moment. An organ accompaniment to a battle would increase the effect. If there isn't an organ handy, try fog-signals. When they explode, hold the mane firmly with one hand; with the other you can get out pen, ink, and paper, and begin a graphic description of anything you see, or don't see. Correspondents always do this in a battle. Revolvers, constructed on the pop-gun principle, would be useful; only don't aim at the General, unless he is supposed to have ridiculously refused you all information as to his plan of campaign.

Reviewing Books, &c.—About the only accomplishment necessary for this branch of the journalistic profession is knowing how to write. It is as well also to know how to read, but this is not essential. It is astonishing what a good idea can be attained, after some practice, of a book by merely glancing at its cover and title-page. In three-volume novels begin at the last chapter and work back a page or two. Speak airily of the plot, and bring in the names of THACKERAY, SWIFT, GEORGE ELIOT, or some other well-known writer, to show that you have a general acquaintance with English literature. You might call round at the publisher's about luncheon time, just to intimate that you were thinking of reviewing their book. *Verb. sap.*

A CRY FROM AMBLESIDE.

(By the Very Last of the Lake Poets.)

At Windermere a party of Excursionists alighted,
Exulting in their enterprise with pardonable pride;
The latent poetry within their bosoms was excited, [Ambleside!]
Said they, "We're near our yearned-for beer—we've got to
"Excuse me, but you ain't there *yet*!" observed the Station-Master
(An excellent official, if a trifle out and dried);
"You can reach it in an hour—though you'll have to step out faster.
Four mile we make it by the lake from here to Ambleside."
"We've come out to enjoy ourselves. You don't ketch *us* a walkin'.
We ain't sech fools as that, no fear, when we've a chance to ride!
So put us in the train, old chap, and don't stand there a talkin'.
The terminus for all of us, d'y'e see, is Ambleside!"
"There'll be some tables there set out, as we can take our teas on,
And p'raps a public-house or two where liquor ain't denied."
"You *can't* be booked no further—for the very simple reason
That there ain't no sign of any line 'twixt this and Ambleside!"
At such a blow his auditors were dismally dejected;
They sank upon the platform faint, a number of them cried,
"If this is what you calls 'The Lakes,' it ain't what we expected.
This precious hole is not our goal. We're bound for Ambleside!"
"Cheer up!" the Station-Master said, "and don't give way to
lowness,
For here are lakes and mountain peaks—a panorama wide;
From Waterloo to Biscay How, from Newby Bridge to Bowness,
I think you'll find it ain't behind the view from Ambleside."
"Our scenery is 'picturesque, if not precisely *eerie*,'
As you may see it stated in the *Illustrated Guide*." [dreary!
Said they, "Them mountains blocks the view, and everythink is
There must be more to see, for sure, out there, in Ambleside."
"Well, if this end of Windermere don't happen to content you,
Along the lake you may perceive incessant steamers glide;
Or you could hire a trap and drive—there's nothing to prevent you—
And thus your feet may tread the street they've christened
Ambleside."
But no, these poor Excursionists would hear no consolation:
There was the risk of being drowned, if they the steamer tried;
They scorned to patronise a place which had no railway station,
Nor could they drive (and safe arrive) at distant Ambleside.
A kind Director saw their plight; it set his heart a-bleeding;
He knew no rest till Parliament some remedy applied.
And, should his philanthropic Bill survive a final reading,
The least select may book direct his seat to Ambleside!
Let sentimental Ruskinites the theory disparage,
Most scenery afoot you miss—it cannot be denied;
The Nature-lover's point of view's a third-class smoking carriage.
'Twould be a blot if there were not a line to Ambleside!

ANOTHER ALLOTMENT.—What those who didn't get any said a few days ago, "Hotch-kissing goes by favour."

ROUND THE CAULDRON.

A Scene some way after Shakspeare.*First Witch . . S-L-SB-RY.**Third Witch . . H-RT-NGT-N.**Second Witch . . G-SCH-N.*

SCENE—*A Dark Cabinet. In the middle a Cauldron simmering. Shindy. Enter Three Witches.*

First Witch. Thrice the Party wind hath slew'd.

Second Witch. Thrice; and long we've hedged and trimmed.

Third Witch. HARTY cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the ingredients quickly throw.

Like a toad beneath a stone,
Days and nights, now many a one,
We have skulked, and caught it hot.
Now 'tis time to fill the pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble!
We must make the cauldron bubble!

Second Witch. Come! no longer quail and
Strong Coercion boldly take; [quake.
Eye of law foul wrong to dog,
Hand of steel to smite and flog.
In the cauldron stoutly fling
Justice's unflagging wing.

That will charm away your trouble,
And soon make the cauldron bubble!

All. With whatever toil and trouble,
We must make our cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Yet Law must be no mere wolf;
That will never bridge the gulf.
Let Concession and Redress
Mollify the bitter mess;
Lion claw and tooth of shark
Help to make the outlook dark.
Briars and nettles will not do,
Better blend the olive too.

Ruthless hands and chiding lips
Will but darken the eclipse.
Sweeten it with honey-paste,
If you'd hit a Liberal taste.
Quick! the Party are in haste.
Quick! or in impatient pet
They our cauldron may upset.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble!
We must make our cauldron bubble!
First Witch (aside). Ah! we are of various mood.
Hope our mixture may prove good.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY.—There were at least four theatrical cases in Court last week, in not one of which was Mr. J. L. TOOLE called as a Witness. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS had to appear in a new character, and it cost him £50. Ahem! "When ARTHUR first in Court began"—as the old song says—but he won't care to go on in the same line.

THE EVERYWHERE JUBILEE YEAR.

(Sung by a sanguine Provincial Mayor to a well-known Nursery Tune.)

At Town-hall Meetings, from the chair,
I've put it to them flat,
How this Imperial affair
Was sending round the hat,
With a "Jubilee" here and a "Jubilee" there;
Here a "Ju," there a "bi,"
Everywhere a "lee,"
Until the fact I've made quite clear
That this is the Everywhere Jubilee Year!
Some are for thrift, some for expense,
Each to his hobby clings,
And those who give their pounds or pence
All want all sorts of things.
Some want a park here, some want a park there,
Here a park, there a park,
Everywhere a park.
Some'll have a pump here, some'll have a pump there,
Here a pump, there a pump,
Everywhere a pump.
And they'll vote for it here, and they'll vote for it there,
Here a vote, there a vote,
Everywhere a vote:
Till it's "Jubilee" here, and it's "Jubilee" there,
Here a "Ju," there a "bi,"
Everywhere a "lee,"
And brings the fact home doubly clear,
That this is the Everywhere Jubilee Year!

And so I move the whole machine;
Turn on the public tap;
Though some, who say they're "Not so green,"
Won't give a single rap.
But I put a screw on here, and I put a screw on there,
Here a screw, there a screw,
Everywhere a screw;
And I try a dodge here, and I try a dodge there,
Here a dodge, there a dodge,
Everywhere a dodge.
For the QUEEN she'll be here, and the QUEEN she'll be there,
Here the QUEEN, there the QUEEN,
Everywhere the QUEEN;
And she'll make a Knight here, she'll make a Knight there,
Here a Knight, there a Knight,
Everywhere a Knight.
So it's "Jubilee" here, and it's "Jubilee" there,
Here a "Ju," there a "bi,"
Everywhere a "lee,"
And I fancy I see my way quite clear
How to work this Everywhere Jubilee Year!

"FREE SIMPLE."—Dr. DOYLE GLANVILLE lecturing on New Guinea, said it was a bad climate and unworthy of enterprise. The Doctor prefers the certainty of the old Guinea Coast in London.

A SURPRISE.—An allottee said that his application for ALLSOPP's was answered in GUINNESS.



NEO-FRENCH FOR "DRINKING TEA"!

"VENEZ DONC FIVE-O'CLOCKER CHEZ MOI DEMAIN SOIR, CHER VICOMTE!"
"AVEC PLAISIR, BARONNE! A QUELLE HEURE!"

THE PLAINT OF THE MINOR POET.

So that's what you call a good notice? You give me a grasp of the hand,
And, carried away by emotion, a drink you invite me to stand;
And, because I am moody and sober, you say what a fellow I am.
I wish I'd a quire of the papers, down the throat of the writer to cram!
See, I rend the review into ribbons! That doesn't express how I hate
These carping appraisers of Poets, these slingers of butter and slate.
But better their finicking bitters, than their infinite insult of sweets,
When men, who I know never read me, compare me with SHELLEY and KEATS.
It may be they glance at the pages, such dutiful readers they are,
As Custom-house officers, careless, pass TAUCHENITZ and scent and cigar. [see?]
But, you say, they compare me with Masters. Why, there is the sting, don't you
For the Poet's unborn, nay, unbearable, who's meet to be measured with me!
I envy not SPENSER his splendour, nor SHAKESPEARE his wit-racking range;
For none of their gifts or achievements my talent untold would I change.
'Tis Time, not a rival, that wrecks me; and daily I curse the decree
That by brute force of years has enabled these Bards to anticipate me.
I edit the sunrise and sunset, I carry the keys of the Spring,
Investing with merit artistic the songs that the nightingales sing;
Such splendours on life I have lavished as start into light from the mist,
When the eye in fine frenzy goes rolling full tilt on a Philistine fist.
I'd instaur a Utopian era, but nought could persuade me to lose
One glorious organ of vengeance—to extirpate all the Reviews.
Enlightened at last, and repentant, while Nemesis after them treads, [heads.
They should praise me, and quote me, and read me—and then I would cut off their
The world has been waiting and waiting, till sick with a hope that's deferr'd,
When I sing it the song of its patience, no ripple of interest is stirr'd;
And the passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly and vice,
When the girl he would render immortal can brand his effusions as "nice."
The circle gets smaller and smaller, my singing is fitted to bless,
Though the quaint and elaborate volumes roll year after year from the press.
You think that may prove they are worthless, as critics have said. Be it so.
As BROWNING's musician would put it, "You're welcome to argue. I know."

DRINK FOR THE TIMES.—Orange-aid, hot.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXII.—THE BANK CLERK.

THE Bank Clerks of London are a numerous and important body, which, if properly organised, as it should be, might be of immense service in these times of



rowdism, and possibly worse, that seem rapidly approaching, thanks, in great measure, to the impunity accorded to the first futile attempts of this nature by those whom we ironically call the Authorities.

They are a trustworthy, painstaking class, surrounded by temptations to which they seldom or never succumb, thanks, in great measure, to that *esprit de corps* that animates them so thoroughly; but they have their little peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, that are perfectly harmless, but sometimes a little amusing. To see the Bank Clerk in all his glory, he should be seen lounging with a *confrère* through the corridors of the Bank of England, hands in

pockets, like a grown-up Etonian, affecting a *dégaqué* style of look and manner, as if he felt that, as the confidence of the country was reposed in him, he must bear it all with the equanimity becoming his high position. His laugh is gentle, and almost timid, for fear, apparently, that it might echo through those sacred walls dedicated for so many years to the worship of Mammon, and bring forth crowds of astonished votaries, utterly unused to such sounds of frivolity within that remarkably "sober dwelling." His equanimity and nerve are best shown by the supreme indifference with which he declines to notice the many applicants for cash who seek his assistance while engaged in the solemn duty of "casting," and the calm self-possession with which he subsequently shovels out the shoals of shining sovereigns from his apparently exhaustless store.

He is, as a rule, well dressed, and of quiet, gentlemanly manners. He resides in a suburb within a cheap ride of the City, travels with his own set to Town, and discusses, on the way, the current topics of the day with freedom, humour, and intelligence. He sometimes cultivates a little garden, and appears in the late spring with a button-hole of surpassing splendour. The expensive luxury of an Orchid is reserved for Cashiers. They have their little jokes across the counter with the Collecting-clerks, but quickly relapse into their ordinary look of calm, placid indifference. They retain their almost youthful look for more years than any other class of the community, the result, probably, of a clear conscience, and continuous advance of "screw," as they occasionally condescend to term their pleasant personal financial arrangement.

The Banks are fairly liberal to their *employés*, as they prefer to be called, and by always treating them as Gentlemen and implicitly relying on their statements, beget that same honourable feeling that Dr. ARNOLD inspired among his pupils. A story is told of a Cashier, who, during his first week's experience in that exalted capacity, was once considerably deficient in his day's balance. After nearly half an hour of mental agony, he boldly went to the Manager, and told him of his misfortune, promising to pay the amount by instalments, when, to his astonishment, the Manager said to him, "as I have the most perfect confidence in the whole of my staff, I shall recommend that the Bank pay the loss." To his great delight, the amount was returned on the following day as having been received in error. It is said to be one of their little harmless peculiarities, to like to astonish their country cousins with accounts of the perfectly fabulous sums that have passed through their hands and shovels on certain special occasions, but it is a rather dangerous game, as one of the London and Westminster's discovered when his Aunt's will was read, which omitted him from her list of legatees, on the ground, that, by his own account, he had always more money than he well knew what to do with.

They patronise Theatres to a considerable extent, and are especially known as diligent first-nighters, and are always biting sarcasm upon any slight error in the description of financial arrangements that the poor unfortunate author may have fallen into, talking pityingly upon his necessary ignorance upon such subjects from his

own personal want of experience, in the same way that the Lawyer's Clerks have always a contemptuous laugh ready for any legal error that a poor dramatist may occasionally be guilty of.

The Clerks of the leading Private Banks are somewhat inclined to assume a certain degree of superiority, in tone, or style, or form, over the Joint Stock Bankians, but it is not generally acknowledged by the latter. They like to tell anecdotes of the olden times, that have descended to them from those days when Joint Stock Banks were not, and when Bankers' profits must have been fabulous indeed. Such as the story of the old gentleman who called one day in Lombard Street, in the greatest possible trepidation, and trusted that his Bankers would kindly excuse his inadvertence in having, quite unintentionally, drawn his account below £10,000, a circumstance for which he humbly apologised, and which he promised faithfully should never occur again! And of the thoughtful Sailor, who, going into GLEN'S with a cheque for £25, kindly offered to take it by instalments, as he did not wish to run them too hard!

A Bank Clerk is quite the oracle of his own little circle; and the model set up by the neighbouring Mammias, by which they fondly hope their own rising offspring will some day profit. One prolific Matron has been heard to say that she trusted that all her many sons, who were equal in number to the lost tribes of Israel, and whose names they bore, would, in process of time, all be Bank Clerks, for they would then be models of regularity, and be always surrounded with heaps of ready money. Their punctuality is so proverbial, that in some places, where there are no public clocks, the people set their watches by them. They are great patrons of all kinds of manly sports, which are, in some degree, necessary to their health, as a counterpoise to their sedentary occupation. But there is one kind of sport, if sport it can indeed now be called, having degenerated into the very lowest and vilest form of gambling, namely, betting on horse-racing, which is so strictly tabooed, that any known indulgence in it would be fatal even to a Manager. There have been some matters connected with this special form of lunacy that are occasionally hinted at in faint whispers, but they are, very properly, shrouded in mystery, except in some very exceptional case, where it is thought that some obscure allusion to them may be of service.

As there are considerably over a hundred Banks in the City, it is not at all surprising that the number of Bank Clerks should amount to very many thousands, the more especially when it is considered what a large number are employed in the Bank of England and the several leading Joint Stock Banks. The Cashiers, who of course hold the more responsible posts in their important establishments, are expected to set a good example to their juniors, and thus they do to a most satisfactory extent, but there is not a scintilla of truth in the absurd rumour, most likely originated by some envious outsider, that the Juniors have every morning to render an account of how they spent the previous evening.

The Bank Clerks of the City are a credit to it in every respect, and thoroughly worthy of the important position they hold in the conduct of its enormous financial transactions.

"THE SPIDER AND THE FLY."

(Supplementary Verses to our last week's Poem.)

WHEN off with a loud biz-wiz-wiz that little fly he flew,
There came a wobbling in the web—and there were spiders two.
"Hullo!" cries the new-comer, "why, that fly has danced away,
As though my plump, fair-spoken friend were a Ta-ran-tu-la.
He won't then, won't then, won't then, won't then,
Wary little fly."

Cried the Grand Old Arachne, "This game will hardly pay;
No, I must weave a finer web, and try another lay.
Stand back awhile my bulky friend, and let me have a try
To see if I can't circumvent that very cautious fly.

Oh! won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you,
Cautious little fly?"

JUBILEE GEORGE.—Printed at the Chiswick Press in antique style, and limited strictly to four hundred copies, will be published by Messrs. WHITTAKER & Co, an account of *The Jubilee of George the Third*, compiled by THOMAS PRESTON, F.R.H.S. Among the Jubilee Georgian jottings is "£100,000 granted to Poor Clergy." Encore! in 1887! Better feed the poor Church Mouse, than build a rich Church House. And so say most of us. Even the Archdeacon of the Archdeacons, the Westmonastic FARRAR, is rather, if not quite, of that opinion by this time.

Eh?

OTLEY's Member of a dinner to the G.O.M. was donor.
Did he think that speech post-prandial a clear case of, "BARRAN honour" P.

TEN YEARS HENCE; OR, THE GOOD TIME COMING.

A Brightening Naval Prospect, as Gathered from a Recent Debate. The Lords of the Admiralty discovered in the midst of a Tour of Official Inspection at a Provincial Dockyard.

First Lord of the Admiralty (after surveying with satisfaction the hulls of twenty belted cruisers in a forward state of preparation). And these are really nearly approaching completion?

High Local Official. As you see, my Lord. Of course, since they reached us from the Clyde, we have had as usual, to pull them down to the water-line and reconstruct them upwards. But that is a mere detail.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Just so. And these seven ironclads?

High Local Official. Have merely undergone the usual change from flush-deck ships, as originally constructed, to vessels with poop and fore-castle, and deep open waists: and though it has altered their sea-going trim, the extra cost will not average much more than £120,000 a-piece. They'll be all right when they're afloat.

First Lord of the Admiralty. You don't say so. This is indeed a pleasant surprise. Really, the New Intelligence Department has done wonders. I don't think things have been in such a highly satisfactory condition for many years. And how about defective cutlasses and bursting guns?

High Local Official. Only five ships actually in Commission are known to be supplied with them. We are eliminating them steadily from the Service. They'll be all out some day.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Excellent! Nothing could be better. And the coaling stations?

High Local Official. We've got them in our eye. They'll be seen to all in due time.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Capital! Ha! And of course there's the New Naval College, that replaced the *Britannia*. How's that getting on?

High Local Official. First-rate, as you can see. Here's some of them.

[Introduces several Elderly Midshipmen, averaging from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age, who wear spectacles, and, with the assistance of a black board, and other appropriate apparatus, go through various feats of advanced scientific training for the delectation of the Admiralty Officials present, who take much apparent interest in their proceedings.]

First Lord of the Admiralty (applauding). Quite first-rate. And now I will ask you whether you can dance the hornpipe? *(They shake their heads gloomily.)* You can't? Then, by Jove, I'll show you, for with such a satisfactory Budget as this to put before the House—hang it! I must break out into something—so here goes!

[Bursts into a wild performance of the national dance, in which he is joined by the other Lords, and the High Local Official, while the Elderly Midshipmen take sullen notes of his movements as the Curtain falls.]

The Bookmakers in France.

(A Lay against Long Odds, by M. Goblet.)

You've heard me speak of the Betting Land.
I've called its children a Welshing Band,
But against my decree they shan't make a Grand Stand.
No, not here! no, not here, my child!

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

WHAT different views we take of a situation when represented on the stage and when occurring in actual life. Englishmen as a rule denounce the conduct of Father KELLER, as subversive of all law and order, yet when Mr. BOUICCAULT'S *Colleen Bawn*, one of the best dramas ever written, was being performed at the Adelphi, *Father Tom*, on being threatened with penal consequences, if he did not give evidence against his parishioners—an analogous case to Father KELLER'S—used to reply solemnly and emphatically, "I should like to see the law that can compel a Priest to reveal the secrets of Heaven," which declaration, made night after night, for the many hundred nights of its successful run at the Adelphi, was cheered vociferously by crowded English audiences, mainly composed of Londoners.

And what did the Lord Mayor of Dublin last Thursday do more than utter similar sentiments to those placed by Mr. BOUICCAULT or GERALD GRIFFIN (the author of *The Collegians*, from which the play was taken) in the mouth of *Father Tom*? "They (the parishioners) had confided to him as a Priest, and he was bound to regard the statements made to him in confidence as perfectly sacred." This was received with "cheers" in Dublin, but in London it had been over and over, and over again received with cheers when it was said—on the Stage.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

IV.—THE WIDEAWAKE BEAUTY.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and a Queen. Her Majesty had been a Goose-girl in her youth, and in that station had acquired much knowledge of life. When the Prince proposed to her, he happened (being under enchantment) to wear the form of a White Cat. Many girls would have been surprised by a declaration of love



from such a suitor, but the Goose-girl did not lose her presence of mind. "Certainly," she replied, blushing, "just make yourself comfortable on the dresser, while I fetch the chopper," returning with which she cut off the White Cat's head in the usual manner, and turned him into the most beautiful Prince that ever was seen.

But no sooner was this transformation complete, than the Goose-girl began to reflect on her position, and on all that it involved. "You have not, by any accident, a step-mother," said she, "or a laundress, or henwife who has determined to make you marry her daughter, or a mother who happens to be an Ogress?"

The Prince declared that he was free from the usual incumbrances. "But there is another thing," said the Goose-girl, who was of a far-seeing disposition, "either our children will be born when you are at the wars, in which case a Court party will tell you the poor little things were little animals, or there will be no young Princes at all, which is also attended with inconveniences."

The Prince having persuaded her that she was looking too deeply and anxiously into the future, the marriage took place among general rejoicings, which were renewed on the birth of a Princess.

The christening was the most sumptuous possible, and seven Fairies, being all that could be found in the country, were appointed to be Godmothers, so that each might bestow a gift upon the infant. Now, the night before the ceremony, the Queen, waking very early, said, "My dear, did you remember to invite the Fairy FRUITILLA?"

"No," said the King, half asleep, "she never goes out. She is old, and blind, and deaf, and—"

"You must get up *instantly*," cried the Queen, "and ride yourself to her cave, and *insist* on her coming!"

When the Queen spoke in this tone the Prince knew that he must obey her. He rose, grumbling, saddled his own horse, and returned with the Fairy on his pillion.

At the christening party, after each Fairy had offered her gifts, the old Fairy rose, and there was much anxiety to hear her remarks.

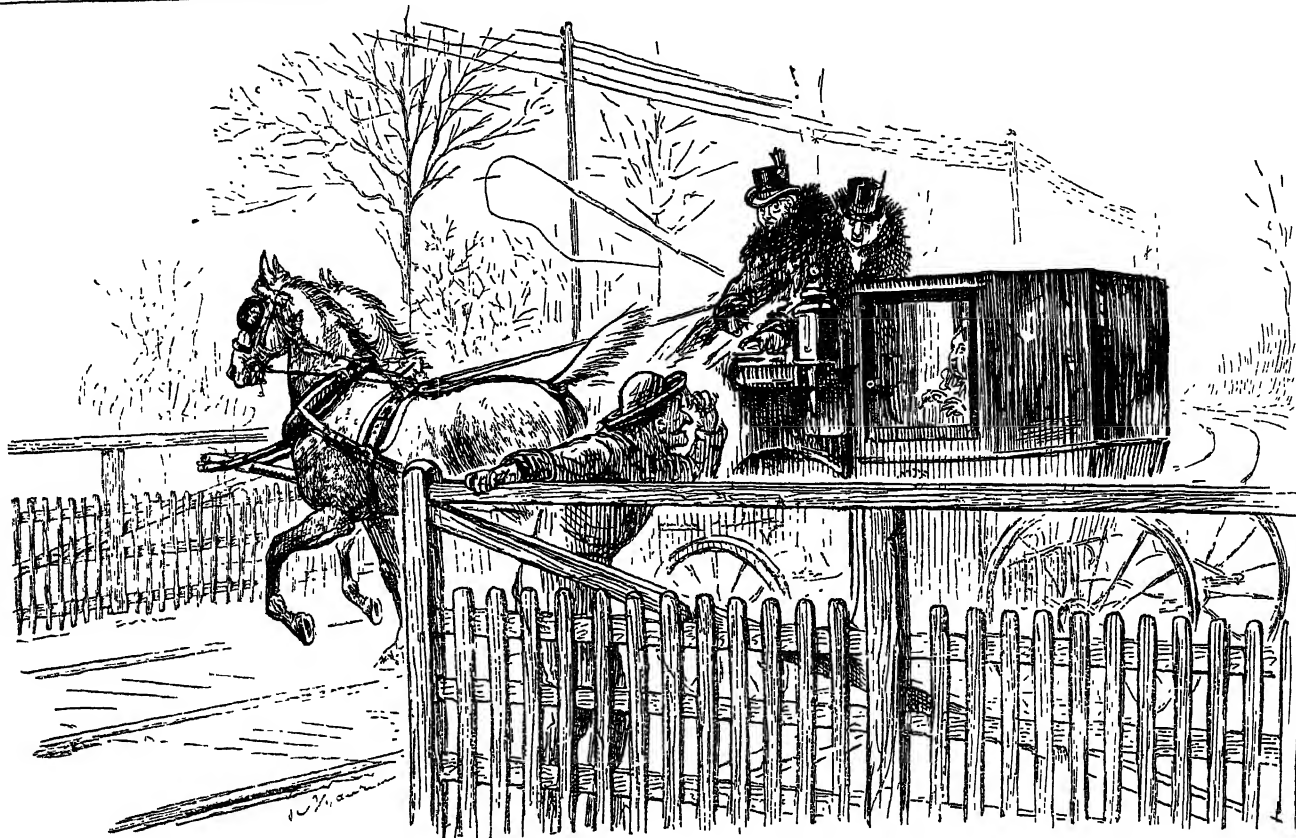
"Had I been neglected," she began, "as commonly happens, it was my intention to have made you all fall asleep for a hundred years. But, as the King has paid me the unusual attention of bringing me himself to his Palace, I add to the infant Princess's other attractions, *this*, that she shall be the most Wideawake Princess in the world. But, as I was invited late, I prophesy that she shall marry a Man with a Hump."

This terrible gift made the whole assembly tremble, and fall to crying violently. At this instant a young Fairy stepped from behind the curtain and said, "Do not, O King, and Queen, thus deeply afflict yourselves; from this alliance you shall win immortal renown."

Whether this Fairy's prophecy was accomplished or not, and if so, *how*, is a narrative which must be reserved for another occasion.

Moral.—Be very attentive to the Old, you never know what may happen.

Tips.—If on the night before the Race you see Blue Lights, you'll know which to back. Look well into the eyes of the ladies whom you meet during the week. Light or Dark Blue. Observe the record of Wind and Weather. Watch for Light breezes. If a certainty, keep it Dark.



PRIVILEGES OF HIGH RANK.

Railway Gatesman. "IT'S AGIN THE RULES, MY LADY, OPENIN' O' THE GATE LIKE THIS; BUT IT AIN'T FOR THE LIKES O' ME TO KEEP YER LADYSHIP A WAITIN'."

Noble Countess. "WHY IS IT AGAINST THE RULES, MY GOOD MAN?"

Railway Gatesman. "WELL, MY LADY, THE 5-17 DOWN EXPRESS HAS BEEN DOO THESE TEN MINUTES!"

"FATHER WILLIAM."

"Militavi non sine gloria."—HORACE.

"You are old, Father WILLIAM," great PUNCHIUS said.

"I am told you are Ninety to-day;
Yet a gallanter Chief never marched at the head
Of his squadrons in battle-array."

"In the days of my youth," Father WILLIAM replied,
"I beheld many marvellous sights.

Now I hope, sitting here in peace, honour, and pride,
I have witnessed the last of my fights."

"You are old," remarked PUNCH; "but such age is a crown.

Your armour hangs there on the wall,
Never more, Sire, to be—so we trust—taken down
At your Country's imperative call."

"In my youth," said the Chief, "I was prompt to respond
To that call; I should do so to-day.

Yet now, with my thoughts on the Great Dark Beyond,
I love not the battle-trump's bray."

"You are old," said the Sage, "yet your memories in sooth
Are so splendid, so stirring, so strange,

You must feel like the eagle renewing its youth,
When your thoughts o'er your history range."

"My youth," cried the Kaiser, "midst danger was spent,
My manhood was passed amidst strife;

Thank Heaven that the triumphs of peace and content
Are crowning the close of my life!"

"You are old, Sire," said PUNCH, "and the comrades who stood
At the side of their Chief, true as steel,
They are old; yet at thought of that true Titan brood.
Great Kaiser, how proud you must feel!"

"We are old," sighed the Chief, "MOLTKE, BISMARCK, and I,
But our well-beloved Fatherland's young.
May she never lack sons for her honour to die,
Chiefs to shield her with sword or with tongue."

"You are old, Father WILLIAM," said PUNCH, once again,

"Yet the Fatherland thrills at your name,
As you verge to the close of your marvellous reign.
Such love, Sire, is better than fame."

The Kaiser's eye moistened, and trembled his hand,

And he said, as he smiled on the Sage,
"All my days I have loved, and have fought for my Land,
And it hath not forgotten mine age."

"You old, Father WILLIAM?" cried PUNCH. "Time has twirled

His glass half in vain, I should say.
Let me wish you at least—on behalf of the World—
Many Happy Returns of the Day!"

LEEK-AGE OF LOYALTY.—"Wales," says the *Daily News*, last Thursday, "has, with singular unanimity, declined to take part in the preparation for the spontaneous burst of rejoicing which will spread through other parts of Great Britain upon the occasion of the QUEEN'S Jubilee." What does the Prince of WALES say to this? Will he not visit the Principality, and bring them back to a true sense of loving loyalty? If in this spring-time there are Leeks in the Loyalty of Wales, the sooner they are plugged the better. In the midst of rejoicing, it would be sad to be disturbed by the sound of melancholy wails.

At the Haymarket Theatre.

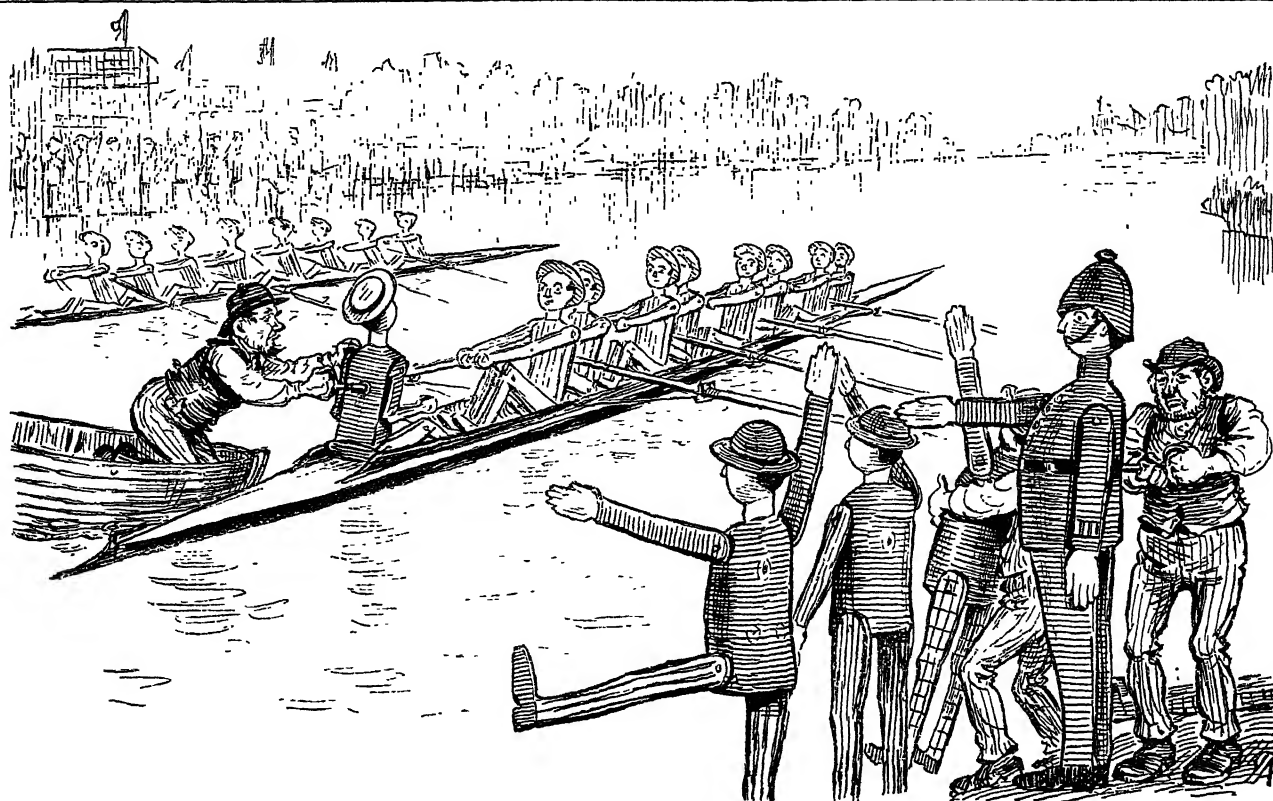
"HARD Hit!" exclaims B-SHY-RO to R-SS-LL. "We totter!
So vice JONES potted. we'll try a Brown Potter."
Success on the stage is the greatest of lotteries.

"We'll hope for the best!" cries a Voice from the Potteries.



“FATHER WILLIAM.”

“YOU OLD, FATHER WILLIAM?” CRIED PUNCH. “TIME HAS TWIRLED
HIS GLASS HALF IN VAIN, I SHOULD SAY.
LET ME WISH YOU AT LEAST—ON BEHALF OF THE WORLD—
MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!”



THE BOAT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.—WINDING-UP THE FIGURES.

EVERYTHING IS NOW AUTOMATIC—WHY NOT THE UNIVERSITIES BOAT-RACE? IT WOULD SAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE TO EVERYBODY.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.)

A Newspaper Proprietor was introduced.

The Commissioner. I believe you have to complain of the unsatisfactory condition of the Law relating to Libel?

Applicant. That is the case, Sir, and when I complain I represent practically the whole of the Metropolitan and Provincial Press. You may have noticed that, a few days ago, a meeting was held in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, composed of journalistic delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom, who, in spite of their political differences, were unanimous in their condemnation of the existing Statutes.

The Commissioner. I saw a brief report of the proceedings, and understood that the matter was referred to a thoroughly representative Committee.

Applicant. Quite so, and no doubt the outcome of the Committee's deliberations will be ultimately a new and better law.

The Commissioner. In the meanwhile, how can I assist you?

Applicant. By allowing me to say, that it is the last wish of Newspaper Proprietors, to substitute licence for liberty. The British Press is jealous of its reputation, and would in no way weaken the hands of the Executive to prevent or punish real scandal. At present the great majority of Plaintiffs in libel actions, are either men of straw, or persons of extreme, I may say, almost diseased sensibility. The latter, perhaps, deserve pity, but the former are pests to society. Very frequently a speculative solicitor is mixed up in the suit, and then, whatever be the result, neither plaintiff nor defendant derives any benefit from the proceedings. Again, it is not an uncommon matter (especially in the provinces) for some person to commence an action against a Newspaper Proprietor entailing on the defence heavy expenses, and then coolly to drop it before it comes on for trial.

The Commissioner. Has the Newspaper Proprietor in such a matter no redress?

Applicant. Absolutely none. He has to pay his costs, grin and bear it.

The Commissioner. Do you consider Criminal Prosecutions in Libel cases desirable?

Applicant. Certainly not—a criminal action for libel is an anachronism. It was no doubt appropriate when a journalist dated from Grub Street, and was familiar with the wrist-holes of the

pillory. Nowadays libel of an individual should be purely a civil matter—the Common Law is sufficient protection to public morals.

The Commissioner. Were I inclined to be frivolous, I might point out that a libel, in one sense, could hardly be considered a civil matter. But, as I am in a decidedly grave mood, and very much in earnest, I can only suggest that the further consideration of this extremely important subject should be deferred until the Committee, to which you have alluded, shall have published their Report.

[*The Applicant thanked the Commissioner, and withdrew.*]

AMERICAN SONG-BIRDS.

[All of Mr. MAPLESON's lady vocalists, but one, are Americans; and many famous concert singers come from the United States.]

THESE song-birds from America, they come across the sea,
To carol in our operas and take the upper E.
Time was when dark Italians held all the lyric stage;
Time was when fair-haired Teutons were the operatic rage;
But now *La belle Américaine* has come across the foam,
To take the British dollars back to many a Western home.

NEVADA's here, and NORDICA, and BROCH, and MINNIE HAWK,
And others who but lately sang in Boston or New York;
HASTREITER, DOTY, ENGLE, too, and RUSSELL and VAN ZANDT,
And brilliant MARIE DECCA to America we grant;
Miss THURSBY, HENSCHER, OSGOOD, with our STERLING and HOPE
GLENN,
Could fitly claim America's most eulogistic pen.

How is it that Americans have this great gift of song,
That fast they come, and faster still, to join the choral throng?
One fancies that each baby soul in infancy divines
The music of their mighty streams, the wind-harp in the pines:
And then we hear in London town—and who would grudge the fee?—
The message Mississippi brings from mountain unto sea!

A FREE ADVERTISEMENT.—*The Snowball* was brought out on Monday the 14th, at the Globe; and the next day, and for two days afterwards, there was Snow all over London! Everyone was talking of the Snow and *Snowball* coincidence. What luck some people have

A SUNDAY STORY.



Mistress (severely). "I UNDERSTAND, MARY, THAT, INSTEAD OF GOING TO CHURCH THIS MORNING, YOU WERE SEEN IN HYDE PARK!"
 Mary. "OH, PLEASE, 'M, I WENT TO THE SERVICE IN THE OPEN AIR!"



"THE SERVICE IN THE OPEN AIR!"

THOUGHT-READING EXTRAORDINARY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

OTHER pursuits, notably the completion of my great forensic volume, *A Handbook to Law, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Day*, have prevented me from sending you any copy for a considerable time. When I have finished what I may fairly call my masterpiece—I am making rapid progress, having got as far as Swedish Admiralty practice in the Tenth Century—I may send you a few more papers. In the meanwhile I cannot refrain from recounting a recent experience which has caused me much thought, and which appears to me worthy of the closest investigation by those interested in solving problems connected with the darker and more mysterious side of human nature.

A few days since, I happened to have business of a purely personal character, in one of our Halls of Justice in a south-western suburb. I alighted at the station nearest to my destination on the District Railway, and before I could ask the way, was directed to take the second turning to my right, and then the first to my left, "and there it would be just before me." I followed these instructions, and soon lost myself in a labyrinth of streets. I saw an intelligent costermonger, and proposed asking him to direct me on my way. Before I had time to speak, he in his turn gave me instructions, "Second to the left past the public 'ouse and there it is just afore you." The man was unquestionably right—I took the second to the left and unearthed the County Court I required, or rather the County Court that required me. But the thought-reading did not end here. I entered the building and found my way to the vestibule of the Court itself. I opened a door, and was about to enter, when I was stopped by a policeman. "You are wrong, Sir," said this intelligent officer. "This is the door for the Plaintiffs—yours is yonder, with 'Defendant' written over it." As a matter of fact he had correctly indicated the entrance of which I was actually in search! I was astonished, and felt that this interesting incident was more, much more, than a coincidence!

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, Yours most truly,

Pump Handle Court, Temple, E.C.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNR.

RIGHTS AND WRITERS.

LAST Wednesday, The Incorporated Society of Authors, met under the presidency of Mr. F. O. ADAMS, to hear Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD lecture on Dramatic Property. The principal representatives of the Incorporated Society of Authors, were, according to the newspaper report, principally actors and theatrical managers, including Mr. TOOLE, who when called upon to follow Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD with an address to the meeting, for once in his life had nothing to say, except "ditto to the last speaker," who had told everyone in plain language what everyone knew beforehand. Mr. FRANK MARSHALL complained that rabbits and turnips were protected by law—why didn't he say rabbits and onions?—but not the work of men's brains. He could have added that Heads ought to be protected as well as Hares, and no doubt Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL would have applauded this sentiment. The Dramatic Authors seem to have been conspicuous by their absence, perhaps because they prefer their own "society," what there is of it, or more probably because they were better engaged in writing than in talking.

What law can prevent "coincidences?" and what just remedy can there be for a sufferer by a coincidence? Old materials must be used over and over again, and the greater the genius the more utter is his disregard of what ordinarily talented men would consider from a narrow-minded and selfish point of view, their private and personal property. Why should the Dramatic Author who has hit upon what is to all intents and purposes the same plot as the Novelist be debarred from producing his play because the Novel comes out first? Considering the large sums that authors and composers in alliance with theatrical managers, actors, and publishers receive nowadays, far beyond the wildest dreams of Dramatists and Composers less than fifty years ago, we should be inclined to say, "Let well alone, for the truth you may find at the bottom of it, will probably not be a very pleasant one after all."

MRS. RAM says she heard a young gentleman recite a poem the other night. She thought he seemed rather nervous for a professional actor, but she was told afterwards that he was an Immature.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 14.—“Look here, TOBY,” said Lord DENMAN, “we can’t stand much of this kind of thing.”

Met him in corridor coming out of Lords. It was nine o’clock and a foggy night. Lords, who usually sit for five minutes, had been enjoying what is practically, an all-night sitting in discussion of Railway Rates Bill. Quite pitiful to stand and watch them as they emerged from Chamber. Pale, wasted, yawning.

hardly able to drag one leg after the other. “Burial Rates Bill seems a topic of more sympathetic interest with us, than Railway Rates,” said Lord GRANVILLE, gay to the last, though evidently prostrate with fatigue.

“I admit,” said the Markiss, suppressing a yawn, “if we go on for a week this way, sitting without intermission for four hours and a half, we shall abolish ourselves.”

“What I was going to say,” DENMAN chimed in, “was that I have great responsibility and am bound to look after my health. My Bill dealing with Woman’s Suffrage brought in first week of Session; agreed to read it Second Time that day six months. Date will arrive on 6th of August. Shall go into retirement till after Easter and resuscitate, so good-bye for the present.”

In the Commons debate on Army Estimates. The speakers, for the Major part, were Generals, with here and there a Colonel. Curious there are so few Captains in the House, and not a single Corporal. Colonel DUNCAN began it: then General HAMLEY attacked War Office in the flank, Captain COLOMB followed, (“Yes, but he needn’t have spoken more than one column,” as CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said,) with Colonel TOTTEHAM, General FRASER, and a full company of other Generals and Colonels. TOTTEHAM (who has studied oratory at the feet of a country curate, and has accurately caught the intonation) as angry as he could chant with “highly-paid quill-driving officials.”

“Don’t know,” he said, as if he were remarking, “Here endeth the first lesson,” “the difference between a cutlass and a piece of hoop-iron.”

“It isn’t always discernible,” BROWNECK softly murmured from Treasury Bench.

Only PICTON among non-combatants ventured into the tourney, all the Generals, Majors, and Colonels, in the House fixing him with steely stare. *Business done.*—Army Votes.

Tuesday.—GLADSTONE down to-night, taking his share of the Front Opposition Bench. HARTINGTON here too, and delivered speech on behalf of the Government; voting with them, whilst GLADSTONE and rest of Liberals went into other Lobby. CHAMBERLAIN, like wise man, makes holiday in these troublous times. Not often in place, and does not speak. GLADSTONE, in high spirits and apparently in bounding health, talking to CHILDERS to-night. Pecked away at him with nervous forefinger, as if he were literally drilling the portly figure before him, in preparation for sowing crop of ideas. No chance for CHILDERS to get in a word; so he stroked his beard, and nodded his head, keeping time to the pecking forefinger.

ARTHUR BALFOUR in for a lot of questions from Irish Members in haste to try a fall with New Secretary. BALFOUR evidently braced himself up for the expected struggle. Answers admirably, with

spirit, yet without aggressiveness. Irish Members fall back and think the matter over. But they will be at it again.

“And how do you like Treasury Bench?” I asked him, when questions were over.

“Not at all,” he said; “never know what to do with my legs.

LYON PLAYFAIR always puts his on the table; but don’t feel equal to that. Often hanker after old quarters below Gangway, where I used to sit upon the small of my back, with my legs half-way across the floor. Can’t do that in this cramped space, and sometimes doubt whether it is worth while in such circumstances to be a Minister on a quarterly allowance.”

WARING came down to-night, breathless with excitement. Got an idea. Came

to him in the course of to-day, when sky hung like a pall over London, and day literally turned into night. WARING marching and counter-marching, in attempt to reach House, ran up against pillar-box. From the contact flashed idea. Why not have an illuminated compass on the top of every pillar letter-box, so that fog-belated pedestrians might see how the land lay? Certainly, if fog were thick, you might lose an hour or two in attempt to find pillar-box. But that mere detail.

WARING groped his way to the House, sat anxiously awaiting conclusion of questions upon paper, then jumped up, and submitted his suggestion to the impassive Postmaster-General. House laughed consumedly. What at, Colonel didn’t know. Doesn’t often get an idea, and when one is, as it were, knocked into him, doesn’t see why people should laugh. *Business done.*—More talk about Closure.

Thursday.—“What’s JOSEPH GILLIS going about with a piece of parsley in his button-hole for?” BOBBY SPENCER asked, looking down on the Châtelain over the precipice of his collar.

BOBBY, by the way, has of late added new charm to his personal appearance. Since poor HENRY LENNOX died have had no man in House to go about with his trousers turned up, whatever the state of the streets might be. BOBBY’s eagle eye has seen the opportunity and his ready hand has seized it. Turns his trousers up regularly now. Has clever artistic effect, which somehow seems to heighten his collar. BOBBY is, however, not so well up in agricultural matters as befits a County Member. The vegetable in JOSEPH GILLIS’ button-hole is not parsley, but Shamrock. All the Irish Members similarly



G-nt-D-v-s blocks Scotch Early Closing Bill.



Toby has many Select Portraits in his Album, but this is A Picton.



The O' Times. “Do, any of yez, 'av ye plaze, oblige me by treading on the Tail of my Coat.”

adorned, for this is St. Patrick’s Day in the evening. ARTHUR BALFOUR missed fine opportunity. That great statesman JAMES LOWTHER was not a conspicuous success as Irish Secretary; but his official memory is endeared to Irish Members by recollection of the St. Patrick’s night when he appeared on the Treasury Bench with a bunch of Shamrocks in his manly bosom. BALFOUR ignored his chance, and the Boys were unusually sharp with him in their questioning.

At question time BARRAN buzzing about House like a bee that had learned a secret. "More like a London sparrow," said LUBBOCK who is an authority on these matters. Looking at him as he hopped about the House, standing still for a moment and setting his head on one side with chirpy motion, he really was something like a sparrow.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, as he came and planted himself by me. "Is the floor hot, that you can't stand still, but must be hopping around like a parched pea?"

"Floor hot? Oh dear, no, not that I know of?" he said, looking round as if expecting to see some smoke somewhere. "By the way, did I mention to you I was going to have a few friends at dinner to-night? Several of our fellows from Yorkshire, and—Ah, yes, I forgot, GLADSTONE's coming. Sorry I can't ask you. But we're all Yorkshire. GLADSTONE may make a few observations after dinner."

So he did, as I heard later on. Got up and spoke what will fill three columns of to-morrow's papers.

"The longest remark in dinner conversation I ever heard," CHAPLIN growled. Our Chief evidently put out that this idea had not first occurred to him. But it will keep, and may spread. Quite a new feature in the London season. You give a dinner-party; ask prominent politician amongst others; provide a screen, engage a reporter to sit behind it. Then, after dinner, up gets politician, and makes speech an hour



Charlie hornpiping to them.

long. Add quite a new charm to social life.

House engaged to-night on Navy Estimates. CHARLIE BREREFORD came forward in new rôle of Minister, and delivered lively speech. Has a pretty, and quite peculiar way of interspersing a few steps of the hornpipe into his arguments.

Friday.—Only yesterday warned BALFOUR what was in store for him as consequence of not wearing Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. Not long to wait for fulfilment of forecast. House met to-night ostensibly to continue debate on Closure Resolution. Ominous gathering of Irish Members. Soon as questions over DILLON rose, and asked permission to move Adjournment, in order to discuss matter of urgent public importance, to wit, the arrest of Father KELLER. "Got Forty Members?" said the SPEAKER. "Yes, and to spare," as was shown. Whereupon JOHN, taking off his coat, and turning up his sleeves, made a dash for BALFOUR. Chief Secretary, resting uncomfortably on ARTHUR'S Seat, not yet accustomed to narrow limits of Treasury Bench, frowned portentously, and grew angrily pale.

"He'll make a mull of it, I know," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, watching him from Bench opposite. "When I was in his place, and they got up a row like this, I took it as a matter of course. The more they stormed, the more placid I looked; and, as it's less exhausting to be quiet than to make a row, they generally caved in first. BALFOUR means fighting. Might as well knock his head against stone wall."

BALFOUR, when his turn came, threw himself away. Took everything seriously; trembling with righteous indignation; met insinuation with retort, and flung back defiance at challenge. In short, made a sad muddle of the whole affair, and stamped his newly-begun career as absolutely hopeless. Immediate consequence was, that wrangle went on for six hours. Quarter-past Eleven before Orders of the Day reached.

Business done.—Closure Rule passed.

IMPERIAL INTERESTS IN LEICESTER SQUARE.—Mr. D. NICOLS of the Café Royal, applied last Friday for a wine and spirit licence for the Empire Theatre. Mr. POLAND and Mr. GRAIN opposed, and

The Baron DE WORMS,
Said,—not in these terms,—

"The demand of D. NICOLS,
This Bench thinks is 'pickles.'"

And so the case of the Empire is so far lost, and Mr. D. NICOLS may sing, adapting the verse, quoted by Mr. Alfred Jingle, to the occasion, and in view of the ultimate object in view, of making a Music Hall of the Empire,

In hurry post haste for a licence,

With worry, sing-song, I come back.

And why cannot Mr. D. NICOLS be satisfied with the Café Royal as everybody else is, and leave the Empire and other Imperial pints to somebody else's speculation?

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 4.

In the City, before Alderman SLASHEER.

Clerk. Call DAN O'CONNOR.

[A poor woman steps forward.

Alderman. Who are you?

Woman. BIDDY O'CONNOR, yure Honor—was christin'd and born in Cork, yure Honor—

Alderman. Christened first, and born afterwards, eh?

Woman. Jist so, yure Honor—an' was christin'd BIDDY, after me godmother BIDDY DOULAN, the wife of PAT DOULAN, as nate a boy as ever wore shoe-leather—

Alderman. Well, well, but what brings you here?

Woman. School Board, yure Honor. (Holding up Summons.)

Ye see, yure Honor, DAN had an argument wid TIM DOULAN about the parish priest, an' in the coorse of the argument DAN got a lick on the head. PAT swears by St. Patrick that he hit DAN by accident, intindin' no harm at all at all. But all the same, DAN is in the hospital, and I jist comed in his stead.

Alderman. Well, well—your husband is summoned here because he don't send his daughter to school. How old is the girl?

Biddy. Just thirteen, yure Honor, last month.

School-Board Officer (stepping forward). The girl is only twelve, your Worship; that is the age we have in our books.

Biddy. Bother you an' your books, ye spalpeen! Do ye know my darter's age better than her own mother? Were you at Dublin Barracks when she was born? DAN was in the Army thin, yure Honor—a Corporal in the Royal Irish, as shure as my name is BIDDY O'CONNOR; an' there isn't a finer regiment in the worl', yure Honor.

Alderman. I don't doubt it. But why don't the girl go to school?

Biddy. Well, I'll jist tell ye. She's a good scoller as far as readin' and writin' goes. But she don't know French nor piany, and don't want to know 'em. If yure Honor would like to hear her read?

Alderman. Oh! no, no! But why doesn't the girl go to school?

Biddy. Is it this, yure Honor. I'm out all day at work. DAN, as I told yure Honor, is in hospital, and BIDDY stops at home to look arter the young childer.

Alderman. How many children have you?

Biddy. Counting BIDDY, jist five, yure Honor. There is KATHLEEN, is nine, and young PAT is six, and DENNIS is four, and little TOMMY, jist fifteen months last Friday.

Alderman. And how does she spend the day?

Biddy. Well, yure Honor, she taches PAT and DENNIS their letters—an' that is no aisy matter, yure Honor, for PAT is a broth of a boy—then she has to see that TOMMY don't tumble in the fire—and then she helps to cook the dinner, yure Honor; that is, yure Honor, when we've got any dinner to cook—and—

Alderman (sharply to School-Board Officer). You have heard what this woman says. Is her story true? Is the girl kept at home to look after the young children in the unavoidable absence of both father and mother?

School-Board Officer. I have no reason to disbelieve her. But the child is still liable under the Act, to attend school.

Alderman. Stuff and nonsense! I tell you the girl is getting a better education in looking after her young brothers and sisters than any that the School Board can give her. I dismiss the summons, and instead of fining her, I order you to pay five shillings costs for bringing this poor woman here. Biddy. Long life to yure Honor!

Usher. Silence in the Court!

[Exeunt omnes.]

The Times to Mr. Gladstone.

(Adapted Quotation.)

"WRETCH! whom no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance,
Sordid, unfeeling, Parnellite, degraded,
Radical outcast!"

His Birthday Presents.

From the Czar.—Pamphlet: *Dynamite, and how to avoid it.*

From the Emperor of Austria.—Extra Volume of the Badminton Library: *A Royal Race; or, Through the Shires with an Empress-Queen.* From the King of Italy.—Fancy Picture of the Vatican. From the President of the French Republic.—An Allotment of Panama Canal Shares. From the Sultan.—An I.O.U. with amount in blank. From Prince Von Bismarck.—His duty. And from Mr. Punch.—His heartiest and sincerest congratulations.

TRIO FOR GERMANY, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

"If we three but do agree,
How very happy all the rest will be!"

WE hear a good deal of the ringing of the Chapel bell whenever there is to be a National League Opposition to an Eviction. What does it ring? A PAR-NEEL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

(*Trafalgar Square Co. for the Preservation of Peace and Order v. The Rowdy, Ruffian, and Riot Co. Unlimited.*)

MR. PUNCH, sitting as President of the Court of Common Sense, wishes to express his opinion most strongly in favour of steps being taken by the Authorities to prevent those who have no authority whatever from taking certain steps to which they have no exclusive right, —namely, those in and round about Trafalgar Square, and occupying them, and not them only, but the roadway and pavement, in such a manner and for such a time as paralyses traffic, causes danger to life and limb, and, being objectionable from every point of view, is a disgrace to the Noblest Site in Europe in particular, and to London generally.

Five thousand leading traders, professional men, and others, carrying on business, or residing in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, presented their petition in the cause of order to the House of Commons, and Mr. Punch can assure the Honourable House that, if this matter were relegated to the Court of Common Sense, it would be settled to the satisfaction of everybody, except the party of disorder, within one quarter of an hour, including time to telephone to Lord SALISBURY, the Not-Quite-Yet-at-Home-Secretary, and Sir CHARLES WARREN; also to get a Special Act cut, dried, polished, signed, sealed, delivered, and put in force, and a special wire up to NELSON on his column, to inform him that the Blue Jackets below were prepared to do their duty. The President of the C. C. C. trusts that his recommendation will meet with immediate attention.

ROMANES AWRY.

[MR. G. J. ROMANES, lecturing at the Royal Institution on the mental differences between the sexes, accuses woman of the defect, among others, of "not knowing her own mind."]

Not know her own mind? What a scandalous flout!
Why a woman's chief charm is, she's *never* in doubt.
Believing, rejecting, or loving or hating,
She's always cocksure without pause for debating.
It was not a woman invented such trash
As Logic or Parliaments; she at a dash
Flies straight to conclusions, despising the plan
Of step by step premises—leaves them to Man,
The stupid slow goose who can't rule without laws,
Believe without reason, or hate without cause.
No, Mr. ROMANES, you're quite off the track,
Lack of certainty is not a feminine lack.
Not know her own mind? Our denial is flat;
She may know nothing else, but she always knows *that*!

DOUBTS

Engendered by a Recent Ethnological Controversy.

Was Sir WALTER SCOTT really a Dutchman?

Did WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR originally live in Whitechapel, and cross the Channel only owing to pecuniary difficulties, eventually returning to fight the battle of Hastings in defiance of his creditors?

Are the present inhabitants of Danes Inn clearly of Scandinavian origin?

Were both CHARLES THE FIRST and OLIVER CROMWELL undeniably Irishmen?

To what nationality does Mr. GLADSTONE really belong? Is he, as he lately gives out, a genuine Bulgarian, or does he come of a good old Cork stock not long settled in Wales?

Does the Emperor of RUSSIA belong, as is said, to a highly respectable family hailing from Camberwell?

Has Mr. BIGGAR something of the Arab about him?

Are the members of the Radical Opposition in the House of Commons descended from a race of Cannibals?

And, does Prince HENRY of BATTENBERG consider himself a thorough-bred Scotchman?

KATERING FOR THE PUBLIC.

As Miss KATE VAUGHAN is pre-eminently a dancer, dancing the public will have from her whatever else she may wish to do. They'll tolerate her acting if she will only gratify them by taking just a few steps to please them. So KATE the Gracious, KATE the Graceful, not being "curst KATE," accommodates her programme to the taste and fancy of her public. If she plays *Lady Teazle* there's a minuet introduced into *The School for Scandal*, if she plays *Lydia Languish* there's some dance for her in the Pump Room at Bath.

What range of characters may not the Vaughan-ting ambition attempt, if only a dance can be brought in somehow? In the old days of *The School for Scandal* one line in the bill invariably was "Sir Harry (with a song)" by Mr. whoever might be the singer specially engaged for this purpose.

On this plan we venture to suggest the following announcements, which will be gratifying alike to the fair actress and her admiring public:—

OPERA COMIQUE.

THE KATE VAUGHAN COMEDY COMPANY.

In active preparation, SHAKESPEARE'S Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Macbeth. MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
LADY MACBETH (with a Highland Fling). MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

Also, in the course of the season, will be presented:—

HAMLET.

Hamlet (Prince of Denmark.) MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
OPHELIA MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

In which character she will dance a *pas de deux*, assisted by Mr. FERNANDEZ as *Polonius*, and a *pas de fantaisie* in the mad scene. The music specially composed by Herr MEYER LUTZ.

Also in preparation and to be duly announced, SHAKESPEARE'S

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BEATRICE (with several dances of the period) MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

And a Grand Revival of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

When in addition to the old Italian dances at the *Capulets' Ball*, Miss KATE VAUGHAN, as Juliet, will introduce into the *Potion Scene*

AN ENTIRELY NEW DAGGER DANCE.

Perhaps Miss VAUGHAN may try *Mrs. Haller* in *The Stranger*, *Julia* in *The Hunchback*, *Pauline* in *The Lady of Lyons*, each with their own characteristic dance. There is literally no end to a *répertoire* thus refreshed and re-invigorated. "Foot it, KATE!" as the Oxonian, in *Tom and Jerry*, cried out, in one of the "merry moments" of that immortal trio—who are now so out of date, and so utterly forgotten—and may you dance to the best of all tunes, and be sure that there will always be an admiring audience ready and willing to pay your piper.

Cater, KATE, for the public, by giving them the most solid food, but—spice it with plenty of capers. Cater and caper. "KATE, O, thou reasonest well."

A CHANCE.

WISHING to give the poor dear advertiser every assistance in our power, we reproduce, from *The Manchester Weekly Times* the following touching appeal:—

TWO CHRISTIAN WIDOWERS.—A Nobleman's Widow, of good birth, about 40, no family, left with small income, pleasing, sweet-tempered, cultured, domesticated, fond of children. Desires Settled Home and a high-minded Protestant Husband of 50, or older, seeking domestic happiness with a devoted, loving Christian wife.—Address—

No, we won't give the address, or there'd be such a rush. Besides—ahem!—but no matter.

A PUFF FOR THE CANVAS.—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of some "canvas" note-paper and envelopes from Messrs. WALKER & Co. He had heard of and eaten a canvas-backed duck, but had not yet come across a canvas-backed envelope. As the material, being substantial, cannot be easily seen through, the canvas envelopes will be invaluable for electioneering purposes. Seeing that ink dries on it rapidly, and that writing on it is easy—he is "writing on it" now, and finds the task a simple one. Mr. Punch considers it the very canvas for a good sale.

FIRST Rose Show of the Season—at Drury Lane, May 2. CARL ROSA in full bloom.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"BY THE WAY, YOUR FRIEND O'LEARY DINED WITH ME LAST NIGHT. WHAT A DULL DOG HE IS!"

"OH, THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT COMPANY HE'S IN!"

ANOTHER ONE.

MR. PHILIPS'S *The Dean's Daughter* is not equal to his *As in a Looking Glass*. Neither book is intended for the perusal of "the young person." We couldn't even recommend it conscientiously as a study of character for Miss DOROTHY DENE—but *The Dean's Daughter*, after one of the chief characters has made his untimely exit never to reappear, will scarcely interest the experienced and *blasé* novel-reader.

The author does not consistently sustain the character he has assumed. His quotations from DICKENS and THACKERAY are not at all what such a woman as the *Dean's Daughter* would make. Again, he loves to illustrate a situation with well-worn old stories which, however good they may be, he generally contrives to spoil in the telling. One of these—which it is needless to say we have told so admirably ourselves after dinner, handing it down from our father and grandfather—about the man tying his shoe at Crookford's, Mr. PHILIPS ruins. He casts SHERIDAN for the hero, and takes all the point out of the story by elaboration. We can forgive him for writing a novel without a moral, but for spoiling this dear old story—never! We like Mr. PHILIPS'S estimate of Brighton, and his appreciation of eleven o'clock in the morning as an excellent hour for anything.

The Dean himself is a combination of *Pecksniff* and *Eccles* in one ecclesiastical character. On the stage he would be played by Mr. JOHN CLAYTON, better as a Dean of Comedy than of Farce. The earlier portion reminded us somewhat of *Nancy*; but it is not equal to that very clever work of Miss BROUGHTON'S. Its ending is abrupt and artistic according to Mr. Weller's Valentine theory. Perhaps she will be continued in his next, and shown as going on the stage, making a hit, and settling down into a dull and respectable middle age, when her divorced husband, a monagenerian, will be convinced of her innocence. She will give him his gruel, and he will make a will in her favour.

The *blasé* novel-reader especially, will be disappointed, as when reading Mr. PHILIPS'S work, he will expect more "fillips" than he will get.

MOONLIGHTER'S FREE TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S "*Constituere omnes, intentique ora tenebant*"—Rendered thus:—County Kerry men, the whole lot of 'em, taking precious good care to hide their faces.

ON THE TOWING-PATH.

(A Cantabrigian Canto.)

THE wind is brisk on the flowing tide;
Like hammer'd silver the water wide
Is blown to knops and ridges;
The battling sunbeams come and go,
And the tugs puff up with their flocks in tow,
And lumbering lighters, heavy and slow,
Drift, broadside on, through the bridges.

The willows have taken a sunny stain,
And the underglow of the Spring again
In amber and brown is peeping;
The clouds, sun-broken, are moving free,
And the rooks caw loud from the leafless tree,
That shows in its waving tracery
Where the wonder of leaves is sleeping.

And here they saunter, or stand at gaze,
Waterside characters, old M.A.'s
And "Men" of the current fashion;
Clerical types of a first-boat crew,
Nursemaids natty, bedecked with blue,
Schoolboy truants, and damsels true
To a vague University passion.

But thought flies back to the "rounding grey,"
To the fenland flat, and the Autumn day,
And the path, where the patient gazer
Sees jogging along at a good round trot
With vehement shouts to you can't see what,
And a band of runners all piping hot,
The Coach in a light-blue blazer.

And then the sullen and sluggish stream
Is woke by the stroke and lit by the gleam
Of broad blades strenuous lashing,

And pæans of hope in our hearts we sing,
Though we soon tail off in a paunting string,
And the boat sweeps on with a lifting swing
And a certain amount of splashing.

And away goes pounding the old grey horse
Whose task was more a matter of "course"
Than any Gee's that has hair on;
And back as the tinkling bells recall
To much-cut Chapel, or cheery Hall,
Across the river, while shadows fall,
By the ferry that's kept by Charon.

Year after year unchanging change
Still finds new talent of equal range
In reading or cutting capers:
Still Dons are developed from Undergrads,
And Lights of Reason from roaring lads,
And the cranky ones are running their fads
In Parliament or the papers.

But the boat is coming; and, dark or light,
A 'Varsity Eight is a gallant sight,
No matter how grave we're growing;
And dear to the man with an open mind
In the sporting columns next day to find
Such opposite praises and blame combined,
Such various views of rowing.

They write it up, and they write it down,
And it may or may not excite the town
Like a war or a Cabinet crisis;
But whether the people go or stay,
No heart is callous on Boat-race Day,
That ever has seasoned work with play
Beside the Cam or the Isis.

THE HAPPY MEAN.—Self-complacent Screws.

AD REGINAM JUBILANTEM.

Oda in modo Horatii quam ego Tommius feci.

REGINA ave VIC-TORIA Maxima!
Præsens hic annus est Jubilum tuum.
Ut gaudeamus nos puelli
Fac holidays habeamus extra.

Dicat magister, TOMMIUS est piger:
Sed illud omnis est oculus meus;
Nam certè contendo quibusdam
Temporibus operor tremende.

Exempla quæris? Est aliquis piger,
Qui vivit omni ludere pertinax
Occasione, atque est paratus
Ceu ocreæ laborare præcæ?

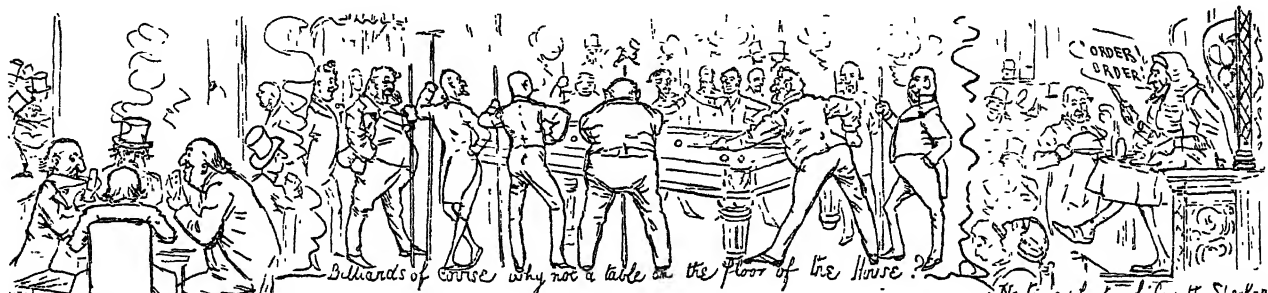
Si calcitranda est pila meo pede,
Sum omnis illic tempore, per Jovem,
In nullo; nec moror vocatus
Ostium* duce nostro adire.

Haud rectè pigrum Tommiolum potes
Vocare, versus magnificos vides,
Quos ipse fecit, nec negabis
Huic puero sine fine kudos.

Regina vale! Sit Jubilum tuum
Mirandus annus pro pueris, precor:
Et vestra Majestas videbit
Infinitas habebō alaudas.

* Hoc est verbum pro "wicket" in meo Ainswortho.

A GAME THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHE-
QUER THOUGHT OF PLAYING.—"Tip-Cat."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—House crowded to-night. Evident anticipation of something in the wind. Usual number of questions. GEORGE HAMILTON announced that "we have decided to celebrate the Jubilee by Naval Review." Set forth particulars of programme. As he put it, "the Review will embrace a large number of battleships, cruisers, torpedoes, and gunboats." ADDISON, Q.C., sitting just behind First Lord, listened with growing interest. Surely luncheon and dinner couldn't be left out of the arrangements? Face beamed with increasing delight. Rose soon as Lord GEORGE made an end of speaking. House observed with interest that though it was nearly Five o'Clock ADDISON was in morning dress. Wanted to know whether Members of the House would receive invitations to be present at Review; what arrangements would be made for taking them to Portsmouth; and, he added, smacking his lips, while his face was illumined with seraphic smile, "what accommodation will be made for them whilst there?"

In his mind's eye ADDISON evidently saw it all. The saloon carriage in special train; the hamper of soda and brandy; the cigars and the champagne; the arrival at Portsmouth; the carriages to meet them; the drive to the Dockyard; the discovery that the sea was "choppy;" the quick determination; the return by land to the hotel; the snack, and then the dinner, the hilarity broken in upon now and then by echo of distant firing from the Fleet. Then the return home; the joyous journey; more cigars, soda, and brandy; and the determination to read all about the review in the newspapers next morning. ADDISON's prophetic soul beheld all this; quite an unctuous tone in his voice as he made inquiries. Lord GEORGE said it was a little early to make such arrangements.

"Very well," said ADDISON, "I'll call again;" and, sinking back in his seat, quietly dozed.

Tuesday, 2 A.M.—House still sitting, and likely to sit, and this only the muttering of the coming storm. Began at Five o'Clock yesterday afternoon. BALFOUR gave notice to move for leave to introduce Coercion Bill. SMITH followed up notice with another, to ask for all the time of the House to consider the Bill. Then, amid wild cheers from the Irish Members, and unmistakable approval from Liberals, JOHN MORLEY gave notice to oppose Motion for precedence. Sudden transformation scene. Hitherto, for eight weeks, House been pottering round various questions. Now a pitched battle in sight; both sides drawn up in battle-array. Feeling of elation everywhere prevalent, save, perhaps, on Treasury Bench. "At last!" GLADSTONE said, stretching forth his arms.

Business done.—Preparation for War.

Tuesday, 1:30 P.M.—House just up, having sat all night and all



THE BEST CLUB IN THE WORLD—AS IT OUGHT TO BE FOR AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

morning. Government sorely handicapped by inability to put Clôture in operation. The Minority being over forty, requisite that two hundred Members should vote for Clôture. Messengers out in all directions, knocking at doors, pulling bells, and creating wild apprehension in the West-End. At Half-past Two, thrill of genuine emotion ran through Conservative ranks. Shortly after midnight, CHRISTOPHER SYKES had dropped in on his way home from dinner; standing at the Bar in full evening-dress, had scanned the House with that curiously grave inquiring glance peculiar to him. Always expecting that some time House of Commons will suddenly discover how ludicrously odd are its proceedings, and will voluntarily and permanently dissolve. CHRISTOPHER much interested in fulfilment of this expectation. Whenever he passes neighbourhood, makes point of looking in to see if House is still sitting.

"Yes," said he, looking round with slightly-parted lips and troubled glance, "here they are yet, going on talking just as they have been doing any time these twenty years. Mos' extroordinary. Can't make it out. But they'll find it out some day, and what a rush to the doors there'll be! Think I'll get off home. Rush might commence now, and me in the doorway."

So walked off, turning as he passed through doorway, to see if at this last moment the crisis had come. House still sitting, Member still talking, and so home to bed.

Two hours later CHRISTOPHER knocked up with the rest, and urgently entreated to come down. More than ever amazing this. House not only sitting from afternoon to midnight, but going it through the liveliest night. Felt more dazed than ever. But call of duty imperative; so got out of bed, selected for wear a dull brown suit as being indicative of undecided opinions on the situation, and made his way down to the curiously fascinating abode of mysteries. What a cheer they gave him, when at Half-past Two he was once more discovered in changed costume standing at the Bar and gazing wonderingly round! Never since he brought in the famous Crab and Lobster Bill has he had such an ovation.

On the whole, proceedings not worth getting out of bed to witness. Only one flash of genuine Irish humour varied the monotony of proceedings. Whilst Windbag SEXTON delivering one of an interminable series of harangues, BARTLEY rose from the Benches opposite. Wanted opinion of Chairman on point of order. "An Hon. Member opposite," he said, "has promised that if he catches me outside he will black my eyes. Might I," he continued, as if really anxious to be informed upon the point, "ask if that is in order?"

Chairman acknowledged that it was not. Then up jumped J. O'CONNOR, and denied that he had used the words, which no one had attributed to him personally. Tired remainder of Committee woke up to laugh at this charmingly naïve disclosure, and thereafter settled down doggedly to see the thing out. At Half-past Three Division showed that the Government had, including CHRISTOPHER SYKES, just 199 supporters. Within the next hour eight more Conservatives had been dragged from their beds, and SMITH moved Closure, which was carried by 207 votes against 54. Hour after hour followed, each drearier than the last. At Eight o'clock Parnellites discover Chief Secretary absent. Where was he? Must be sent for.

Like wise man, BALFOUR reposing in bed. But Parnellites determined to drag him out. At Ten o'clock, SEXTON insisted upon knowing how long it takes to wake an Irish Secretary. Fresh dispatch of messengers. BALFOUR, still half asleep, appeared, and was immediately attacked. At twenty minutes past One this afternoon end came, and Members went home, to resume business of a new sitting, two-and-a-half hours later.

Business done.—Estimates in Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Lockwood was to have resumed debate to-night on

motion to give precedence to Coercion Bill. Was still speaking yesterday afternoon when debate interrupted by lapse of time. Did very well in brief time; wisely content to rest on laurels. (By the way, does anybody ever rest on laurels?) SINCLAIR, who had preceded him, delivered himself of new theory on Irish affairs. Circumstances, he said, had been created by past injustice, and having existed long time the injustice had become mellowed. Lockwood

happily paraphrased this. "Try our justice," he said, "and if you find that doesn't agree with you, try our fine old mellowed injustice." That did very well for a speech as times go. Besides GLADSTONE wanted to speak before dinner to-night. Private Bills and Questions occupied two hours and a half; so LOCKWOOD stood aside, and GLADSTONE speaks in his stead.

Immense reception from Opposition when he appeared at the table. Cheers renewed when, after brief wrestle with coat-tail-pocket, produced pomatum-pot and placed it in readiness on table. House knew that that meant business. Spoke for over an hour in the grandest old style, voice serving him admirably. When he sat down it seemed the House had decided debate might as well close here. Fact is it was close upon dinner hour, and nobody with carefully prepared speech inclined to sacrifice it. SPEAKER slowly rose to put the question. Consternation on Opposition Benches, complacency on Conservative. Nothing better for Government

than that debate should collapse, and division be forthwith taken. Modesty unusually marked even in Irish camp. No one so aggressive as to present himself with speech. Hear whispered entreaties on various benches. "You get up." "No, you'd better speak." "I think you'd do it better." Seconds flying; crisis approaching. SPEAKER had recited question, and was about to put it. Smile broadened on Conservative Benches.

Then JOSEPH GILLIS came to the front and saved the debate. Quite by accident (as it appeared) he stuck a pin in the fleshy part of CHANCE. In the pained surprise of the moment CHANCE sprang to his feet. "Mr. CHANCE!" cried the SPEAKER, under the impression that his eye had been designedly caught. In these circumstances no help for it, and CHANCE proceeded to deliver his speech, which kept the thing going during the dinner hour. "Quite a happy chance that," JOEY said, with a twinkle in his eye. At the same time careful to avoid the Hon. Member for rest of sitting.

Business done.—Debate on proposal to give precedence to Coercion.

Friday.—Some good speaking to-night, and important Division pending. But one night's debate seems to satisfy Members now.

Empty Benches through long stretches of the night. Filled up after dinner when HENRY JAMES rose, and made speech for HARTINGTON. Finest touch in address reserved to the last. HARCOURT was to speak next. Had prepared imposing collection of impromptus. Left manuscript on desk from which JAMES spoke. JAMES, with unvarying air of innocence, having finished his speech, accidentally gathered up a few of HARCOURT's notes with his. What a hiatus there would presently have been had he succeeded! What a mixing up of jokes, and what broken bridges in argument! But HARCOURT had his eye on his former colleague; politely, but firmly, called his attention to accident, and rescued his notes. At

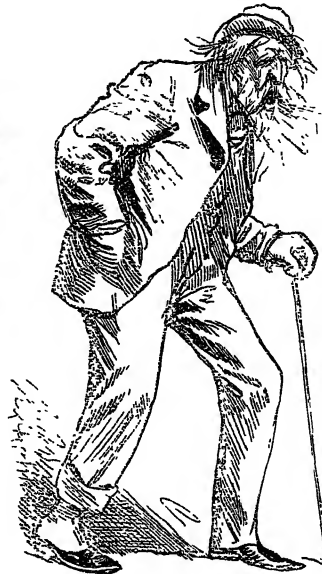
Half-past One, House divided. Ministerial composite majority reduced to 89. Opposition cheered as if they had carried Amendment.

Business done.—Precedence for Coercion secured.

AT THE OLYMPIC.—Our "Mr. NIBBS, Junior," deposes that "TERRY is as good as ever *In Chancery*. If brevity be the soul of wit, then *My Cousin* ought to be the most *spiritual* piece seen for some time; but it isn't. To put it plainly," says Our Mr. NIBBS, Junior, "*My Cousin* is rather a poor relation."

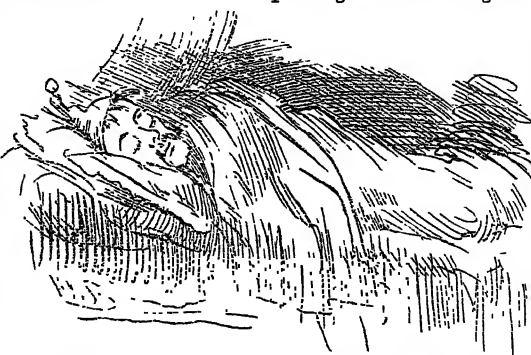


"Early to Bed"



"Early to Rise!"

Or, "Keeping up the Xtopher."—March 22.



Balfour in his Place at 4-30 A.M., Tuesday, March 22.



MR. GOSCHEN'S NURSERY RHYME.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY HER COAT IS SO WARM,
AND IF I DON'T TAX HER SHE 'LL DO ME NO HARM.
I 'LL SIT BY HER SIDE AND ON MILK SHE SHALL SUP,
AND THEN I SHALL NOT PUT POOR PUSSY'S BACK UP.

ROBERT WITH THE LORINERS.

I HAD the honner of assisting the other night at the Grand Bankwet of the Washupfool Company of Loriners, and tho I haven't the least idear what a Loriner means, or what he's supposed to do to git his living, it's a Company as I has a great respec' for, becuz they allers musters well and is werry fairly libberal, tho Conservatifs to a man.

We had a splendid company! Not only Sir ROBERT FOWLER, M.P., in the Chair, with the LORD MARR and his Dimond Star on his rite, but 2 Aldermen and a Sherryf, and his 2 hunder Sherryfs, and about a duzen Common Counselmen, and some littery an drammattick gents.

Sir ROBERT—how he must nitely thank his Godfathers and God-mothers for giving him sitch a name—started 'em well with the Loyal Toastes, and the rest kept the ball rolling capitally. Lord General PAGET told us as he come of a fighting race, and was the only Officer left as rode at Her Majesty's Coronation. Mr. PILSTONE, M.P., not satisfied with complementing me by repeating my remark that the Copperashun's ennemys had discovered a Mare's nest with not nothink in it, finished up by saying that the elustrious name of the honorable Chairman (ROBERT) was held in ekal honour both within and outside of Parlyment!

Akorse they drank Mr. LABBYSHARE and BRADLOR's health and Mr. FROTH's two with three times three.

The Chairman said he had bin Master of three Companies, sum rich and sum poor, but whether they was rich like the Salters or poor like the Spectaclemakers, poor fellers! they always had, and they always would keep up the grand old horsepitality of the renowned City of London. So that's a great consolation to us poor Waiters in these raddicle and grumbling times.

Then up stood a reelly fine specimen of a nobel minded Hem. Pea, and he proposed, with all his art and all his mind, the good helth of the Copperashun. Ah, his was summut like a speech his was. Ah, if there was a few more members like Mr. ISAACS, what a much more comfortable and a much more enjoyabler world it would be for Munchipaltys and Waiters.

Being up at the West End last week, I wentered jist to have a look in at the Committee-room in the House of Commons, where the inquiry about the Copperashun is a going on, and the first thort as came across me after I had bin a standing there a little time was this rather remarkabl one. I have herd sumwhere that, once upon a time, there was a wundrful Frenchman, who coud tell, by only looking at anybody's face, what their real charackter was, and whether they was relieable or not. I think his name was sumthink in the Lavatory line, so I spose as he relied a good deal on wash-ing. And I wished as he was alive now, and was in that there Committee-room.

What a deal of truble, too, it would save at trials—no Jewries woudn't be wanted, so we shoold git rid of all that bother; but the Judge woud fix his eye upon the prisoner while the charge was being red, and then say Gilty, or Not Gilty, and then an end.

THE TWO CHANCELLORS.

(Vide MR. GOSCHEN's Speech at the Mansion House.)

I.—AS HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER discovered seated at desk, in Official Residence in Downing Street. Secretary at another table, reading extracts from morning correspondence aloud.

Secretary (doubtfully). Here's a suggestion which doesn't seem so bad.

Chancellor (interrupting). What for? For remitting old tax, or imposing new one?

Secretary. Well, it's for remission.

Chancellor (sternly). How often am I to say that I won't remit anything? Do you suppose that I occupy this high position in order to make myself pleasant to the public? My duty, and I may add my pleasure also, is to find out exactly the most generally unpopular and unfair tax that I possibly can, and then to impose it.

Secretary (soothingly). Quite so. I quite understand that. That's an elementary part of the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, always.

Chancellor. I should rather think it was.

Secretary. But this seems really not a bad proposal. It's a correspondent who signs herself "Distressed Widow."

Chancellor (with savage scorn). Distressed widow!

Secretary (goes on hastily). And she suggests taking off the seven-and-sixpenny tax on dogs, and transferring it to cats and poultry instead. She says she doesn't keep cats or poultry herself, but she does keep a dog, and as her sleep is a good deal disturbed at night by cats screaming, and cocks crowing—

Chancellor (fiercely). Stop! The old idiot has really given me a suggestion. Why not raise the tax on dogs to ten shillings, and put one on cats and poultry as well? Is there any way in which I could make myself more financially disagreeable than that?

Secretary. I don't know of any.

Chancellor. Then that's settled. (Laughing.) That'll make the public squirm, if anything will. Now to take the taste of the "Distressed Widow's" ridiculous letter out of my mouth, let me have the returns from the Income-Tax collectors—especially complaints of injustice, unfair and oppressive exactions, and all that sort of thing. Thanks. That'll give me a really delightful morning. I don't think I need keep you any longer.

[Exit SECRETARY. Curtain falls on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thoroughly enjoying himself.]

II.—AS HE REALLY IS.

The Chancellor (soliloquising). What, more letters, suggesting remission of taxation! (Opens one or two, and takes out pocket-handkerchief.) What a pity I'm so—(sobbing)—so susceptible. I know I oughtn't to be—but I can't help it. Here (breaking down) is another dear old lady, who—(is temporarily overcome with emotion)—whose dog—(more sobs)—whose little wee dog—

[Bursts into torrent of tears, which Attendants have some difficulty in stopping with aid of sal volatile, smelling-salts, and sharp blows in the small of the back. After a quarter of an hour's interval, reading of morning correspondence is resumed.]

The Chancellor (firmly). But no! I will not give way. These tears are womanish. What is the old lady's complaint, after all? (Takes up letter again.) She objects to the Dog Tax. And why? Because, it appears, her Fido—(Controls herself with some difficulty, and proceeds)—her Fido is old, and lame, and—oh dear me!—half blind, and she has brought him up from a—(takes out handkerchief again)—from a puppy! [Rings bell violently. Enter Attendant.]

Attendant. Yessir? Salts, Sir, or more handkerchiefs, Sir?

Chancellor. Neither, my good fellow. Here, take this letter to my Secretary. Tell him—(feelingly)—to inquire into the case—to make all inquiries; and, if he finds there really is a dog called Fido, and it isn't a nasty savage cur that bites everybody, and that ought to have been shot long ago, then, I say—(with intense emotion)—let him assure her, with my compliments,—the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's compliments,—that Fido shall never, never, never be taxed any more!

[Flings himself into chair in paroxysm of sympathetic grief. Exit Attendant. Curtain.]

News of Sarah.

SHE is coming in mid-summer,
Is our own dear SARAH B.
Than any other mummer,
Welcomer is she.

But surely in the Spring-time,
She here should be a-playing,
For brought here by a MEYER,
She ought to come a Maying.

MRS. RAM is very particular as to getting names correctly. She says that, directly after Easter, she shall go and see GULLIVER and SYLVAN's new Opera with that very extraordinary title.



WINDOW STUDIES.—A QUIET PIPE.

(IN REMEMBRANCE OF MARCH, 1887.)

THE OLD HAND.

THE old Stonewall Country! How many times more
Shall we plunge o'er its uplands and pound o'er its flats?
Whilst the riders declare the whole business a bore,
And the nags, could they speak, would cry "Plague on the Pats!"
Who, with little regard for their bellows or bones,
Left their country half bogland, and hedged it with stones.

Hark forward? Oh, yes, it is all mighty fine,
But the cheery old cry sounds like mockery here.
The business is one in the Sisyphus line,
And "no forrader" tottles it, year after year;
For no Spectre Hunt, doomed for ever to run,
Has so much hard labour with so little fun.

How many a field has been squandered and stuck!
How many a "flyer" has here come to grief!
The course has no charm and the rider no luck.
He's already half-pounded, this black-bearded Chief,
If looks count for aught; and he now has to face!
The nastiest wall in the nastiest place.

Howe'er the field start, 'tis a destiny drear
That this nasty one fronts them ere far they have gone.
All roads lead to Rome, and all races lead here.
The man who can clear it, or even stick on,
Is one in a hundred; to live through the shock
Needs a hand like a feather, a seat like a rock.

Has he got them, our friend with the black-a-vised face?
That remains to be seen, but one's hopes are not high.
Here so many a crack finds he's out of the race,
With his back in the bog and his face to the sky.
He here came a cropper, Old Hand though he be,
Who stands by looking eager the issue to see.

He is not in this race, he seems "out of the hunt,"
But full many a time he has led a fair field;
Of pace and of peril he bore the full brunt,
Always anxious to start, never willing to yield.
But the Old Hand's last spill was a smasher no end,
And now he looks on, as a dashed candid friend.

Oh! awfully candid, chock-full of good-will.

His heart would, of course, thrill with earnest regret
If the latest New Hand should here meet with a spill.

A real "rough-rider" has not tried it yet;
This one claims to be good at the "resolute" style,
And the Old 'un awaits the result with a smile.

"Nasty place!" mutters he. "Know it only too well.
I hope you may like it. You chaffed me of old;
What d'ye think of it now, my magnificent swell,

Whose talk, when you're not in the pigskin, 's so bold?
Whew! he's fair on the slope, he's slap on to that wall,—
I trust he will clear it. I hope he won't fall!"

LUBBOCK'S NATIONAL RACE DICTIONARY.

(Specimen Extracts.)

SMITHS. A Scottish family that originally lived in Ireland, when it was known as England. After settling in Sweden, they came back to the country of their birth, and subsequently took up their quarters in North Britain.

STUARTS. An Irish family of English origin, originally settled in Normandy, from whence they came to Wales. This race is popularly but improperly considered to belong to the land lying to the North of the Tweed. Many of the Kings of England were exclusively Scotch until, in the time of JAMES THE FIRST, they became, by the amalgamation of the two crowns, Irish.

SULLIVANS. An English family living in North Britain before Scotland became Ireland. The members of this ancient race are celebrated for the purity of their Anglo-Saxon accent; and, so strong is their sense of nationality, that even when they are born in Ireland for centuries, they still remain British by birth.

A SCRIBE ON SCRIBNER.—*Scribner's* for April is a right good number. Everyone will thoroughly enjoy the first instalment of *Thackeray's Letters*. They are all addressed to the Rev. W. H. BROOKFIELD and Mrs. BROOKFIELD, and commence even before *Vanity Fair* was brought out, and *Titmarsh* became famous. The curiously neat handwriting is occasionally given in fac-simile, and the letters are illustrated by views and reproductions of the writer's sketches. The Scribnerian venture improves as it progresses; the *Thackeray Letters* alone are well worth the price of the number.



“THE OLD HAND.”

“AH! IT’S A NASTY PLACE! I REMEMBER IT WELL! SHOULDN’T I LIKE TO MAKE IT NASTIER FOR HIM! OH NO, NOT AT ALL!”

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

V.—THE MAN WITH THE HUMP.

(Being the Sequel of "The Wideawake Beauty.")

You have heard how the Wideawake Beauty was born, and how the Fairy predicted, to the grief of all, that she would marry a Man with a Hump.

Now, you must also learn that a Scotch Fairy, who was in attendance when the Princess saw the



Princess saw the light, had, with the best intentions, presented her with a most fatal gift.

"My child," she said, "you shall never see a joke, and shall be perfectly without any sense of humour."

The father and mother of the Princess thought little enough of this, at the time, because they were occupied with lamenting the destiny which was to unite their daughter to a Man with a Hump.

About this date a neighbouring Queen had a little son, who wore a hunch upon his

back, and was besides so far from beautiful, that it was for some time doubted whether he had the form of a human creature. A fairy, however, who was in attendance as usual, assured his parents that notwithstanding his want of beauty, he would make himself agreeable to everybody on account of his great wit and talents. She added that this was not all, for that she had also bestowed on him the power of endowing the person he should love best in the world with the very same qualities.

This was a great consolation to his mother, and no sooner did he begin to talk, than he said the funniest things in such a manner that every one adored him.

Meanwhile, the Wideawake Princess, though in other matters exceedingly acute, was the despair of all who enjoyed a joke. She never saw what there was to laugh at, and in the gravest manner, would discuss, and disprove, any little harmless piece of nonsense or fun that came to her ears. In vain were the best Masters chosen for her, one by one they withdrew in despair. The Princess, as she grew up, attracted all by her loveliness, and her advice was sought on the very gravest matters, but only then. The nobles of the Court, afraid of sitting at dinner next a Princess who had never seen a joke, began to travel into distant countries, leaving their estates and domestic concerns. The Princess even argued that there were no jokes, just as she believed that there were no ghosts, because, she said, she had never seen either the one or the other. Meanwhile the Court became so mournful and deserted, that even the Princess (who was extremely sensible, too much so in fact,) felt the gloom.

Often she would wander alone, in haunted places of the forest, wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "Ah, if I could, were it only once, see a joke, even if it were no bigger than my thumb. Ah, I would willingly marry the man who enabled me to see one joke."

While she thus wept at her ease over her hard fate, she perceived a young man of short stature, and with a hump, approaching her, he was at the same time very handsomely dressed. This was no other than the Prince of whom you have heard, but whose name, at this stage in the history, it is forbidden to pronounce. The Prince had fallen violently in love with the Princess, from the portraits he had everywhere seen of her, and he was delighted at so unlooked-for an opportunity of meeting her alone.

Observing, after the first compliments were over, that she appeared very melancholy, he said, "I cannot imagine, Madam, how it is possible for a lady of such beauty as yours to be so unhappy as you appear; for, though I can boast of having seen many handsome ladies, I assure you that none can be compared to you. One who is so lovely should be insensible to every misfortune."

"I had much rather," said the Princess, "be as ugly as you are, and possessed of wit, than be the beauty you praise, and never see a joke."

"Note for 'Things one would rather not have said,'" mur-

mured the Prince, adding, "if that is all, Madam, I can make you perfectly happy."

"By what means?" said the Princess.

"I have the power," said the Prince, "to bestow the gift, not only of seeing, but of making jokes, on the person I am to love best in the world, and as that person, Madam, can only be yourself, it depends on your own will to be the wittiest lady on earth. Will you not buy this gift with the priceless treasure of your hand?"

Said the Princess, who was very wideawake, "I have vowed to marry any man who can make me see a joke. But, before doing aught that can never be recalled, I must ask you to give an example of your power."

"Madam," said the Prince, "your beautiful Christian name is—"

"JUDY," answered the Princess.

"If, therefore, you are enabled not only to appreciate, but to utter a pleasantry, it would be a—come now, think," said the Prince, putting forth all his magic power.

"A jeu d'esprit!" cried the Princess, shrieking with delighted laughter, and clapping her hands. "Oh, I have seen a joke! How delicious it is."

"By no means bad for a beginner," said the Prince, and the Princess hurried to rejoice with her friends, and present to them the object of her choice. His nose, which had at first appeared to her somewhat exaggerated, now looked merely aquiline, and gave him a martial and heroic air, his hump was no more than the easy carriage in which men of quality indulge themselves. Her parents were far too happy to be critical, and thus the Princess JUDY married Prince PUNCH, and their offspring was MIRTH.

Moral.—Never say die!

GETTING IT PAT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been very much struck by your remark in your last number, that twenty years ago the most anti-British speeches in the Hibernian Dramas of the period were received at the hands of a London audience with the greatest enthusiasm. And they would again, Sir! I have long had by me on my book-shelves a new Irish play annotated with the effects in the auditorium I know would be produced by the situations and sentiments. Asking you to allow me to give you a sample (see below), I remain, Dear Mr. Punch,

O'PHALTER SHAKESPELLIGON.

Scene VI.—A Court of Law. Father TIM in custody. Enter O'YARDES the Postaven.

O'Yardes. Whist now! What are ye aither? Is it meself that sees Father TIM in the claws of the Perlice! Like a beautiful sunset spoilt by two bad haporths of sticking-plaster! [Laugh.]

Father Tim. Lave it alone, me boy. Ye mane well, but ye cannot help me!

The Colleen Aroon. Oh, Father, it's cruel to say ye in suffering!

The Judge (sternly to Prisoner). Once more, Sir! Will you tell me if you ever noticed a haystack at PAT O'ROONER's cottage before his goods were seized in execution? The law forces you to answer.

Father Tim (very quietly). I should like to see the law that would make me answer a question that was protected by my cassock!

[Thunders of applause from all parts of the House. The Judge (awe-stricken but severe). I do not follow you, but painful as my duty may be, I must do it—you will stay in gaol for a couple of months! [Sensation amongst the audience.]

Father Tim. Ah, thin, bedad, I shall get my lodging for nothing! [Roars of Laughter.] But whist, bhoys, sing me the "Wearing of the Green."

O'Yardes. And if that ould spalpeen of a Judge interferes, why, gag him with his own wig.

[Renewed laughter in the Stalls and Boxes. The "Wearing of the Green" is then sung, amidst overwhelming enthusiasm, the last verse being encored five times.

The Judge. This really is very irregular.

Enter Chief Secretary, suddenly.

Chief Secretary. Not so. [To Judge.] My Lord, you are unfrocked, disbarred (great applause), and have no longer a seat on the Bench. [Renewed cheering from a British audience.] As for all the rest of you, all you have to do is to marry the girls of your hearts. And now three cheers for Home Rule; or, Right Mightier than Wrong (title of piece—and great cheering).

[The Audience join in the shouts, and the Curtain falls amidst a scene of absolutely indescribable enthusiasm.

P.S. No. 1.—That's the sort of thing! We might make a pot of money out of London, the Provinces, and Colonies, and perhaps do even a stroke of good business in the poor old country itself!

P.S. No. 2.—Think of that now!

THERE is a blessing on Peacemakers—is there one on Playwrights?



"FOR THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

Principal (who had made sure of it this time). "DID 'FYLEM AND WATERSBIT' SEEM PUT OUT AT MY SENDING IN THE ACCOUNT AGAIN?"

New Clerk. "OH DEAR NO, SIR. MOST PERLITE THEY WERE, SIR. 'SAID THEY 'OPED I'D CALL AGAIN, SIR!'"

ALL IN THE WRONG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with astonishment and indignation several papers in *Punch*, intended, apparently, to cast discredit on that truly noble institution—the London School Board. I can find no language sufficiently strong to condemn the folly and the wickedness of this attempt. Considering all that the School Board has done, is doing, and will do in the future, it almost makes one despair of the cause of progress and humanity. And this is more especially the case as the School Board just at the present time has taken a new and a very startling "departure." Whatever may have been its shortcomings in times past, it is now resolutely prepared to amend them.

On the 17th of the present month (which happened to be Saint Patrick's Day) it was unanimously resolved:—

"That a Special Committee be appointed to consider the present subjects and modes of instruction in the Board Schools, and to report whether such changes can be made as shall secure that children leaving school shall be more fitted than they now are to perform the duties and work of life before them."

The mover of this most wise and just resolution, was of opinion that the children should work with their brains in the morning and with their hands at night, that is to say, English grammar and algebra in the morning, and cabinet-making or cookery at night. Another speaker said:—

"It could not but be felt that the public elementary education had not given the country all that was wanted, for the boys educated in public elementary schools, scorned all handicraft work, and wanted to be clerks, while the girls in like manner scorned all domestic service."

The motion was agreed to without a dissentient voice.

Are not the members of the School Board, one and all, to be congratulated on the discovery they have now made? Your cantankerous contributors may possibly say they have been a long time about it. But Rome was not built in a day; and if, after sixteen years' experience, the School Board are unanimously

of opinion that they are on the wrong tack, what can be wiser and nobler than to confess their error? How many years it may take them to get on the right tack is utterly immaterial. What is sixteen years, or twice sixteen years, in the life of a nation? The School Board, at all events, have learned much, although they tell us that hitherto they have taught little to the purpose.

I still notwithstanding have unbounded confidence in, and veneration for the School Board. In the discovery of an unpalatable truth, it is true that they have spent a few millions. But can truth be too dearly bought? I say emphatically, no. The School Board is now about to turn over a new leaf, and I shall wait with patience but with confidence for the result. I remain, Dear Mr. Punch, your Constant Reader,

AN INDIGNANT RATEPAYER.

TO SYDENHAM.

(A Well-wisher's Ode of Advice.)

O FAIR Sydenham, is then thy glory,
Thy Science, thy popular Art,
Just about, like some mythical story,
To fade on our lips and depart!

Must thou, then, after all thine adventures,
Confess that the struggle is o'er,
Since the holders of unpaid debentures
Will wait for their money no more!

Can it be that they so under-rate thee,
And watch without shedding a tear,
The dread doom that they know must await thee,
When steps in the stern auctioneer.

And yet over the tale I should stammer,
For the thing too cruel would seem,
Should I witness thee brought to the hammer
'Twould be like some horrible dream!

Of thy fortunes a precious reviver,
Were things, ah! to go with thee hard!
Thy big organ bought in for a fiver,
Thy roof sold at so much a yard.

Then imagine thy Courts rent and shattered,
Thy greenery no longer fair;
Thy famed Kings and Queens, too, all scattered,
Knocked down, say, at threepence a pair

See thy quaint Aboriginal races
Subserving a new style of Art,
Now adorning, in clothes, with their graces
Some famed East-End tailoring mart!

All thy triumphs of painter and gilder
Disposed of for what they can fetch;
Thy site in the hands of the builder!
Oh! perish the harrowing sketch!

So, arouse thee! The prospect before thee
Is surely inviting and clear.
Let a spirited programme restore thee
Thy fortunes, this Jubilee Year.

For South Kensington no more competing
Treats thee, her old rival, with scorn.
So do thou, all her tactics repeating,
Set up for thyself thy Cremorne.

Quick, install the required apparatus,
Light up every terrace and glade.
Do thy best. Entertain us and *jéé* us,
Thy efforts will soon be repaid.

It mayn't be the precise recreation
That once thou didst dream to provide,
But *Cremorning* suits this generation,
And borne on the stream thou must glide.

So, wake up! To the wheel put thy shoulder,
And commence but thyself the attack,
Thou'lt soon tell the debenture stock holder,
Of dividends he'll find no lack.

So, fair Sydenham, see thy lights kindled,
Thy music set up; thou'lt soon pay,
And thy takings, that once had so dwindled,
Scare all jerry-builders away.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.—"*N Oberon!*"

THE BRUMMAGEM OLYMPIANS.



WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF "JOE AND JESSE" AT BIRMINGHAM, IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY, WHO IS SAID TO HAVE ENJOYED THEIR ENTERTAINMENT EVEN MORE THAN THAT OF "JOCK AND JENNY" AT OLYMPIA. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23.

Mem. by a Midlander.

VICTORIA, in the mighty Midland town,
Found nought the tide of loyalty to stem.
One of the brightest gems in England's Crown,
She, after all, may find a Brummagem.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY RETURNING.—
There's to be a Jubilee Tournament at Olympia. Already the Men in Armour who figure so bravely on Lord Mayor's Day have sent in their gauntlets as a token of their willingness to do combat for the Queen of Beauty. Who is to be the Queen of Beauty? How

will this be decided? By Ballot? *Rowena* is already considering her costume, and *Isaac of York*, now residing within call of the principal London Theatres, is furbishing up his best second-hand King JOHNS and 'ENRIES.

A Flat Contradiction.

(AIR—"Merrily Danced.")

LORD ALCESTER steps
Up to M. LESSEPS,

"Don't mention this £. s. d. more.

Retract what you've said.

That cheque wasn't paid,

By Beach-em-and-don't-go-to-Sea-more."

Knighthood at Birmingham.

(AIR—"All my eye and Betty Martin O!")

We thought perhaps he might
Be made a Barrownight,
But this we couldn't calculate for sartin O!
And now a Knight he be;
So here's, with three times three,
For our gallant Mayor Sir Alderman T. MARTINEAU!

A CONSERVATIVE OPINION.—"The Round Table Conference" is an illustration of arguing in a circle. No end to it.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIII.—"SNAPPY SOMERS."

He was called SNAPPY for two reasons, firstly because, whether in the hunting-field or "on the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," he was always so faultlessly neat in his "get up;" and secondly, because his temper was so perfectly imperturbable. Men often acquire these nicknames in sheer irony, and one of the most irascible gentlemen in the West of Ireland, in the days when they "blazed," was well-known by the sobriquet of Milky Going. His most malignant enemy could not accuse SNAPPY of being snappish in disposition, indeed it was recorded of him, that upon one occasion at a cricket-match, he chanced to tread upon a dog, and instead of the usual formula of "Get out, you brute!" which is wont to escape our lips at such mischance, SNAPPY simply exclaimed, "I beg your pardon." But for all his quiet manner Mr. SOMERS was pretty good all round. He did in his own vernacular most things a little, but then his little happened to be better than most men's a good deal. Mr. SOMERS, for instance, rarely said much about his exploits with the trigger; but if you happened to meet him at a country house cover-shooting, you would find that the head-keeper placed him where "the rocketers" came highest and fastest, and, if you had leisure to observe his performance, would notice that there were few birds sailed over his head that were not satisfactorily accounted for.



About his hunting achievements he was similarly reticent. Some one of his friends when a frost stopped the fun and sent hunting-men up to town, would exclaim:—

"I say, SNAPPY, you'd a real good thing with the Quorn, the other day, hadn't you? Were you out?"

"Yes, nice gallop," but he would not mention that he had "set the field," and had the hounds to himself for about a quarter of an hour.

A neat, slight, fair-haired little man, with quiet manner and low-toned voice, one would hardly suspect him of being one of the boldest riders that ever crossed a country, and most assuredly you were not likely to gather it from his own lips, and yet he was a steeple-chase jockey of some celebrity. SNAPPY SOMERS perhaps rode more queer-tempered horses in the course of the year than any gentleman rider in the country. His patience and determination were invaluable on animals of this description.

"Glad you won your money," was his reply to an enthusiastic follower, who had supported him successfully at Sandown. "You're rather lucky, for I nearly made a mess of it. I should never have let GEORGE MORRIS get so near me at the finish, if I had known it."

"Pooh! what did that matter?" rejoined the other.

"Matter!" replied SOMERS. "He can ride my head off!"

He is to be seen on every race-course in the racing season, but is more given to frequent the paddock than the lawn. He is never seen in the betting-ring, and is not given to air either his opinions or speculations on coming events, and yet he is a man who is constantly in possession of very accurate information. Ask him what is to win, say the Derby, and he will tell you that he is no good at conundrums, but if pressed by his intimates, will admit that he has heard Macaroon, it is thought by those connected with him, will run well, and further cross-examination by the privileged, may elicit the fact that he has thrown away a pony upon it himself. One of his chums is wont to say—"I'd rather follow one of SNAPPY'S 'thrown away ponies' than another Johnnie's certainty."

He is usually up in town more or less all the season, though the exigencies of racing call him away for a few days pretty frequently; is much given to attending the meets of the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs, where every one seems to know him, and he is very often to be seen on the top of one of the drags. His friends are wont to make much of him and he is a pretty constant diner-out, though a most abstemious one, but he eschews crushes and never sets foot in a ball-room. Next to being at the head of the first flight when hounds are flying, his chief delight is "screwing home an outsider" at Sandown or Kempton Park; still there is not a trace of horseyne

in his ordinary attire, and, judging by his usual conversation, he knows no more about turf matters than a Bishop. His racing get-up is the perfection of dandyism, indeed his friends go so far as to say that "SNAPPY don't care what sort of a brute he rides, but that he can't stand an ugly jacket." "Rather too pretty to be a workman," said the sporting fraternity, when he made his first appearance, "between the Flags;" but they speedily changed their opinion, and whatever Mr. SOMERS' mount may be, it is always regarded with a certain amount of respect.

Still, for all his imperturbable temper, SNAPPY SOMERS could administer a quiet rebuke to pushing people, when they at times took the liberty of asking him whether he "fancied his chance" without any acquaintance to warrant the question.

"The state of the betting," he replied, on one of these occasions, "would best indicate my prospects; as for myself, I have not as yet set up as a prophet."

SOMERS, perhaps, gets as much fun out of life as most men. He is not rich, and he has doubtless one or two extravagant tastes. Neither hunting nor racing are the amusements of a poor man; but, a light weight and a fine horseman, he gets the riding of a good many other men's horses, which helps out his own rather limited stud, and gives him the command of quite double the hunters he actually owns.

Racing the same; by dint of a shrewd head and the assistance of some valuable hints from his numerous turf friends, owners, trainers, &c., he manages to about pay his expenses every year, and so have his fun for nothing, while he always vows that though he does not so much as own a flower-pot, thanks to his friends, he enjoys as good shooting as any man in England. This, though, is due in part to himself. *He can shoot.*

He is a quiet, somewhat taciturn man, and this may be one cause of his popularity. It is astonishing how appreciated a good listener is by those whose tongues are oiled. SNAPPY is not given to those histories which some men dedicate their declining years to retelling. He has only one story, which it seems incumbent on him to tell at stated intervals.

"Some fellows are always in rows," he will observe. "I can't conceive how they manage it. Never get into rows myself, never got into one but once, that though, was a scorcher. How was it? Well, it's a good many years ago now, 'twas down at Derby races, and after dinner I strolled into the suburbs with a pal, to smoke a cigar and get a little fresh air. Suddenly two or three fellows passed us, one of whom jostled against me, and knocked my hat off. In my politest way I requested him to pick it up, he replied by a loud guffaw, I rejoined that if he didn't pick it up, I'd make him. There was an immediate cry from his friends of 'A ring! a ring!' and my opponent, taking off his coat, said he'd like to see me do it."

"Well, I rather fancied myself with my hands at that time. I'd been taking lessons in town, and thought I should rather astonish the yokel. He was much about my own size, and we at once set to in the summer moonlight. I pretty soon discovered I'd caught a tartar, and though I certainly had pasted him a bit, I was getting most terribly knocked about myself. After four rounds I began to think of following out the advice contained in one of WHYTE MELVILLE'S stories, and tell my backer to give my opponent's second a sovereign to take his principal away. All at once a gentleman came out of the crowd, and said, 'I beg your pardon, Sir, but your friend is not worth a cent as a second; if you'll let me act for you, you'll thrash that chap yet.'"

"Well," I replied, "I'll go on, if you think so; but my impression is, I've had about enough."

"Not a bit of it. He's nearer done than you are. Let me look after you, and you'll beat him yet."

"And you licked him!" usually exclaims his auditor at this crisis.

"Not exactly," will rejoined SNAPPY. "I was licked, but he gave in!" It turned out afterwards that he was a professional pugilist come down there to train.

A PROPOSITION AND A RIDER.

COINCIDENCES	As plagiarised,	Will he reply,
One now and then sees.	Wrongly advised?	Telling us "why"?
As with that hero	In laying stress	Or deem it best
Squire PINERO	On poem in <i>Jess</i> ?	To let it rest?
Was P. M. G.,	Was RIDER HAGGARD	P'raps, as no talker,
"Going for" <i>She</i> ,	Very much staggered?	RIDER says "Walker!"

FRESH LAID EGG-SAMPLES FROM THE CREMERIES.—What's an egg unless you can crack it, and get at its inside? and how to crack it without a cracker? From the Regent Street Creameries, Easter Eggs and Crackers are supplied together. Eggs and Toys too, "*C'est à Toy*," is the motto in fine old Anglo-Norman French; likewise scent-bottles inside sent with the eggs. Great pleasure for children, profit of course for the Creameries; but also this particular branch of industry affords occupation to many who, without it, would not be now able to look forward to a Happy Easter.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

VI.—PUSS IN BOOTS.

THERE was a Miller once who had three sons, and when he died, he left his Mill to the eldest, his Ass to the second, and his Cat to the third.

The owner of the Cat was in despair, "for, when I have sold his body to the pastry-cook, and made a cap of his skin, what," said he,



"will be left of my patrimony; or rather, indeed, of my catrimony?"

The Puss, who was just inside the cupboard-door, said, "My good Master, do not afflict me by entertaining such pessimistic, I will not say, such puss-symistic views. Pussilanimity never brought a man good fortune. Get me a pair of boots made, and you shall soon have excellent mews of me!"

The young man's first idea was to cut off the Cat's head, supposing that he was the Editor of

a facetious periodical suffering under enchantment. But as the Cat assured him that this was not the case, he succeeded, not without difficulty, in procuring a pair of boots for the Cat, which Puss put on without the assistance of a friendly jack from the neighbouring stream.

Equipped in his boots, the Cat entrapped several rabbits and hares, which he carried, with the compliments of his Master, the Marquis of CARABAS, to the King's Court. His Majesty, who had lately passed a Rabbits and Hares' bill, had consequently suffered from the total extinction of ground game in his dominions. He therefore warmly welcomed Puss, and entreated to be introduced to the Marquis. The Cat promised that this should be done, and, without explaining what he called (we regret to say) his "purrpuss," he induced the Miller's son to bathe in a stream near the road where the King's carriage would pass. He next concealed his master's clothes, and when the carriage appeared with the King and Princess in it, screamed, "Help, my Lord is drowning!" The attendants rushing to the spot, met Puss, who assured them that, as the Marquis was swimming, his clothes had been stolen by robbers. The King's own portmanteau supplied a splendid suit of velvet, silk and lace, and the amazed young man found himself sitting beside the Princess.

As he was a great reader of good books, he at once understood the situation. The King, who was fond of horses, was driving himself, and the Miller's son had an opportunity of speaking to the beautiful but Socialistic Princess.

"Madam," said he, "let me crave your pardon for an unwitting offence. There is some extraordinary blunder. I am no Marquis."

"I detest rank!" said the Princess.

"I am no man of property—"

"Property is robbery, philosophers say," observed the Princess, with her sweetest smile: "ah! how I wish I could lead the people to recover their own."

"But I am the son of a Miller, Madam, a man cursed with a clever Cat, my only possession."

"A Miller! One of the People," said the Princess, her heart now completely enthralled, "oh, would that I were a Miller's daughter!"

It is the Miller's daughter
Has grown so dear, so dear.
That I've forgot the lady
Hight CLARA VERE DE VERE!

sang the sweet Princess.

This was what ladies call "giving" the Miller's son "encouragement." Filled with alarm, he was on the point of leaping from the carriage, when he saw his Cat, flying along the road for dear life, with one boot off and one boot on, pursued by an Ogre.

To spring from the seat, to draw his rapier, to deceive the Ogre's parry in *contrescarpe* with a *doubles, dégagé, vite!* and to *riposte* in *seconde*, was, to the Miller's active son, the work of a moment!

As the baffled monster lay bleeding on the turf, he asked him, "why were you chevying my Cat?"

"The confounded brute," said the Ogre, "had got me to show off, and change myself into a mouse. He was just swallowing me, when I regained my original shape—"

"It is rather original," said the Miller's son; "I have rarely met an Ogre with three heads."

"And I was avenging myself, and would have caught him, in spite of his boots—"

Here the Ogre expired, and the King, knighting the Miller's son on the spot, implored him at once to marry the Princess, with half the kingdom for her dower.

On condition that she might carry out a purely anarchical programme, the Princess bestowed her hand on the Miller's son, whose behaviour, you will have remarked, was very much more honourable than that of Miller's sons in general.

The Cat, descending from a tree in whose branches he had watched these proceedings, observed,—

"Moral.—All's well that ends well."

ALL IN THE WRONG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR Correspondent, "AN INDIGNANT RATEPAYER," is certainly thankful for small mercies. He speaks with enthusiastic admiration of the discovery just made by the School Board, that the plan of education they have adopted for the last sixteen years is not only worthless but absolutely mischievous. It unfits both boys and girls for the serious business of life, by teaching the one to despise all manual labour, and the other all domestic service. At this most significant conclusion the School Board, without a dissentient voice, arrived on Saint Patrick's Day of the present year, and your Correspondent is jubilant over the result.

Is he, then, an enemy of the School Board? Far from it. He speaks of the Board throughout with unqualified admiration, and he assumes, notwithstanding his experience of the past, that, having confessed their error, they will forthwith proceed to amend their ways. His faith is wonderful; but what are we to say of his discretion?

I, too, *Mr. Punch*, am a ratepayer; I have seen my rates trebled since the creation of the School Board; and I am now told that I ought to thank my stars that, after sixteen years' work, they have at length displayed a glimmering of common sense. There seems to be something ominous in this term of sixteen years, for it appears that it is just for this period that we have been supplying the Army with bayonets that won't stab, and the Navy with cutlasses that won't cut. We are always calling ourselves, though nobody else does, a practical people. But what care we for the opinion of our neighbours, so long as we are happy in the calm contemplation of our superiority?

The unexpected always "happens," so said BEACONSFIELD, and it seems he was right for who would have ever dreamed that the School Board would have ever made such a confession as they did on Saint Patrick's Day? But although they confessed much, they did not confess all. They said nothing of the numberless half-starved children whose health has been impaired or ruined by the tasks imposed upon them. Nothing of the hundreds of thousands spent in bullying and worrying their poor parents. Nothing of the money spent in endless litigation. On all such subjects the Board are discreetly silent. They draw attention only to the outcome of their labours, namely the boys and girls whose education has been completed—the survival of the fittest in short,—but who are fit for nothing.

"No handicraft work for the boys, no domestic service for the girls." The boys all want to be clerks; what the girls want to be we are not informed, but domestic service is not to be thought of, so the sooner my wife and daughters take to such work the better. And for this have I paid trebled rates. For this have we been passing Code after Code, and fixing Standard after Standard, to find at last that the whole work must be begun afresh. I too am indignant, as well as your Correspondent, not that the School-Board have been telling the truth, but that they have been so long in telling it.

I protest against my money having been spent in injuring the health of half the poor children in London, and of injuring the morals of the other half.

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,

ANOTHER INDIGNANT RATEPAYER.

MORE NEW-LAID EASTER EGGS.—This time SPARRA's eggs—no SPARAGNAPANE's Eggs. Very pretty; but there's nothing in them,—at least there wasn't when we saw them, as they're intended to hold sweets, and they were empty. By the way, we saw them on the first of April, so perhaps, as our German friend observed, the "nozing dat vas inzide dose eggs vas dere fun, I mean dere leedle yoke."

THE WAY TO STOP IT; OR, "AS IT IS" AND "AS IT OUGHT TO BE."

"No individuals are to blame, we suppose; it is only the system that is in fault. . . . Matters will never be mended as long as this theory is tolerated. If the system is bad, and produces bad results, some person or other is responsible for the system, and that person ought to be punished."—*Times*.



British Tar (indignantly). "AVAST THERE, GUV'NOR! AIN'T NOBODY TO BE WHOPPED FOR THIS HERE?"

AS IT IS.

Two Responsible Persons discovered discussing the Report of a recent Parliamentary Committee, in fits of laughter.

First Responsible Person. Oh! it quite kills me. What a joke! Here they've got it all out, chapter and verse. Thirty-six thousand of 'em no use whatever. And they want to know who's to blame.

Ha! ha! "Who's to blame"! Come, I like that! [*Goes into uncontrollable fits of laughter.*]

Second Responsible Person. Yes, that certainly is a good 'un! Why, they'll be wanting to be prying behind the scenes next, and knowing the ins and outs of it. Ha! ha! Don't I wish I may see 'em at it! That's all!

[*Is convulsed, as is also First R. P., as Act-drop descends.*]



PICTURE SUNDAY.

Artist. 'YOU'LL COME AND SEE MY PICTURES BEFORE THEY GO!'

Influential Critic. 'MY DEAR FELLOW, I NEVER GO AND SEE PICTURES IN FELLOWS' STUDIOS—IT'S SUCH A BORE, YOU KNOW. EVERYBODY SAYING THE PICTURES ARE TOO CHARMING, AND TOO DELIGHTFUL, AND ALL THAT!'

Artist's Wife (nervously). 'OH, THERE'S NEVER ANYTHING OF THAT SORT IN OUR HOUSE—A——!'

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

A British Court of Justice. First and Second Responsible Persons discovered in Prisoners' Dock. A Jury of their fellow-countrymen have just by their Foreman delivered a verdict of "Guilty" against them, on a charge of having "betrayed a position of public trust, and thereby endangered the safety of the State."

Judge (addressing Prisoners). And now it only remains to me to pass sentence upon you, and I must tell you that looking at the heinous nature of your crime, I shall deal as severely with you as the law gives me the power. You have been found guilty as the indictment charges you, with betrayal of a public trust, for, placed by your country in a position of grave responsibility, you have, reckless of all consequences, bartered away its interests and jeopardised its safety. For it is due to your culpable negligence, malversation, or worse, that 36,000 of its sons are at this moment armed with useless weapons, weapons that had they to be relied on suddenly in the outbreak of an unexpected war, would bend and break in the hands of those who trusted to them for the defence of their honour, their country and their lives. And were this by any misfortune to happen, the gallows would be too good a fate for you. As it is, your crime is sufficiently despicable and odious. And as a punishment to yourselves, and as a warning to others, who like you, filling responsible positions, unblushingly take the public money, while they grossly betray the public trust, I visit you with the full penalty the law permits me to inflict. You will be kept in penal servitude for five-and-twenty years.

[The First and Second Responsible Persons, overwhelmed with their sentence, are removed fainting from the Court as the Curtain falls.]

PROVERBIAL SAYING ADAPTED FOR LIBERAL USE.—"SMITH may quote GLADSTONE to his purpose."

THE LAW OF THE LETTER.

DEAR PUNCH,—HAVE you an enemy? I believe no; but if you had, the following idea would be invaluable to you if (again) you wanted to hurt him very much. All you have to do is to think of a Charity, then add sixpence to it, and there you are, don't you know? Say you hate JONES, and you want (so to speak) to poison him, or, at any rate, to deprive him of all happiness and peace of mind. You have thought of your Charity, and you ask him for sixpence. JONES is always a little reticent about giving away money, but he thinks the Jubilee year excuses a multitude of extravagances, so he says you may have his sixpence, and imagines he has got rid of you. Not at all. You then tell JONES you want him to take up the alphabet, "to become an A in search of B's." His "B's" are to get four "C's," and each "C" is to have four "D's," and each "D" four "F's," and so on. The end of it is that the person who started the four "B's" finds him responsible for several hundreds of pounds, divided amongst as many thousand subscribers. And yet it all begins with the apparently simple question, "Can you spare a sixpence?" I would emphatically recommend the answer used by yourself, Sir, in giving advice to those about to marry—"Don't!"

But I am wandering from the point. The mere talk of joining an A B C Association has unnerved me. I must wait until I can recover. In the meanwhile believe me,
Yours warningly, A MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC.

Notes and Gold.

WHERE is the music grander and sweeter Than GOUNOD's beautiful "*Mors et Vita*"? And here's a magnificent golden edition Giving it all, the whole "partition," Dedicated to LEO the Pope, Who's able to play it by sight, let's hope, Published by NOVELLO AND EWER. We've not seen anything brighter or newer. Awaiting your next, this book's twin brother, We say, "NOVELLO AND EWER—Another!"

THE OLDEST ALE.—A book has just been published entitled *The Beer of the Bible*. The only Biblical beer of which there occurs any direct mention is Beersheba; and here the two last syllables, "she" and "ba," seem to indicate the service of "Bar-maids." For further information, and as to whether the reading should be "From Dan to Beersheba all is barrel," or not, we refer to the authorities of the Anglo-Jewish Exhibition at Albert Hall.

NEWS OF THE SLEEPING MAN.

HE woke up only for a second. "What sent you to sleep at first?" asked the Doctor. He struggled to reply. One eye opened. The doctor repeated the question. The sleeper's lips were seen to move with an effort. By closely imitating these movements as they seemed to form letters, the Doctor spelt out "r-u-d-d." Then came a hesitation, and, after a pause, the lips worked again, and made "g-o-r-e"—pause—"S-e-c-o-n-d"—"Act!" shouted the Doctor in the patient's ear. The sleeper opened one eye, directed a look full of intelligence at his medical friend, closed it, pressed his hand, and once more relapsed. In his pockets were found LEWIS CARROLL'S *Game of Logic* and *The Hunting of the Snark*. His awful state of somnolence is now entirely accounted for.

A Rap for the Ravens.

HERE comes HARRY QUILLER and preaches once more, On that old old text, the Decline of the Drama. This business, good Sirs, is becoming a bore, More shapes it has taken than Vishnu or Brahma. The grumblers will have it that all things decline, Old England itself—unless Fair Trade reprieve it—Our plays and our pictures, our women, our wine,—And the public, that also declines—to believe it!

ACCOMMODATION FOR THE UNSOCIABLE SOCIALISTS.—Out-of-door meetings, by all means! Let the Government encourage them in the best and purest air, at any convenient distance outside the four-mile radius. Why not Wormwood Scrubs? We passed it the other day, and the open space there, within a cheap ride by road or rail, is the very thing for the Hyndmanites and Burnsites. Then, what an appropriate name! Wormwood Scrubs! This really is a Happy Thought, which we recommend to the Authorities.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIV.—'ARRY AT 'OME.



DEAR CHARLIE,—I picks up my pen with a sort of responsible feel, As ain't often come over my 'art, though I've seen and I've passed through a deal. Touch-and-go is my style, as you know, and 'tain't often I pulls a long kite, But a krisis in course is a krisis, and ought to be viewed in that light.

When a big-wig—as might be Lord BEAKEY, or JULYUS SEIZER, or me,—

Sets down to his Orterbiography,—well, there you are, don'tcher see! Larks is larks, and a barney's a barney, but if you're a regular Top-row, You mustn't play tricks with Posterrity, CHARLIE old chap, ho dear no!

Infy dig, mate, and nubbles obleeges, and that sort o' thing comes in then. I've been Hinterviewed, CHARLIE!!! Jest fancy: I'm one of the "Hundred Great Men."

The "Typical Cent'ry of Toppers," the *Mudrake* 'as lately picked out To hullustrate Latter-day England. A nobbyish notion, no doubt.

The *Mudrake's* Young Man—sech a smiler!—he drops me a line, and sez he, "As a true Repprysentative Man, may I 'ope as you'll kindly agree To be put, where you ought to be, forrards, front-row, tuppence coloured, A 1?" Well, it staggers yours truly, at fust; but thinks I, I'll see slap through this fun.

So I tips 'im a note, a offhander in course; that's the reglar swell form; If yer wants to be took for a topper, yer mustn't be 'arty or warm. Sez I, "Jest drop in at my diggings, and, if so be all is O.K., I'll be game for a 'arf-'our's trot-out, if I 'appen to be in the way."

Jest at present I'm up in the stirrups, I've dropped on the snuggest of cribs, A spee on the Waterloo Cup turned up trumps, and I landed the dibs. So my Den ain't so dusty, I tell yer; and when 'ARRY hushed 'im in, [thin!] The *Mudrake's* Y. M. cocked 'is heye, and sez he, "Well, you don't spread it

I'd my spur-patroned dressing-gownd round me, a gold spangled smoking-cap on; And was smoking a long Larynarger,—in fack, looked no hend of a don. [lar!] "Take a cheer, Mister 'Mudrake," sez I. "Shift the bull-pup, and squatter voo Johnny Walker and Washing-day? No? Well then, try this 'ere six D cigar."

Oh, I tossed it off airy, I tell yer. Head upwards, and blow the expense, Is my motter at moments like these, and I saw the effect was emense. He bossed round the walls of my bungler low, twiggid TOTTY TWINKLE in pink, And sez he, "You've a taste, Sir, for Art?" I sez, "Rayther, Sir. Wot do you think?"

"You can fork out yer note-book," sez I. "There's no call to be bashful with me. I ain't one o' yer thin-skinned high-steppers; sech rot is dashed fiddlededee. Give your horders, Gents! Wot's the next harticle? Hage? Well, jest turned twenty-two; Born at Battersea, father a grocer; perlitikle colour True Blue."

"Ah!" sez he, "you're a treat, Sir, to deal with. Some parties, now, puts on the 'ump, Talks of privacy, pride, and sech twoddle, as soon as we 'andles the pump. [he. You're a man o' the world, and know better. Wot's life but a shop-front?" sez "If yer don't shove yer goods in the winder, wy wot a rare mug you must be!"

"Right you are! We are dittos well dotted," I sez; "that's a moral, old man. Some chaps like to bushel their rushlights; I tell you that isn't my plan. Public character? Ho! spare my blushes. Well, there, praps I am, Poppylarity waits upon Talent—that is, when the thing's real jam.

"I'm a Type? To be sure; don't I know it? I'm built on the same sort o' lines As Lord RANDOLPH hisself—bless his boko! See there how his photygraff shines. Nature ain't give me sech prime mustarchers—wus luck!—but if liking makes like, Him and me and yer true West End toff might be stamped at the very same strike.

"If I only could pull in the ochre, and pile on the lingo like him, I'd give some on 'em change for a monkey. But there, though I ain't in the swim, I can pull the same stroke. Tory Demmyerat? Yus, that's my stripe to a T. It means 'ARRY plus Arrystockracy. Wot better 'blend' can there be?

"Hedjercation? Well, that's as you take it. I fancy I'm fair 'in the know,' And wot I ain't learnt ain't wuth learning. For grammar I don't care a blow, And Histry's all grandmother's gammon. In fact, Sir, as I always say, It's as oller as last Season's 'andicaps. Give me the weights for to-day.

"Oh! it riles me to hear BRIGHT a-bouncing about the Reform Bill. Wot odds? Who cares for the last centry's toss-ups? Our mark is to-day's Tommy Dodds.

Life is mostly a game of Blind 'Ookey; the snide 'uns may nobble the pack, But your Juggins who spouts of fair-play, never knows what he's going to back.

"Hay? Married? Not me; wot do you think! Oh, cert'ny, I likes 'em all round; I'm the pet o' the petticoats, trust me, they suits me slap down to the ground.

Chuck yer eye on them picters, and tell me; and, as for *bong fortunes*,—well, there, [loveliest 'air. I've a dror in that there shiffeneer full of locks of the

"But apron-strings, kids, and short commons for 'ARRY the Dasher? No fear! [many a year; Ain't 'ad my full fling, I assure you, nor shan't 'ave this

Leastways, unless somethink too yum-yum turns up unexpected, and then

There must be lots of ochre chucked in, to make 'ARRY 'the 'appiest of men.'

"Yus, them pipes is a pooty collection; my sticks, too, old man, ain't 'arf bad; [to be 'ad. Bin hofferred two quid for the lot, Sir, but 'ARRY wos not

Wy, that twirly one's wuth 'arf the money,—won that in a raffle, yer know,

When poor BANGS, the Swell Comique, went quisby, ah! close upon six year ago.

"Fine assortment o' photygraffs? Rayther! I've got all the Talent, Sir, there.

There's BEAKEY, and 'ere's BESSIE BELLWOOD; for LANGTREE I don't so much care,—

Bin a bit overdone, if you ask me. Yus, that's ARTHUR ROBERTS, in course;

And her,—she's the crummiest *Mazeppa* as ever wos strapped on a 'orse.

"Who's him with the Astrykan trimmings? The Pimlico Pet, to be sure.

Blooming shame as they put down the Prize Ring. Wot more will Old England endure?

Bosh the Turf and the Music-Halls next, the prigs will, I persoom, if they can; [really a man? And then, Sir, wot larks will be left, for a man as is

"All grandmother's gammon, now, ain't it? Mere muffin-shop muck, and no kid.

Wot's life, if yer earn't spoon the pooty, lap lotion, or stake yer 'arf quid?

Gar'n! Gives me the 'ump, all this kibosh 'bout morals, and taste, and all that.

My tastes, you'll perceive, ain't Philistian; I'm arristo all round my 'at.

"Purfession? Oh, I ain't pertikler; I've tried heaps o' things in my time.

Sort of 'good all round man,' don'tcherknow. I 'ate work, which I 'ope is no crime;

Never knew a true gent as did like it. But Talent will come to the front; [the blunt.

Be you 'atter or general agent, it's snideness as pouches

"And now 'ave a quencher. Oh, do now! You've trotted me out pooty fair.

'Ope the Public will tumble, that's all. I 'ave arnswered you quite on the square.

If a sketch of my diggings would 'elp you, you're wel-come to take it, dear boy;

That's the O.K. thing now, Sir, I fancy, and somethink my pals would enjoy.

"I 'ave no marble 'alls nor big palm trees, no mustard-silk 'angings and that,

But this 'ere *toot ensemble* is tasty; with me in this gownd and this 'at, [bers, yer know,

A blowing a cloud on that couch, like a gent in 'is cham-It won't look so dusty. Wot, orf? Well, ta-ta, if you really must go."

There, CHARLIE, that's 'ow the thing 'appened. I think dear old pal, you will own

That I did the whole trick quite *de wriggle*. I knowed I wos bound to get known,

But this 'ere is Fame, and no error! As fur as the *Mudrake* can carry, And that's wheresomever Swells go, all the world will know all about 'ARRY.

FIRST ROUND.

WHY do I awake with the lark and burst into song? I am in a profuse state of inspiration as donning my *robe de chambre* and whirling my hair-brushes round my head I carol forth:—

AIR—"My Master is punctual."—Cox and Box.

THE years roll along and another Academy
Freshens me up again, makes quite a lad o' me.
Hail to the President, FRITH, ALMA-TADEMY,
RIVIÈRE, ORCHARDSON, GILBERT, MILLAIS,
HERKOMER, DICKSEE, BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.

Here inspiration dries up. The Pierian Waterworks Co. will not stand any further supply. It was fresh and pure from the sparkling fountain-head. But—to the Studios! Away!

"Caramba! Sir FREDERICK, what have we here? Aha! just putting the finishing touches? *Très beaux et grands, tous, n'est-ce pas?*" He smiles a smile that means "Rather!" and continues his work, nervously, under my very eye. True genius is ever nervous, and always ready to take a hint. "If I were you, Sir President," I say, "I'd just give the slightest extra—you see—no, that's too much—no—that's it! Admirable! I congratulate you! That one touch is a triumph! We meet at Philippi!"

Out of deference to BARRON RIVIÈRE's leonine proclivities, I drive up in a Growler. A tiger in top-boots takes my card; but, says the tiger, grinning, "Master's got a model there, if you don't mind." Mind! why should I mind? Not if there were twenty sitters. So, pushing aside the youth, I run up the marble stairs, and, putting my head in, I call out, pleasantly, "Any beastly pictures, RIVI, my boy?" But, before the words are well out of my mouth, there is a roar which shakes the house, and in another moment the Model has sprung towards the door, where only my head has appeared. In less than it takes to tell this, my presence of mind suggests absence of body as nature's sure preservative, and I execute a double flying leap down the stairs backwards. The little foot-page was there to break the fall, and, fortunately, the fall was the only thing broken.

"It's all right," cries the noble Briton, appearing above. "Don't go away. The brute's chained, the keepers are here, and the red-hot poker is in the fire. He doesn't like strangers—at first."

But I remember I have an appointment, and taking his word for it that he has never painted anything equal to what he is going to send to the Academy this year, I leave. Going out, Mr. LONG is passing. I take him by the sleeve. "I've only been two minutes at RIVIÈRE's," says I. "Then you've not stopped long," he returns, falling into my trap quite innocently. "Yes, I have," says I, digging him in the ribs. He roars; whether at the merry conceit, or because I was just a little too hard on him between the fourth and fifth rib, I am not quite sure, but I beg him not to roar again, as RIVIÈRE might take it unkindly. "I don't think," I can't help saying to my excellent friend, LONG, "that RIVIÈRE quite likes that sort of chaff; and by making that noise, you see, *you touch him on the rear*." LONG's will be A1 this year. "It's the subject I promised," he whispers to me, "four years ago." "Aha! Long expected," I exclaim,—"Gone at last!" he shouts, as he jumps into the four-wheeler. In another moment he has vanished, for the man is driving like fury. When he reaches his destination he will find that he has more to pay than he bargained for. It is my four-wheeler.

I look in at the studio of Mr. BURGESS, A.R.A. "It is a Spanish-Mauresque subject," he explains. "What shall I call it?" Can he hesitate? "Burgess and Moore." Earthquakes of laughter.

I walk up Bond Street. Three Academicians whom I meet there say they feel it uncommonly hot. No wonder. Do they know where they are standing? No. Why, with their backs to the Gallery where The Furniss is being heated seven times to roast the Academicians. The Artistic Joker is piling it up.

"He ought to display some greengrocery in the window," says H-RSL-Y, R.A. "Why?" asks F-D, R.A. "Because," returns H-RSL-Y, R.A., bursting with it—for wit, like murder, will out—"he ought to exhibit a specimen of his Arti-jokes!" And not waiting to pick up the pieces that result from this explosion, he jumps into a Hansom with B-RL-W, who just now has a hang-picture sort of look about him, and drives off to the G.N.R. for Manchester.

I look in at HERMANN HERKOMER'S. Before me is a life-like representation of his cousin, the A. R. A., as Slade Professor—not at all slay'd, but very much alive—in his cap and gown at Oxford. "I will call round at the Herr Professor's," I say. I do so. Oh, the clang of the iron! Oh, the gurr of the saw! Oh, the whirling of the something or other as it chisels the silver! Oh, the hammering, and the building, and the planing, and the music, and the singing, and the noise of the speaking likenesses all talking together! Here is the Herr Professor, M.A., Master of most Arts, and Fellow of All Souls. Bless your arts and souls! Adoo!

Quick to FRITH, R.A. Classic as usual. Romans at Ramsgate.

CESAR waiting for his train. Olympia, and scene in the Circus. *Regentum Stretum*. I have time for no more to-day. One more painter,—POTTS. No, can't stop. Not for WATTS or POTTS. "Then," I hear an imploring voice, "don't forget HALLE." "I won't. I'm off,—HALLE—Sloper." And I slope. *H'allez donc!*

BARKER, P.C.

OF our heroes in scarlet no longer vaunt only,
In praise of their gallantry all men agree;
But think of that suburb, that night dark and lonely,
And sing of the courage of BARKER, P.C.
A theme for a civic Tyrtæus most truly!
If pluck and devotion are worthy reward,
The Public must see it distributed duly
To men like this genuine "National Guard."
Just picture him creeping, while Cits were fast sleeping,
One man against two, only armed with a stick,
On the trail of brute crime. We rest calm in such keeping.
But BARKER, P.C.? One is moved to the quick
At the thought of him lying, mauled, crippled, nigh dying,
Alone on the line in the dusk of chill night.
At home, as abroad, England's flag will keep flying
Whilst citizen heroes can wage such a fight.
We too have our duty, 'tis not hard to hit on;
In honour of courage BULL's hand should be free;
To the Royal Free Hospital Fund * each true Briton
Should pack off his mite for brave BARKER, P.C.

* Mr. JAMES S. BLYTH, Secretary to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, has undertaken to receive subscriptions in aid of a fund to be raised for the benefit of Police Constable BARKER, now a patient there, and—*Punch* rejoices to hear—"progressing very favourably."

HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

Mr. Nibbs. Were you at the Potteries the other night, Sir?

Mr. Punch. Meaning the Haymarket Theatre for Mrs. BROWN POTTER's *début*? No, Mr. NIBBS, I was not; but I sent a Re-potter who informed me that the lady is absolutely an amateur, and therefore I shall defer my visit until—if she have in her the stuff of which real actresses are made—she has acquired such proficiency as time, study, and constant practice alone can give.

Mr. Nibbs. Surely, Sir, everybody must have a beginning.

Mr. Punch. Yes, but there is no necessity for everybody else to be there to see it. For myself, I do not judge by appearances, specially by "first appearances." I think the lady's well-meaning friends were peculiarly injudicious, as such good people frequently



"Bringing her out for a run." are.

Mr. Nibbs. That clever and sprightly Journalist, the London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, blew the trumpet for her pretty loudly.

Mr. Punch. Yes, to drop into verse I should say,
How would she have fared if she'd had to be judged,

By a critic like what-you-MACAULAY?

For the praise she received and which he would have grudged,
She is Greatly indebted to SMALLLEY.

The lady may be possessed of some wonder-working charm, and, as we are but ordinary clay, what shall we become in the hands of the BROWN POTTER?

Mr. Nibbs. When you do witness her performance, I am sure, Sir, your opinion will be given candidly, and your advice will be sound and disinterested. When do you intend to hear her appeal and pronounce judgment?

Mr. Punch. I will give you due notice of the proceedings, and will send you a summons to appear at Potter's Bar. *Au revoir!*

WHEN Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN conducted his *Golden Legend* at Berlin—where its first performance was a failure, owing to circumstances over which the Composer ought to have had some control—four crowns were thrown to him. So that's the value the Berliners put on the work! Four crowns! Hang it, you can't expect much for a sovereign. And, by the way, if the Emperor wasn't there, besides these four crowns was there a sovereign in the house? How Sir ARTHUR must have even longed to be back again, flourishing his electric-lighted wand among the Savoyards of Ruddy Gore House. Later in the week Madame ALBANI came to the rescue, and the Berliners must now celebrate the triumph of ARTHUR.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Fair Hostess (who piques herself on her knowledge of French). "OH—A—VOULEZ ENCORE JOUER QUELQUE CHOSE ?"

Satirical Pianist (whose first piece was drowned in the deafening conversation that burst forth as soon as he began). "YOU VISH ME TO PLAY POUR FAIRE CAUSER LE MONDE ?"

Fair Hostess (rapturously). "OH ! OUI—OUI ! POUR FAIRE CAUSER LE MONDE !"

[She supposes he is mentioning some favourite little Composition of his own.]

SALISBURY SISYPHUS.

UNENDING task ! The felon doomed to cope
With the huge rock and the relentless slope,
Rejoiced, song says,* in everlasting hope.

And hope lives long indeed, but how sustain
This endless failure, this eternal strain,
That tires the stoutest heart, the strongest
brain ?

Swift roll the years, and still the ceaseless
round,
The toilsome press up the precipitous ground,
The sullen slow ascent, the swift rebound.

Tense sinews, straining shoulders, clinging
feet,

In vain urge on a task still incomplete.
How long shall rolling hours the tale repeat ?

None other way ? Nigh four-score times and
ten

In years as many ! Soon the hearts of men
Will madden with the weary watch. And
then ?

He, the astute Corinthian, subtle, strong,
Who jockeyed Dis and cheated Death so long,
Could cheer his age-long task with gleeful
song.

* The Thracian sighed, as, looming through the
mist,
The stone came whirling back. "Fool," said the
ghost,

"Then mine, at worst, is everlasting hope."

Again uprose the stone.

LYTTON'S *Lost Tules of Miletus*.

Not Hades' self could tame that merry knave
Who joked with Charon, juggled with the
grave,
And e'en at penance piped a jovial stave.

Not so our modern Sisyphus ; he hurls
His angry strength against the stone, which
whirls
Reluctant up, and rapidly recurls.

How long ? And is 't inexorable Fate
That whips him to the task, or doth there wait
Hope somewhere on the path, though seen so
late ?

RATHER "GASHLY."—Some Welsh people
have a good idea of what a Jubilee Memorial
ought to be. This is from the *Western
Mail* :—

"At a public meeting at Llanwenog, in Cardigan-
shire, presided over by Mr. T. H. HUGHES,
J.P., it has been decided to celebrate Her Majesty's
Jubilee in that district by providing a public hearse
for the parishes of Llanwenog and Llanwnen. The
Chairman, who originated the proposal, was con-
gratulated upon his happy idea, and an Executive
Committee was formed to carry it out."

Excellent notion ! So full of variety, because
such a Jubilee Memorial as this is capable of
taking more than one form, not at a time, it
is true, but it may take a different form, in-
animate of course, more than once a fortnight.
The Jubilee in this district will be rather an
undertaking. Will they get the eminent
tenor, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, to sing the Ode ?

REAL APRIL FOOLS.

THEY say March comes in like a lion,
And exits in guise of a lamb.
Such fudge why will saw-mongers try on ?
The thing is a palpable flam.
Here's April the First—such a twister !
It flows, and it snows and it blows.
Wild March has bequeathed to his sister
No soft lamb-like ways, goodness knows.
We're all April fools who have flattered
Ourselves with fond hopes of the vernal.
We're bitten, and blasted and battered,
In short, it is simply infernal.
If March makes a baa-lamb-like exit,
The mind for that boon cannot care,
When April—to fool it and vex it—
Comes in like a dashed Polar bear !

THE Prince of WALES opened the College of
Preceptors last week. H.R.H. remarked on
the absence of any sculpture by BIRCH, and
thought that Dean EVE would make the
place a Paradise for Preceptors. The PRINCE
then accepted the golden key, pocketed it,
and forthwith declared the building open.

If the *Pall Mall*, which will scarcely allow
that "many a true word is spoken in *Jess*,"
keeps on attacking the author of *She*, Mr.
RIDER will return from his tour in the East
looking rather Moore Haggard than ever.

THE "POTTER'S FIELD."—The Haymarket
Theatre.



SALISBURY SISYPHUS.

“UNENDING TASK!” * * * * *

“SWIFT ROLL THE YEARS, AND STILL THE CEASELESS ROUND,
THE TOUSOME PRESS UP THE PRECIPITOUS GROUND,
THE SULEN SLOW ASCENT, THE SWIFT REBOUND!”

"NOVEL-SUNDAY."

WHY, Mr. Punch would like to know, should not Novelists have their Show Sunday as well as Painters, and admit Society to view the works they have prepared for the opening of the Publishing Season? When this has become a general practice (as will no doubt be the case after a suggestion from so influential a quarter) we shall probably see something like the following:—

SCENE—*The luxuriously-appointed Library of Mr. POLYGON PLASTICK (a versatile but imitative young genius, who has not finally decided as yet upon the manner he intends to adopt). Various newly-finished MSS. displayed conspicuously upon handsome reading-stands. Author discovered in attitude of readiness to receive visitors. Enter a Gushing Lady, prepared to admire everything, with unenthusiastic Husband.*

The G. L. (looking at title of MS.). This looks charming now. "The Courtship of Parmenas Brown." May we hear some of it, dear Mr. PLASTICK? Please!

Novelist. Delighted! It's by way of being a little analytical study, and all that. This is the way it ends. (Reads):—

"The state of mind with which PARMENAS, after carefully wiping his boots, and placing his umbrella in the cast-iron receptacle in the passage, entered DAFODIL GREEN'S little parlour, was curiously complex in its converging waves and cross-currents of incongruous desires. He was conscious chiefly of a pervading uncertainty whether he was glad to be there or sorry he had come, and, whilst felicitating himself upon having at last decided to make a call, he found himself wishing almost earnestly that he had remained outside. The parlour, as he gazed round it, presented few points by which it could be differentiated from other interiors of a similar kind. It had the same—"

Well, I'll skip the description. It's rather long.

"—But to PARMENAS it bore the unmistakable imprint of DAFODIL'S oddly insistent personality. He was still receiving this impression when she entered the room with that air of hers of unconscious actuality which surrounded her like an atmosphere, and seemed almost to diffuse a palpable radiation. As she stood waiting for him to speak, he was trying to read in her face some suggestion of what he had come to say—but it told him nothing. DAFODIL was a little fluttered by this unexpected realisation of her highest hopes, but she reflected that she could scarcely be expected to take the initiative. Both had a tormenting sense of being up a mental *cul-de-sac*; unhappily it was not even the same *cul-de-sac*. He began to smooth his hat automatically in the reverse direction of the nap, and she was dimly aware, deep down in the recesses of her consciousness, of being faintly repelled by this harmless mannerism. To escape from it, she swept abruptly to the window, and occupied herself in tending the canary. Ten minutes could not have passed thus, before her thoughts were abruptly recalled to her visitor by the sharp closing of the front door, and, glancing up, she was just able to obtain a passing glimpse of PARMENAS BROWN'S ruffled hat as it vanished slowly down the long dull street. She could not have told how, but she knew by some unerring perception that it had vanished out of her life for ever!

"DAFODIL resumed her occupation with a faint sigh; she had realised that, henceforth, Life for her would be summed up in attending to that canary, but it did not occur to her to rebel against her destiny."

You can see, I daresay, whose influence I was under when I wrote that?

The G. L. Oh, yes, DICKENS, of course! only so much more refined! (Sees she has made a wrong shot.) How stupid of me, I meant THACKERAY—just his touch. But then they both belong to the same school, don't they?

Novelist (disgusted). I'm sorry you think it's like THACKERAY,—it's a study in the American manner.

The G. L. (unabashed). And that is the only true manner, is it not? But do tell me, does the poor canary die? I'm so interested in it all!

Novelist (suppressing a groan). The conclusion leaves the heroine with her canary—that is the note of her future life, the whole thing is a subdued tragedy; what might have been, and er—wasn't, don't you know. But here's something I hope you'll like better—my latest manner. I own to being rather pleased with it. (Reads):—

"Just then I happened to open my eyes, and there, at the entrance to the *zereba*, I beheld a sight the loathsome horror of which curdles my blood to think of even now! For, crunching and amashing through the prickly mimosa as though it were a bed of parsley, was advancing a hideous brute, its massive plated sides gleaming a mottled purple, and edged with a fringe of coarse hair, which shone iridescent in the radiance of the patent night-light by which our camp was illuminated. It was an enormous lobster, about the size, I should say, to make a rough guess, of a Hansom cab-horse, and I had only to look at its projecting and blood-tinged eyes, from which the light of intelligence had long departed, to feel sure that the vast crustacean was in an advanced state of maniacal frenzy! It was a sickening spectacle as it crawled on, its great jointed antennae dimly visible between me and the stars, its gigantic pincers outstretched with a blind groping action infinitely horrible to look upon! I tried to sing out: "Mind your eye, you fellows!" but the words refused to leave my parched throat, and before I could ejaculate a syllable, the beast, with one contraction of its formidable claws, had nipped off the foot of poor UNKI DORUM, as a man clips the end off his cigar. As I write, I can see the severed sable foot of my faithful attendant as it went hopping over the sand—for all the world like a freshly landed chub! I had no time to lose, and tearing open the tourist knapsack I had purchased in Piccadilly under happier conditions, I rummaged out a bottle of the salad-dressing, without which I never travel. The unearthly scream of the creature as I flung the contents down its foaming jaws, rings in my ears yet!" . . .

The G. L. How sweetly pretty! You have the gift of pathos, dear Mr. PLASTICK! Novelist (aside). Hang it all! "pretty," and "pathos!" And these people are supposed to take an interest in Literature!

Husband. But do the lobsters really grow to such a size out in those parts?

Novelist. I may have exaggerated a little, but they are certainly all very fine and—(recollecting himself) I beg your pardon, really. I don't know what I was going to say.

The G. L. (from a corner). Oh, here is quite a little gem—"A Summer Idyll!" Do read us some of it!

Novelist (carelessly). Oh, that? That's a little pot-boiler I've done for the Home Garland. But I'll give you a specimen of it with pleasure. (Reads):—

"Supporting with one muscular arm the slender figure of the unconscious girl, with the other he opened his artist's umbrella, and stood calmly awaiting the onset of the infuriated animal, which was now rapidly careering in his direction with lowering horns."

The G. L. Is it possible that you don't feel that it is the greatest thing you have ever done, Mr. PLASTICK? Such character-painting, such truth to nature, such originality. Why, that single passage places you amongst the Immortals. Don't contradict me—I'm sure of it!

Novelist (annoyed). Glad you like it, I'm sure. (Aside.) It is odd they can't admire the right thing the right way!

OUTSIDE.

The Husband. Well, I must say you did lay it on pretty thick, CECILIA!

The G. L. One has to say something, you know, and I really didn't think the "Bull" was so very bad, it was rather original—for poor Mr. PLASTICK. The others of course were dreadful! But we've got eleven more Novelists to do, dear. Hadn't we better take a Hansom?

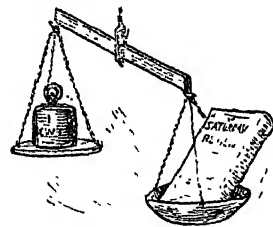
Surely our Novelists will no longer deny themselves the stimulus of such encouragement and appreciation as this, and Mr. Punch feels tolerably certain that the Painters will unselfishly consent to relinquish in their favour the monopoly they have hitherto enjoyed.

THE VOLUNTEERS

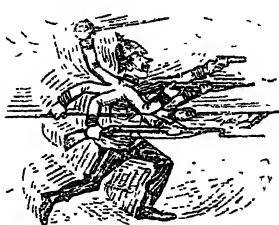
Revised by D. Crambo, Junior.



Route Marching.



A Review on a Large Scale.



Troops of All Arms.



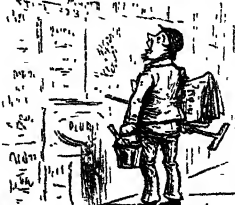
Relieving Guard.



Feeling "The Enemy."



Presenting Arms.



Bill-letting Accommodation.



Out-post Duty.



"THE NEWS."

Season-Ticket Holder (airily). "'MORNING, STATION-MASTER. ANYTHING FRESH!'"

Station-Master ('bit of a Wag'). "'N-NO, SIR, NOT THAT I'VE—AH!—YES—NOW I THINK OF IT, SIR—THAT'S FRESH PAINT YOU'RE LEARNING AGAI—!'"

NOBODY.

"Nobody to blame."—*Official Shibboleth.*

Nobody? Faugh! The glosing lips
Which shape the custom-honoured lie,—
The stale excuse, which sleekly slips,
With all the false facility
Of maudlin drops from *Mauworm's* eye—
Those lips—will no one rise and smite
The falsehood back, till, chilled with fright,
They take the traitor's tell-tale white?
Will no true man in all the land
Make false official mouths to feel
The buffet of Truth's mailed hand,
And shrink from the avenging steel?
Lack we the manhood that should heal
The canker clinging like a curse
That saps our strength, that drains our purse,
And works us woe from worse to worse?

"No one to blame!" That cry arose
When England's bravest, undismayed,
Sank gravewards 'midst Crimean snows,
By their own countrymen betrayed;
Before the enemy had laid
One flout upon them, doomed to die
By household traitors,—there descry
The hideous harvest of a lie!

There harpy Trade and fool Routine
Together struck unholy hands.
Still the curst compact holds unseen;
The huckstering ghouls in ravening bands
Hunt darkly, and no power withstands.
Corruption's taint is on the air,
Its trail is hidden everywhere.
What fate is it these pests prepare?

Shame, shattering shock, and final fall!

The oak heart-gnawed by inward rot,
Though greenly spreading, tower-tall,
When the winds wake resists them not.
Rouse, England, rouse! A traitorous plot
Lurks in your midst. These broadclothed
knaves
Would sell for gold—the sordid slaves!—
The very flag that o'er them waves.

Be not their dupe! The thieves are smug;
Have you not seen them smiling stand
Straddling on your domestic rug?
Who'd think your guest's soft-sliding
hand
Would close on bribes? Yet no wild band
Of black banditti have such skill
At ruthless theft, so surely kill.
Or work a tithe of their deep ill.

Wake! High-perched Judases abound
In well-paid places, unsuspect.
Corruptions which they radiate round
The shaken commonweal infect;
But if their trail you'd fain detect
Trust not the sleek official mind,
To truth conveniently blind,
To *Pangloss* pratings ever kind.

The Trader-Traitor, base of soul,
As false *TARPEIA* lies, and lurks,
For gold blood-purchased. Lynx-eyed mole,
In darkness subterrene he works,
Yet sees, too well. He steals, yet shirks,
With chuckling ease and heart elate,
The hemp or lead a shrewder State
Would make the crawling traitor's fate.

Him lies protect, false verbal mists,
Which on the House like opiates fall,
From dull routine's apologists.
No one to blame! No hand at all
Wrought what blunt Roman tongues would
call,
The Deed of Shame. Is it *not* such,
When British fingers crook to clutch,
Blood-money Judas scarce would touch;

The tainted gold which is the price,
Of poor men robbed, of soldiers slain?
Oh, for some hand which like a vice,
Fraud's throat should grip, and ease the
pain,
That racks the patriot heart and brain,
By choking out greed's reptile life,
Deadlier than the assassin's knife,
That battens on a State at strife!

Who cares what Party, Creed, or Class,
Produce the man? A Man we want,
Who straight to honour's goal will pass,
Down-treading falsehood, crushing cant,
Magnanimously militant,
Rending the webs State sophists weave,
The smug evasions fools believe,
The fables fashioned to deceive;

A hail for fools, a scourge for knaves.
England, heart-sick of sinuous ways,
The coming of a champion craves,
True as the steel old singers praise,
The British steel of other days,
Ere bending bayonets smirched its fame,
Or office hacks, to hide the shame,
Shaped the base lie, "No one to blame!"



PENNY AND SOU!

(Design for Historical Cartoon.)

JOHN BULL TURNS OUT FRENCH SOU, AND TAKES HIS FAITHFUL PENNY TO HIS HEART.—Decree, March 30.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

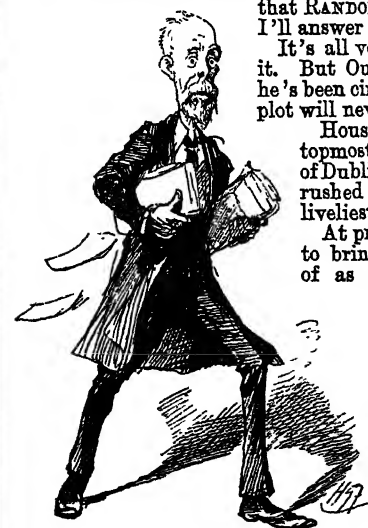
House of Commons, Monday, March 28.—RANDOLPH back to-night. Took up old position in comforting contiguity with Treasury Bench. Catching sight of him there, toying with his moustache as of yore, seemed as if nothing had happened during the last two months. Believe that much has happened. RANDOLPH unusually reticent. Wears regular diplomatic air. Fancy he is silent only because he thinks the more. CHAPLIN very uneasy, though he tries to face the position with a laugh.

"Don't suppose, Toby," he said, "after your visit to the Dey, that RANDOLPH did much at Algiers, and I'll answer for the Prince of Monaco."

It's all very well to put a bold face on it. But Our Chief, in his heart, believes he's been circumvented, and that his great plot will never ripen.

House crowded again from floor to topmost tier of Gallery. Lord Mayor of Dublin, fresh from Channel passage, rushed in with notes of what proved liveliest speech of debate.

At pretty early hour BALFOUR rose to bring in what is proudly spoken of as the Eighty-Seventh Coercion Bill. Spoke for two hours and half, amidst running fire of sarcastic commentary and bitter laughter from Parnellites. Speech would have been three times more effective if it had been two-thirds shorter. JOHN DILLON very angry at this prolixity. So vexed, indeed, that in denouncing it he spoke for three hours; thus the two first speakers in debate carried House on till half-past ten.



T. D. S.-l-l-v-n.

(Gave notice to-night to move for an estimate of the probable duration of debate if there should be only fifty Members taking part in it, and all the speeches in length equal to two first.)

At question-time SMITH informed anxious inquirer that there would be no Easter holidays until Second Reading of Bill was passed. TIM HEALY says it's no use mincing matters. If Govern-

ment mean to stick at it till Second Reading is passed, Members may be prepared to spend Whit-Monday in the House as well as Good Friday. Signs of revolt in Conservative camp. CAVENTISH BENTINCK says he's a good party man, but if anyone tries to prevent his going to church on Good Friday, they must take the consequences. "Always voted for House sitting at Two o'Clock on Ash Wednesday, so that my friends might go to church, and not going to give up the privileges of Good Friday." Earnestness of good man quite affecting. Moreover, it may prove contagious, and the Government may find themselves checked from unexpected quarter.

Business done.—Leave to introduce Coercion Bill moved for.



Nurse Cadogan introducing the little Land Bill.

Tuesday.—House filled up again to hear GLADSTONE resume debate on Coercion Bill. A large proportion waited to hear GOSCHEN, who followed dangerously close on the dinner-hour. But already signs of weariness. House pretty well empty for rest of sitting. AUSTIN, new Member, had curious experience. Made usual little appeal for indulgence of new Member, then looking forlornly round benches, remarked upon their desertion. Up jumped Irish Member and moved that House be counted. AUSTIN's speech accordingly interrupted till count took place; after which Members fled again. When AUSTIN resumed, pretty to observe his anxious avoidance of allusion to condition of the House. In fact, by some delicate touches managed to convey the impression that on the whole he was a little incommode by the crush.

GLADSTONE still in good voice. Ablaze with energy. A little embarrassed by necessity of nicely observing personal relations with old colleagues. House observed with curiosity how he alluded to HARTINGTON as "the noble Lord the Member for Rossendale," to HENRY JAMES as "the Right Hon. and learned Gentleman the Member for Bury," whilst of CHAMBERLAIN, who sat near, he spoke as "my Right Hon. friend the Member for West Birmingham." The Conservatives began to smell rats. BATES, indeed, declared he could see them moving in the air, and growled scornfully in recognition of phenomenon.

GOSCHEN, not yet accustomed to officially regard GLADSTONE as political adversary, a little hampered in speech. Interrupted, as usual, by the Parnellites. TIM HEALY kept up consistent fusillade of interruption.

"TIM," said KING-HARMAN, "reminds me of Miss Miggs, in the parting scene with the blacksmith's family, with her 'Ho! good



Sir E. B.-t.-s.

gracious!" and her "Ha! would you!" But then KING-HARMAN is a disappointed man. Since debate on Coercion Bill began, has spent most of his time in walking up and down before the Irish Benches, trailing his coat, and, with genuine pathos, inviting some one to tread on it. Has, specifically and individually, in hearing of Members, asked Dr. TANNER to "Come out." TANNER, however, thinks he's safer inside, and declines well-meant invitation. KING-HARMAN a full-blooded man. Consequence of disappointment might be dangerous save for happy thought of CHARLIE BERESFORD. Has rigged up in Cloak-room a dummy "figger," presenting resemblance that is a cross between TIM HEALY and TANNER. As a work of Art not above mediocrity; as a relief to KING-HARMAN's feelings priceless. After five minutes with the "figger" KING-HARMAN returns to his seat comparatively cool. When paroxysm comes on, off again to Cloak-room, and more play with the "figger." Well enough, he says, But he'd rather have five minutes on the Terrace with TIM or TANNER in the flesh. *Business done.*—More debate on Coercion.

Thursday.—Pretty to see BALFOUR to-night gracefully reclining on Treasury Bench, ostensibly making notes, but really fixing Irish Members with watchful eye. On Tuesday report current that infernal machine had been sent to CHIEF SECRETARY by Parcel Post (stamps omitted). HARCOURT much excited on hearing news. "This will try BALFOUR," he said. "Nothing shows so sharply what mettle a man's made of as to receive an infernal machine with morning letters. Remember when I was Home Secretary had one delivered in my room at House. An interesting-looking box. What did I do? Lose my presence of mind? Not a bit. As soon as I saw box on table, hastily left the room, softly closed the door, sent for Inspector DENNING, and ordered him to carry box away and have it opened in a remote chamber. Turned out to contain a rusty pistol with broken trigger. But that's neither here nor there; presence of mind's the thing. Wonder how BALFOUR behaved."

BALFOUR no chance of distinguishing himself. Infernal machine did not reach his hand. Taken up by police; opened with great precaution, found to contain small bottle used for homopathic medicines. Now filled with red tooth-powder. BALFOUR suspects Irish Members of the joke. JOSEPH GLIMS too grave a personage to indulge in such pranks; but suspiciously like one of TIM HEALY's flashes of humour. So BALFOUR, ostentatiously taking notes of Sage of Queen Anne's Gate's speech, keeps his eye on Irish camp, watchful for any chance disclosure of guilt.

Long and not particularly lively sitting in Commons. Sage's speech full of point. Lost some effect by strategic absence of HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN. At One o'Clock in the morning breeze unexpectedly sprung up. FARNELL moved adjournment. "Very well," says SMITH, "but we'll bring matters to conclusion to-night." Up sprang HARCOURT in best earthquake form.

"This is the Closure," he thundered. "You take the SPEAKER's name in vain, and threaten us with the Closure."

SMITH came forward to explain; HARCOURT wouldn't give way; so two stood glaring at each other across the table. "HEENAN and SAYERS over again," said PITT LEWIS. "Go it, little 'un. I'll back SAYERS."

House on both sides roared and yelled. Scene lasted a full minute, till SPEAKER interposed, and both combatants dragged off by their friends. After this, Members, who were growing wearied, went off home greatly refreshed. *Business done.*—More debate on Coercion.

Saturday, 3 A.M.—All over, even the shouting. Half-past twelve last night, motion made to Adjourn Debate. GLADSTONE seconded it. Uproarious cheers, that greeted him from Liberal side, woke up HARTINGTON, who had gone to sleep balancing his hat on bridge of nose. HARTINGTON opposed motion for Adjournment. HARCOURT went for HARTINGTON. More speaking. House divided, and Adjournment negatived by 107 votes. DILLWYN moved Adjournment of House. SMITH appealed to GLADSTONE to stop further opposition. GLADSTONE declined. Another division. Government majority rose one. AKERS DOUGLAS smiled. Everyone knew what would come next. SMITH's appearance at Table hailed with howls from Irish camp, and cheers from Conservatives. Moved the Closure. Members rushed hotly down to floor, making for Division Lobbies. GLADSTONE rose, and moved towards "No" Lobby. Instantly dense crowd going in that direction parted right and left, and GLADSTONE walked through the living line amid deafening cheers and waving hats. Closure carried by majority of 108. Main question, that "leave be given to bring in Bill," put from Chair, whereupon Opposition rose as one man, and left the House. So the Coercion Bill was brought in.



"Go it, little 'un!"

VERY HARD LINES.

HOW THEY WERE WRITTEN TO ORDER.

(Leaf from a Laureate's Diary.)

9 A.M.—Bother the Jubilee! What, in the name of fortune, can one do with such a rubbishy subject? But here's MACMILLAN waiting, and I haven't done a single line yet. Must get something put on to paper, if only to quiet him. But how on earth to begin! Get in "fifty" somehow. Want fifty somethings that come but once a year. Christmas? Good. That suggests Clown. I have it.

Fifty times the Clown has grinned and tumbled.

No. That won't do. It's too shoppy, stagey. Has a *soupeon* of the *Promise of May* about it. Wants something wider. Ha! The Row, suggesting the Season, of course.

Fifty times the Row has filled and emptied.

No. Don't like it. Reads as if I was talking of a cistern. Too heavy. Try something lighter. Pastry? Feathers? Flowers? Ha! *that's* it. Flowers, of course. Here, I've got it!

Fifty times the Rose has flowered and faded.

Anyhow, *that'll* do to go off with. Let's see. I want fifty something-elses to follow it up with. What shall it be? Cartloads? Handfuls? Armfuls? Autumn? Harvests? Good again. Not that there's any precise connection between them; but one must stick down something. How'll this do?

Fifty times the golden harvest fallen.

Yes, that reads all right. Is there any other way of putting "fifty"? Yes, "twice twenty-five." But that won't come in. Then there's "four times twelve and a half." No; that won't do. Enough "fifty." Now we want some allusion to HER MAJESTY. Must get in a "since." I have it, "Since our QUEEN assumed." Capital. Here you are!

Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

Come; that's a beginning anyhow. Three lines! But they've quite dried me up. Besides I can't go on in blank verse like this. Don't feel up to it. Must try another metre. What metre? And then what on earth am I to say in it? I haven't had such a job as this for a long time. Could weep over it. A precious Ode I shall make of it.

For though I, know not anything,

Yet must I not my lot upbraid;

Since as the Laureate I am paid,

And, being paid, am bound to sing.

But, "a glass of sherry, will make me merry." I'll try one.

6 P.M.—Confound the Jubilee Ode! Have now been at it all day, and am floundering worse than ever. Have got in something about illuminations, sanitary improvements, subscribing to a Hospital and Penny dinners, and given a kind of back-hander to GEORGE THE THIRD, but who, on earth, I refer to as the "Patriot Architect," and what I mean by asking him to *Shape a stately memorial, Make it regularly—no, "regally"—gorgeous. Some Imperial Institute, I don't know. But if I arrange it in parallel lines it will look like poetry, and that'll be near enough.*

Feel I'm making a horrible hash of it. Might go for a turn on my bicycle. May clear my head. Might try it. Will.

Have dined, and now, at 9 P.M., have again settled down to it over a pipe and a glass of grog. Am in a more hopeless muddle than ever. Trying to bring in everybody in a kind of wind-up appeal. But look at this,—

You the snubbed, the unfortunate,

You, the Lord-Undertaker,

You, the Lord Omnibus-Conductor.

That doesn't seem to run very well, but it's the kind of idea I want to work in. Don't seem able to manage it.

You, the Lady-Amateur Actor?

No, *that* won't do! Shall never get it done to-night.

10 P.M.—After awful hammering, managed to knock off two more lines. Head spinning, but must stick to it. Feel I've never turned out such stuff in my life before. Hopeless!

10'30 P.M.—Two more lines screwed out. But *what* lines! Won't scan, and as to rhyme,—ha! ha!—catch me rhyming to-night!

11 P.M.—Have come to a dead stand-still. Equal to it. Have had recourse to *the wet towel*. Refreshes me. Ha! I see light. Happy thought! As I can't do it in verse, why not write it all in prose, and then cut it up into poetry afterwards? Sure to get out up when it appears. Why not do it myself first? I will. Anyhow, here goes.

MIDNIGHT.—Done it! Labelled it *Carmen Sæculare*. Looks all right, but quite the toughest piece of work I've ever had to turn out. Posted it to MACMILLAN. Hope he'll like it.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

MR. PUNCH'S Poet has been laid up lately with an acute determination of prose to the pen—a complaint to which bards are rather liable at this season of the year. In proof of his convalescence he presents his pupils with a little Sporting effusion, which will almost recite itself, and is entitled:—

JUNIPER JEM.

Yes—(rather aggressively, as if somebody had just said it wasn't)—Steeplechasing is stirring sport, and the most exciting events of all

Are at Purlingham Park, when the field is large, and the ditches deep, and the fences tall.



And I for one shall never forget, till my brain is blurred and my eyes are dim (pass hand over brow and blink.)

The day that *Dot and Go One* was steered by an infant hero—(with burst of candour)—JUNIPER JEM!

(In tone of easy explanation.) ROBERT ROPER was down to ride, and we'd backed his mount—for he knew the course, And, gad, he'd have managed to romp in first if they'd put him up on a rocking-horse!

But out of the paddock the horses filed—and a murmur ran: "It is ROPER's son!

Why, where the dickens can ROBERT be, that he's not in charge of *Dot and Go One*?"

And the devotees of "the Ring and the Book," said many a swear as they saw the lad. [sidered the outlook bad.

While some declared that the bets were off, and we all con- For *Dot and Go One* was a grand old gee—but a trifle groggy in wind and limb,

And we feared that he wouldn't run up to his form with a child on his back like JUNIPER JEM.

But, ROPER, it happened, was under a cloud, and the Stewards had given him notice to quit,

For a little artistic arrangement in oils he'd endeavoured to paint on the favourite's bit.

"They might ha' waited," his trainer cried, "and warned him off when the race was run!

For where is the party to take his place, and perform as pilot to *Dot and Go One*?" (Look round room despairingly.)

(Lower key.) And the silence answered—for no one spoke, till (brighten up here) just as the Came a chit of seven and said: "I'll try—(pathetically) I am only a child—but (with modest confidence)—I can stick on!

See, my father's jacket and cap I've donned, and his cords encircle my legs so slim.

(With a childish frankness.) They are undersized; I was nussed on gin, which is why they've called me 'JUNIPER JEM'!

But in spite of my size and my tender years, though I've seldom been on a horse before,

I'll keep in the saddle whatever befalls—and the finest horseman can do no more!

And the simple boon that I crave of you, when the post is passed and my duty done,

Is—My father's pardon!" "A bargain, boy!" (Quietly.) So they hoisted him up on *Dot and Go One*.

(Historic Present for following stanzas. Let your delivery be rapid, brilliant, graphic, illustrated, sporting and dramatic—and you can't miss your effects.)

He has come into line with the pick of the field; the bay, and the chestnut, the strawberry roan,

(With air of gradual recollection.) *The Stiffun*, and *Cats'meat*, *Polonia's Pride*, and *Tilup-ping Tommy*, and *Second Trombone*. [skim,

Now they're off with a jump at the fall of the flag, and the top of the hurdles they cleverly But the boy? (Dubiously—then with enthusiasm.) Like a leech to the pigskin he sticks!

And we shout to him, "Bravo, JUNIPER JEM!" (Brio here—if you know what it is.)

See yonder! Ha! *Cats'meat* has made a mistake, she has touched her timber—she's in to the ditch!

And little BILL LARRUP is getting the lead, and urging *The Stiffun* with spur and switch. [Work your arms here like a jockey.

But—(trembling accent)—we haven't the heart to look at the child—it is GUNTER's shop to a penny bun

We shall see him off at the water-jump! for he doesn't seem happy on *Dot and Go One*. (Lower your voice; suppressed excitement, vivid facial expression—you know the kind of thing.)

They are close on it now, and his stirrups are gone, and—merciful powers! what is he about? [Agonised look at host here.

There! what did I tell you? They're both of 'em in! Who knows if we'll ever see both of them out?

But—wonder of wonders—look! *Dot and Go One* has scrambled out—and on top of him, Damp and draggled, but sticking tight, like a game little limpet, is JUNIPER JEM!

Coughing and wheezing, they canter on; there's an awkward post and rails to be passed! See, *Stiffun*, ah, yes, has refused it twice, and the second time little BILL LARRUP is grassed!

'Tis the boy's turn now, and we hold our breath, and we watch for the daylight—By Jove! there's none! (hysterically)—

'Tween the baggy buckskins of JUNIPER JEM and the slippery saddle of *Dot and Go One*! (Resume more quietly.)

And the gallant grey is galumphing on, like the scion true of a rare old stock (For isn't he brother to *Creepie Stool*, and stable-companion to *Golden Crock*?)

There's a brook in front, but he plunges in and strikes out boldly—he's game to swim! (Horses don't strike out exactly, but that's nothing in a recitation.)

And he's shaking himself on the opposite side—but he can't shake off young JUNIPER JEM! There are only a couple ahead of him now, as he shambles up with a raking stride!

And the poor old *Trombone*'s beginning to blow, as he pants in the rear of *Polonia's Pride*. She is over the five-foot fence like a frog—but the *Trombone*'s down and out of the fun.

(With a yell.) Now! cram him at it, JUNIPER JEM! (Relieved.) Well, he's done it somehow, on *Dot and Go One*!

One more—and the finish! Now, neck and neck, they flounder over a furze-topped mound;

Polonia's Pride goes down on her knees—(joy)—and our noble grey has his nose to the ground! (Horror.)

(Pause—then triumph.) But he's up the first! with the boy on his back—though we cannot call his condition trim,

And he certainly has a peculiar seat—but he sticks to the saddle does JUNIPER JEM!

There's a roar from the Ring, and a shout from the Stand, as they bucket by with a final burst;

For the mare is beaten by half a head, and the clever old grey is at home the first!

And the crowd are cheering the pallid child, as he capless sits in the burning sun;

"Hip-hip-hooray! for the infant pluck that has scored a win on *Dot and Go One*!"

But the boy replies with a gentle smile, "I thank you all. I have done my part."

(Keep this modest.)

"Now I claim the guerdon—a Father's name is dear indeed to his offspring's heart!"

(Very tender here)

And even the Stewards are softened now, and the unshed tears at their eyelids brim

As they pardon ROPER his little ruse for the sake of their promise to JUNIPER JEM.

Then we all of us rush to embrace the boy, and to lift him down—(with surprise)—

but we strain our backs!

And the child explains, with a simple glee, that he'd rubbed the saddle with cobbler's wax!

"With such a precaution," the cynic sneers, "no wonder the danger he didn't shun!"

(Turn up your nose disparagingly, then give the last line with a ringing infection of good-humoured contempt.)

Well—the answer to that is, "I try it yourself at Purlingham Park and on *Dot and Go One*!"

The Latest Medical Advice.

Doctor. Rheumatism! Can't do better than have a rubber regularly.

Patient. Where?

Doctor. At home, of course.

Patient. All right, come yourself and bring two other fellows.

And when the Doctor has explained that by rubber he means an expert who'll do the massage, the Patient, putting it politely,

wants to know "How much am I to allow for friction?"

HOW DOES IT LOOK THIS WAY!

(Dedicated to all such Theatres as still keep up the irritating Fee system.)



"WAITER! BRING ME THE MENU."

"MAFNOO, SIR! YESSIR—MAFNOOS ARE SIXPENCE EACH, SIR, PLEASE!"

[*.* We refrain from mentioning names at present.]



CONVERSATIONAL INANITIES.

He. "OF COURSE YOU KNOW THE 'HEIR OF REDOLYFFE'?"
 She. "I'M NOT SURE. WOULD YOU MIND JUST HUMMING IT?"

THE MUCH LOWER CHAMBER.

As it may be in a Year or two.

SCENE—The House of Commons. The SECRETARY OF STATE for the COLONIES rises in a crowded House to propose one of the chief Ministerial Measures of the Session.

The Colonial Secretary (dodging a volume of Hansard thrown at him from one of the Opposite back benches). In introducing, on behalf of Her Majesty's Government—(derisive howls)—a Bill for the Better Protection of Life and Property in the Leeward Isles—(Shouts of "Where's that?"—"Draw us a map of 'em!"—laughter.)—I feel that I must ask the kind indulgence of the House. ("You won't get it," and more howling, continued for several minutes.) It is certainly not usual—"Yes, it is!"—for a Minister of the Crown, speaking on his official responsibility—(Yah!)—to be liable to interruption—

Dr. Boxer. MR. SPEAKER, may I put it to you, whether the charge just made, without any foundation whatever, against the Opposition, is not altogether unparliamentary?

Mr. Freely. And may I also put it to you, Sir, whether that section of the Opposition to which I belong is not particularly distinguished for the courtesy and kind toleration which it always exhibits to its political opponents?

[The SPEAKER signs to the COLONIAL SECRETARY to proceed.

The Colonial Secretary. I had no intention of reflecting on any gentleman in this House. (Cries of "Walker!"—"Yes, you had!"—"There are no gentlemen in it!"—"You're another!"—and uproar.) Perhaps I may be allowed to give a few details with regard to this measure. (Gives them, his voice being rendered almost inaudible by constant howls.) I must acknowledge the extreme, the almost unequalled, patience with which Hon. Gentlemen have kindly listened to me. (Cheers.) I am aware that I may have presented my case somewhat imperfectly—(loud cries of "You have!"—catcalls, and laughter)—but the paramount importance of the preservation of life and prop—

Mr. Freely (rising in his place). Humbug! Who cares about life and property?

IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

Mr. Conybeare.—Shilling *Handbook of Parliamentary Behaviour* with Apologetic Appendix.

Mr. Gladstone.—The "Donnybrook Fair Suit," as advertised, with shillelagh complete, together with directions for acquiring the whole art of dancing the National jig in one lesson.

The Emperor of Russia.—Bullet-proof overcoat, wig for public disguise, and small volume entitled *One Hundred Ways of Governing without Getting into Hot Water*.

M. Katkoff.—Order for one, filled up with the name of M. DE GIERS, for Siberia.

M. de Giers.—M. KATKOFF's head on a charger.

Mr. Bradlaugh.—Comic song, "I fancy I've made 'em speak out," to be sung in the course of the evening with chorus, at the next City Banquet.

Mr. A. J. Balfour.—Set of original Dissolving Views, illustrative of "A happy and contented Ireland" after the passing of the pending Coercion Act.

Lord Salisbury.—New and appropriate music to accompany the same, arranged for the drum and ophicleide.

The Members of the Colonial Conference.—Photographs of each other, embellished with highly complimentary dedications, and a copy of a grand historical and allegorical oil-painting, representing "The Spirit of Imperial Federation gradually disappearing at the approach of Sir Henry Holland and his Official Understrappers enveloped in Colonial-Office fog."

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Statue of Himself, presented to him at his own suggestion, by a Committee of Dames of the Primrose League.

Mr. Chamberlain.—A Trimming Machine, slightly out of order.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Outline of a humdrum Budget that will, when it appears, neither soothe nor startle anybody.

Mr. Parnell.—Toy Target, representing the Editor of the Times with rifle and cartridges, for saloon practice complete.

General Boulanger.—Prize Essay on "Reserved Force" and its responsibilities.

Prince Bismarck.—The "Three-Emperor Trick," with directions for performing the same, forwarded with the compliments of the New European Puzzle Company.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—Programme, with Map of Westminster inclusive, of a really pleasant Easter Holiday.

The SPEAKER here mildly intimates that the Honourable Member's observations are somewhat out of order.

Mr. Freely (resuming his seat). It's the COLONIAL SECRETARY who's out of order—bilious, I imagine. (Laughter.) Well, fire away!

The COLONIAL SECRETARY (who by this time has entirely lost the thread of his argument) proceeds to contend that life in the Leeward Islands is at present not safe, owing to the incursions of the savage Aborigines—"Three cheers for the Aborigines!"—and he must therefore ask—"Ask away!"—"Who are you?"—"Yah!"—"Who poisoned his maternal aunt?" &c., &c., &c.)—the House to be good enough to pass the Bill without needless delay.

Mr. O'Scorner (indignantly). MR. SPEAKER, SORRY! I persave a threat in that remark. The Right Honourable Gentleman is threatening the House.

Dr. Boxer. His language is simply awful, MR. SPEAKER!

Mr. O'Shy'um. Unparalleled except at a wake.

Mr. Funnybeer. It injures my most delicate susceptibilities.

The Speaker. I have not noticed any threat. ("You never do!" and "Order! order!")

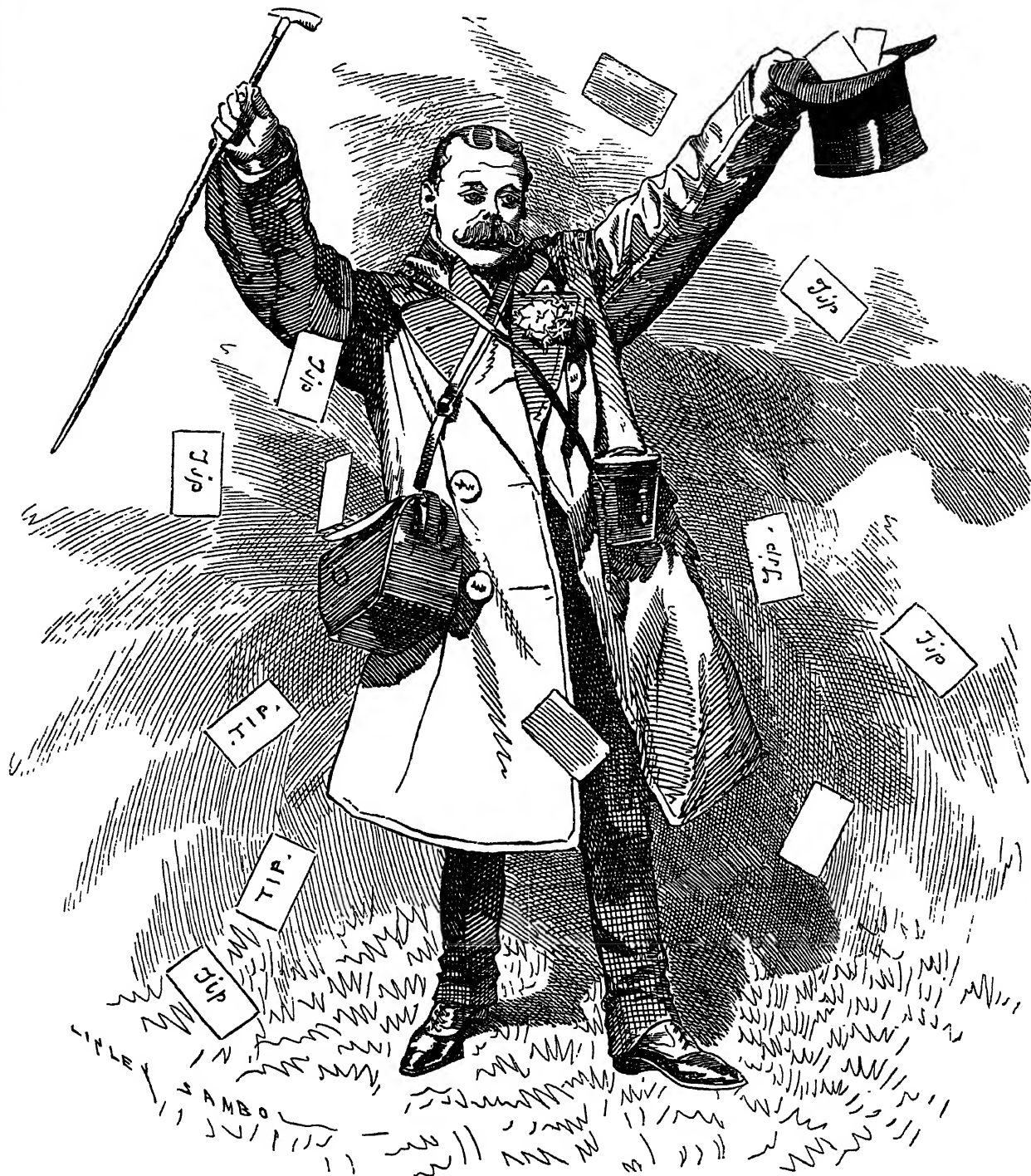
The Colonial Secretary (sarcastically). It appears, after all, that the point of order which the Hon. Members wished to raise is very like a vanishing point. (Laughter, amid which two Hon. Gentlemen, who have been threatening for some time to "punch each other's heads," retire outside, and have several rounds in the Smoking-Room.) As it is perfectly impossible for me to explain the clauses further, owing to the noise which prevails, I shall adopt the plan of having the Bill printed, with a short exposition of the reasons for it, and go home to bed.

[Does so. After eight or ten more hours of indescribable shindy, the Sergeant-at-Arms turns off the gas at the metre, and the House breaks up in some confusion.]

THE GREAT PARISIEN CORRESPONDENT.

Who writes for the Times?
 "I," says DE BLOWITZ,

"I'm 'in the know' it's
 I write for the Times."



THE TIPSTER.

(Dedicated to Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P.)

COERCION! COERCION!! COERCION!!!

RANDOLPH RIGHT AGAIN! SENT THE CORRECT TIPS TO ALL FRIENDS MONTHS AGO! RANDOLPH BACK AGAIN IN GRAND OLD FORM! WHAT DID HE SAY ABOUT EXPENDITURE! WHAT DOES HE SAY ABOUT SMITH AND BAL-FOUR-TO-ONE? WHO'S ALWAYS RIGHT! TELEGRAPHIC AND TELEPHONIC ADDRESS,

"GRANDOLPH, LONDON."

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR RANDOLPH, AND YOUR RANDOLPH WILL PULL YOU THROUGH!

A VERY FISHY AFFAIR.—The Colonial Office reply (which was "hung up" for nearly a year) to the demands of the Newfoundland Legislature that fresh bait should be protected.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.—They have none! At least such seems to be the view taken by Mr. Justice GRANTHAM of the efforts to discover the Hoxton murderer.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 4.—Quite a disturbance in Strangers' Gallery about Seven to-night. Wanted their money back. Said they'd come to House expecting to see SPEAKER in Chair in wig and gown, whereas it was filled by a gentleman in plain evening dress. Attendants remonstrated with malcontents; pointed out that at the opening of the performance the SPEAKER was there in full costume. Besides, money is never returned at the doors of Strangers' Gallery; which is, I believe, strictly a matter of fact.



"All is not Flint that looks stony."

It was CONYBEARE, who was responsible for his incident. Finding nothing to do on Saturday, House being closed, he had attended a public meeting where he brought gross charges of dishonesty against PEEL in his high function as SPEAKER. Probably thought his obscurity and unimportance would shield him from detection. But he reckoned without Our Chief. Nothing escapes that eagle eye, which regards the swelling Universe through an eye-glass. CHAPLIN heard of the speech, and when the House met this afternoon brought it under notice of SPEAKER. SPEAKER, though broken down by physical pain, rose to height of occasion. Nothing could be finer than his lofty scornful, yet half sad, manner of resenting the charge, nor anything better than the matter of his few remarks. Visibly affected JOHN ROBERTS of Flint. Pricked even the Cappadocian hide of CONYBEARE, who haltingly endeavoured to show that when he said the SPEAKER had betrayed his high trust, he never thought he should live to eat his own words. But he did, and Our Chief, having worthily performed his task, left CONYBEARE to limp back into seclusion. It was after this that SPEAKER retired. Had risen from sick bed to meet a charge as baseless as it was base.

"Quite enough," as GENT-DAVIS says, "to make any man's veins swell in his leg."

After this, House, with average attendance of twenty-five Members, had few hours' desultory talk on matters more or less nearly related to Civil Service Estimates. *Business done.*—None.

Tuesday.—Some sensation at Four o'clock. GLADSTONE discovered on Front Opposition Bench. General impression that he'd come to read prayers. The Reverend BYNG before commencing service looked inquiringly at him. Made no sign. Things took ordinary course, but House remained puzzled. Such an event must portend something. Believe myself explanation very simple. HARCOURT has of late with increased regularity secured seat of Leader of Opposition, elbowing GLADSTONE down. Attendance at prayers secures seat for remainder of night. By early attendance GLADSTONE got his place, and probably HARCOURT will take the hint. *Noo terrong*, as JOSEPH GILLIS says, not forgetful of a gift acquired during famous visit to Paris.

Nothing happening at prayer-time, next rumour to account for GLADSTONE's unusual appearance was that he intended to make great speech; perhaps move the Adjournment. All eyes turned upon him when order of the day called on. Exclamation of surprise and disappointment when PERE SAMUELSON rose from a back bench and moved Amendment to Second Reading of Coercion Bill. Ambled along for some considerable time, Members generally seizing the opportunity to write their letters. Then came PEASE and War. War in the person of Our Chief. What fine form he was in, and how thoroughly he enjoyed himself! House not very full, but GLADSTONE in his place, and, at a safe distance, HARTINGTON. A good



Le Père.

deal of pains evidently bestowed upon oration. Full of antithesis, anti-climax, and here and there a peroration. Sometimes, with corrugated brow, the great orator swung his body, as it were, on a pivot, whilst he enunciated a platitude of exceptional ponderosity. Much of his speech he addressed personally to GLADSTONE, emphasising its point with threatening forefinger. Some apprehension that GLADSTONE would fall into trap, and play the game of our wily Chief by interposing a correction. But he didn't even shake his head, and presently went out. Remained just long enough to hear that particular peroration in which CHAPLIN contrasted what he called the "Demmon" of Anarchy with his Right Hon. friend Providence, and pictured as a result a "smiling Ireland."

"What does he mean by 'Demmon'?" W. H. SMITH, in awed whisper, asked PLUNKET.

"Oh," said PLUNKET, "it's only an illustration of his natural generosity. He has given the Devil more than his due by an 'm'."

Business done.—More debate on the Coercion.

Wednesday.—Our good SPEAKER still away. COURTNEY in the Chair doing excellently well. In addition, some fifty or sixty Members present. Large proportion have speeches ready. Some half-dozen worked them off. But might have well been taken as read. Front Opposition Bench nearly empty. GLADSTONE already commenced his holiday. HARTINGTON torn himself away from his beloved labours. CHAMBERLAIN at home packing up for his journey to the Highlands. HARCOURT says that CHAMBERLAIN has ordered full Highland suit, and that he will wear it as soon as he gets North of Oban. JESSE COLLINGS has followed suit. Don't know whether HARCOURT's in earnest or not. But CHAMBERLAIN not the man to do things by half. Would not stick at such a trifle as trousers to gain his political ends.

Conversation on Coercion ceased at Twenty minutes to Six in order to give F. S. POWELL opportunity of moving Second Reading of Church Sites (Compulsory Powers) Repeal Bill. Just time for it. POWELL said few words in explanation of measure and sat down with eyes eagerly fixed on Deputy-Speaker. COURTNEY about to put question, when up rose JOSEPH GILLIS with his left hand hooked on by thumb to armhole of waistcoat whilst other extended with benignant grace as if he were bestowing his blessing on the listening Senate. "Seems to me," said JOSEPH, in his most judicial tone, "that objects of the Bill have not been sufficiently explained." This argument he urged till hand of clock touched quarter to six, after which hour Bill could not be further proceeded with. So JOEY B. resumed his seat. *Business done.*—None.

Thursday.—Morning sitting, but very few to sit. Members have paired by scores like turtle doves; have fled away, and are now at rest. Talking-machine still goes on at Westminster with less of practical result than ever. Business proposed, further discussion of Coercion Bill. Members threatened to talk at large on formal Motion that House at its rising adjourn till Tuesday. SMITH, finding discretion better part of valour, at once hauled down flag just nailed to mast, and did not persist in bringing on Coercion Bill. House adjourned at Three o'clock.

Now for the Easter holidays! Got all the time between now and Tuesday. Think I shall be able to get as far as Wandsworth Common or Hampstead Heath for change of air. *Business done.*—None.

THE REASON WHY.

THE Parisian Press, discussing the alleged failure of the English war-ships to answer the salute of the French squadron the other day, off Cannes, account for the circumstance variously, as follows:—

Because the British Navy has barbaric instincts, and is unacquainted with the polite customs of civilised nations.

Because the Vice-Admiral in command is "one poltroon."

Because it was his design to fix an insult on the Municipality of Cannes.

Because the Mariners on board are animated with the gross sentiments of Sir GILBERT-SULLIVAN.

Because LE DUC D'EDINBOURG wished to manifest his jealousy of the French Flag.

Because he would not sanction the expense of the powder necessary for the salute.

Because Prince BISMARCK had telegraphed to him, "I forbid you to fire."

NO DEMAND FOR INDIAN BONDS.—The Bishop of CARLISLE has espoused the cause of a Hindoo lady of the name of RUKHMABAI (which Mr. Punch suspects must be pronounced by that Asiatic-Hibernian potentate, the great Padishah, "RUMMY BAY"), who seemingly is desirous of becoming unmarried during the lifetime of her titular first husband. It appears that poor RUKHMABAI was linked to her other half when she was little more than a Rukhma-baby. She wants the law altered. Need it be said, after Mr. Punch's historical advice "to those about to marry," that she has his earnest sympathy?

MOTHER AND ME.

A SCHOOL-BOARD BALLAD.

Billy Backslum loquitur :-

WHY yessir, it *do* ache a little, my head *do*; goes swimmy, you see. It's along o' the lessons no doubt, Sir; I tell you that there Rule o' Three is a twister, and when a chap's 'ungry, and cold, and wet through with the rain,

To set working it out all the mornin' is apt for to gally his brain.

Heducation, Sir? Yessir, that's it, Sir. It's got to be done, Sir, of course, For without it a cove isn't wuth any more than a 'og or a 'orse; Leastways so the Board-teacher tells us. I 'aven't had much of it yet, But no doubt I should like it all right if it weren't for the 'unger and wet.

For them and for Mother! You see, Sir, we're poor, awful poor, down our court, And my father, a sweep, Sir, he died; it was sut on the chest cut 'im short, That and 'owling so 'ard for a living; and me, BOB, and BETSY—JIM's dead— Was left to poor Mother to look after. Thankye, it's only my head.

Don't cry much, us common sort don't, Sir; it don't do no good, and wastes time.

Well, Mother—ah! she's a good sort, Sir, so kind, and gin cold ain't a crime When it's took just for comfort, now is it? and two D it doesn't go fur, And it never would run to no more, so it's 'ard to be down upon *her*.

She had to look after us all, Sir, and I was the eldest, eleven, And BETSY, the baby, just two, while young BOB, he was close upon seven, But crippled along of his 'ip, Sir, and never wuth nothink for pluck. So 'twas all left to Mother and me, Sir; and I 'opped the Charlie—wus luck!

Played the wag from the Board School, I mean, Sir, it *was* such a beastly wet day, And "GINGER"—that's BARNEY GREEN's boy, Sir—was down in the smithy at play,

It did look so warm and so cosy, and I was that wringin' and sopped, I thought of the hours in wet togs in that school-room, and—well, Sir, I 'opped.

Next day little BOB he was ill, Mother had to go charing to Bow, So she left me at 'ome with the young 'uns; they hadn't no nuss, dontcherknow, 'Cept me, and sometimes DORRY SPRIGGINS, the lame little gal from next door, When Mother was out on the char or the wash-tub—cos why, we're so poor.

That day, Sir, we 'adn't no grub, not till Mother come 'ome late at night, 'Cept a apple wot GINGER GREEN give me, though I only arsked for a bite. Lor' it do give yer innards a doing to go all day long without food, And when you're at School it seems worse, though book-learnin' of course *must* be good.

Leastways, Sir, it ought to, and chance it; else why did them coves take and go And come down so 'ard upon Mother? She's 'ad to drop charing at Bow, As loses her three bob a week; but that's better than quod, dontcher see. Only fancy 'er took off to prison a-leavin' them young 'uns to me!

Yes, that's wot they threatened to do, Sir, unless I was kep' at the School. Poor Mother, she cut up, she did, and the 'Spector he called her a fool, And if I was a man with big fists like BARNEY—well, there, Sir, that's wrong; But learnin' comes 'ard on a cove when he's 'ungry and poor and not strong.

It *do* make my head ache, I tell yer. I spose with good togs and good grub, A school may be no end of nice, and as cosy and warm as a pub. Heducation comes easy *that* way, Sir; ah, even that there Rule o' Three But they don't serve us poor people so, *we* must take it like physio, you see.

Oh, yessir, I goes pretty reglar. I shan't 'op the Charlie no more, If I did I should fancy that black prison van would pull up at our door To carry off Mother. Poor Mother! she can't keep me mended nohow, Little BOB ties her up so tremenjus, and BETSY seems sickening now.

Wants nourishment—that's wot the Doctor says; yes, and he's right, Sir, you bet,

Lor', don't I just want it sometimes, sittin' there werry achy and wet? I 'aven't got fur, Sir, not yet I ain't, every one says I'm so slow, But I'm told heducation's a blessin', and praps by-and-by I shall know.

A blessin'! Well, Mother's gone thin, and she coughs awful too of a night, And BETSY's fell into the fender, and done somethink bad to her sight, Along of not being looked after. It *may* be a blessin', you see, But it *looks* like a new kind of torment to worry poor Mother and me!

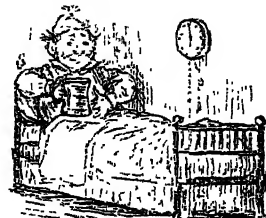
DEFINITION OF THE SITUATION AT PORT-AU PRINCE (*by Our Own Typical Cockney*).—Hayti in the Shade.

ADVICE TO IRISH LANDLORDS ON RENT DAY.—"Temper the Gale to the shorn Lamb."

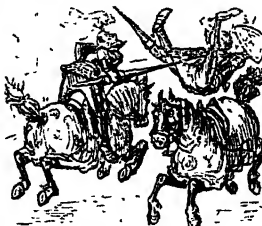
MAGAZINE EXPLOSIONS.

By D. Crambo, Junior.

Century. (Scent Sherry—ahem!)



Quart early.



Fought Knightly.



Corn-'ill.



Black woo'd.



"Ill us trated!"



Harpers and Phrasers.



"Temple! Bah!"

RAMSBOTHAMIANA.—MRS. RAM, who, when abroad, reads none but French papers, says she thinks that they do put extraordinary things in them, and, in proof of her assertion, points to this paragraph:—

"DIEPPE.—La chaudière de la drague No. 3 a éclaté dans le port. Le navire a coulé. Quatre hommes ont été tués. Il y a plusieurs blessés. Un énorme morceau de la chaudière a été lancé à trois cents mètres."

—which she thus translated for the benefit of her audience:—

"La chaudière"—The woman who keeps the warm water for your feet after your bath—"de la drague No. 3"—who belongs to the Humane Society's drag No. 3 (just the same, my dear, as they have on the Serpentine, if you remember)—"a éclaté dans le port"—shouted out loud (which I suppose is against the rules) in the port.—"Le navire a coulé"—The Navy (her husband, I fancy) was scowling himself at the time.—"Quatre hommes ont été tués"—it took four men to catch her.—"Il y a plusieurs blessés"—Many people blessed themselves—"Un énorme morceau de la chaudière a été lancé à trois cents mètres"—An enormous piece of the poor chaudière has been lanced for three centimes (they call them cents as in America, you know)—"mètres"—which were paid down on the spot. Mrs. R. says she shall advise her brother not to get a French governess for her nephews and nieces, as she can teach them herself, and save him the expense.



ADVANTAGES OF A FOREIGN EDUCATION.

YOUNG MÜLLER (FROM HAMBURG) ACCOMPANIES THE MISS GOLDMORES IN SOME OF RUBINSTEIN'S LOVELY DUETS—TO THE ENVY AND DISGUST OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. (N.B.—YOUNG MÜLLER CAN ALSO SPEAK SIX LANGUAGES, LIVE ON A POUND A WEEK, WORK EIGHTEEN HOURS OUT OF THE TWENTY-FOUR, AND DO WITHOUT A HOLIDAY.)

LITTLE MISS BUDGET!

Fine old Family Butler loquitor:—

Ah! poor little dear, you're still waiting
Alone on the stairs. It's too bad;
And to you, Miss, I do not mind stating
The family, I think, has gone mad.
You're the general pet, are you not, Miss?
And always come in with dessert.
This 'ere dawdling is regular rot, Miss,
No wonder you feel a bit hurt.
I don't know what's come to the house, Miss,
Good form seems a saying good-bye!
Though you're sitting as still as a mouse, Miss,
I see there's a tear in your eye.
You feel you're unkindly neglected,
And sort o' shut out in the cold.
Well, it isn't what I had expected,
'Tain't right,—if I may speak so bold.
Praps the likes o' me oughtn't to judge it,
Me being a servant, you see,
But to see you a sitting, Mum BUDGET,
As some one has writ, worries me.
You're ready and well literated,
But, bless you, they're not, my dear Miss;
And—well, all the years I have waited
I've never seen nothink like this.
The dawdling and noisay noration—
They calls it "discussion," my dear—
Is reg'lar right down aggravation,
Like brickies, who row o'er their beer.
I may be a old-fashioned sinner,—
Though I thinks as I knows my own walk—
But I hold people spiles a good dinner
By using their jaws for mere talk.

Dessert, dear? Lor' bless yer, not yet, Miss!
They're thick at the second course still.
You must wait a bit more, I regret, Miss;
Assure you it ain't with my will.
We'll see if this wintage will move 'em
To using their throats the right way;
If reg'lar prime wine can improve 'em,
This crusted old "Closure" should—hay?
There's one gent is longing to see you,
And that's Mr. GOSCHEN, my dear.
Be patient; I'll soon come and free you,
And then you'll be welcomed, don't fear.
You're pretty enough to be painted
By that Mr. MILLAIS, I say,
And when you and the guests get acquainted,
You'll soon 'ave it all your own way.

ONE WAY TO CURE A RANK ABUSE.

"AND so, Sir, I am to have no redress?"
"If you mean that you ain't to see the
Secretary of State for War, why, you ain't."
"Cannot I see the Commander-in-Chief?"
"No, nor yet the Accountant-General, nor
yet the Surveyer-General of the Ordnance,
nor yet the Chief Clerk." The desperate
man turned paler than ever, and pulling his
ancient hat over his wrinkled brow, left the
office and wandered into the street.
"What shall I do?" he murmured, as he
stumbled rather than walked along Pall Mall.
"How shall I get my grievance redressed?"
A letter to the papers?—useless. It would
find its way to the waste-paper basket. What
shall I do?
He had now entered St. James's Park.

Suddenly he stopped, and his face assumed
an expression that would have made the very
demons shudder. Evidently he had hit upon
a plan too terrible for human thought.

"No, no," he cried, in a piteous voice, "it
is too horrible!"

But the shadow of crime came back to
him, and with it the dreadful determination
to do that terrible, that awful deed! In
vain he fought against it, in vain he tried to
turn a deafened ear to the frantic promptings
of the spirit of unforgiving, unforgiving
wrong! He was now in Eaton Square. Sudden-
ly all his strength of will gave way, and
the beast was uppermost.

"I must do it!" he shrieked. "It is my
only chance of obtaining publicity. I must
do it!" And in another moment a stone
went crashing through the Secretary of State
for War's library window.

The next morning the unhappy man got
two months' imprisonment in the House of
Correction, and—a first-rate advertisement!

Tactics.

"A little reserve on my part will, I believe, help
our adversaries . . . to profit more effectively . . .
by the teaching of events."—*Mr. Gladstone's
Letter to the Chelsea Liberals.*

WHAT! not appear at Chelsea's Town Hall?
Why?

Can GLADSTONE from the fray desire to fly?
Nay, think that from fight he shrinks or
swerves?—
He's only falling back on his "reserves"!



LITTLE MISS BUDGET.

THE BUTLER. "DESSERT, MISS? OH DEAR, NO! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT A BIT YET. WE'VE ONLY JUST GOT TO THE SECOND COURSE!!"

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXV.—THE JUBILEE MAYOR OF PUDDLETON.

"ALDERMEN, Councillors, Townsmen, Friends," said the newly elected Mayor of Puddleton, in returning thanks for the honour which



had been conferred upon him, "thirty years ago, a poor, but honest, lad stood in front of this noble Hall, and made a solemn vow that he would sit in the chair to which you have this very day elected me. (Cheers.) Not that the poor but honest lad in question, hoped to gain his end by artifice; for he had faith in the power of industry, and good conduct, and he had already heard of the high and honourable motives of the Puddleton Corporation. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, that poor lad of thirty years ago, is now thanking you for capping the edifice of his ambition with the highest distinction which this Honourable Corporation can confer upon a Burgess of Puddleton. (Loud cheers.) My dear Friends and Fellow-workers, in the interests of this

ancient borough, I feel sure you will excuse me if, in the fulness of my heart, I venture to refer to the next landmark in my not uneventful career. Fifteen years after that first rash, but earnest vow, I had the good fortune to wait upon a lady, for the first time in my then master's establishment, in regard to whom I made a pledge none the less audacious; for as I handed her into her carriage, I said to myself, 'CHARLES HARMONY SCRUPLE,' I said, 'that lovely woman shall be your wife,' and, Gentlemen, that lady by your votes this day, is at this auspicious moment the Mayoress of Puddleton; and I can honestly declare that she is worthy of your homage." (Great applause.)

It is worth while to recall these memorable sentences of a remarkable speech in order that we may impress upon the reader the resolute character of the gentleman who now presides over the destinies of Puddleton; and it is useful also as a record of the text of the leading article which shortly afterwards appeared in *The Puddleton Times*, defining the principles of the English Constitution in relation to civic functions, and bearing upon an ever memorable event in the life of Her Majesty the QUEEN, namely this gracious year of Jubilee. "It is inherent in the Constitution of this great Empire," wrote the Editor of *The Puddleton Times*, "that merit and a blameless life shall be recognised in the distribution of civic, national, and imperial honours; and it is fortunate for the future of this entity of Puddleton in the great union of English-speaking peoples that the Corporation do not undervalue this fundamental basis of the nation's liberties."

CHARLES HARMONY SCRUPLE was a linen-draper; so also, he was wont to say, was JOHN GILPIN of famous London town; but the Mayor of Puddleton had never been known to do a ridiculous thing in presence of his fellow-townsmen. When he first began to study the art of deportment as it should be exercised in the active duties of a retail draper, he practised before a mirror; when he began to understand the importance of a graceful manner and a persuasive tone of voice to a salesman engaged in a store patronised by the county gentry, he experimented upon those lay-figures whose plastic rotundities exhibited his artful taste in the arrangement of draperies and colour; but in these rehearsals he was alone and unseen. As a young man he was the only assistant in the Puddleton emporium with whom the great ladies of the shire would condescend to exchange a single word that was not of a purely business character; as an elderly gentleman, they frequently consulted him upon the latest fashions both of dress and decorations, and it is believed, while these lines are being penned, that in his capacity of Chief Magistrate of Puddleton he will be permitted to join the county committee for providing funds to establish almshouses for the relief of distressed landowners and impetuous territorial lords.

He was short in stature; but venerable in appearance. His florid complexion was picturesquely heightened by his white hair; he spoke in a soft propitiatory voice, which, however, could rise to the occasion of great events, and his kindly smile never seemed to desert him; though he had once had to compromise a case of assault in

which, during a moment of exasperation, he had pinched the ears of the youngest of his shopboys, whom he had caught in the act of making faces at him while he was engaged in giving his best advice to a forlorn townsman, who had solicited him for assistance more useful at the moment than "pearls of honest counsel."

The marriage of Mr. SCRUPLE was not the least interesting example of that "steadfast perseverance" to which the editor of the *Puddleton Times* "fearlessly declared" that his Worship, like all great men owed his success in life." She was a confiding widow. Mr. CHARLES HARMONY SCRUPLE sold her the very weeds in which she afterwards received his addresses. His sympathy, in the trying moments of her first orders, and his gentle smiles of comfort when the time came to discuss the question of half-mourning, were full of a benign consolation. When the conventional hour arrived for laying aside the last coquettish indications of the widow's cap, he was her accepted suitor, and in due course he entered into full possession of "the lamented deceased's" hard-earned savings, together with a most comely and simple-minded little woman, who is devoted to him, listens in private to all his impromptu speeches before he makes them in public, is his best audience at the penny readings, and has "many a time and oft" begged him to remove to London, where his talents would have a wider scope for exercise and development; but he is bound to Puddleton, he says, by ties of gratitude, and he will never desert the town of his adoption, which is not only hallowed to him by commercial and civic success, but is the happy spot where first he met his darling MARIA.

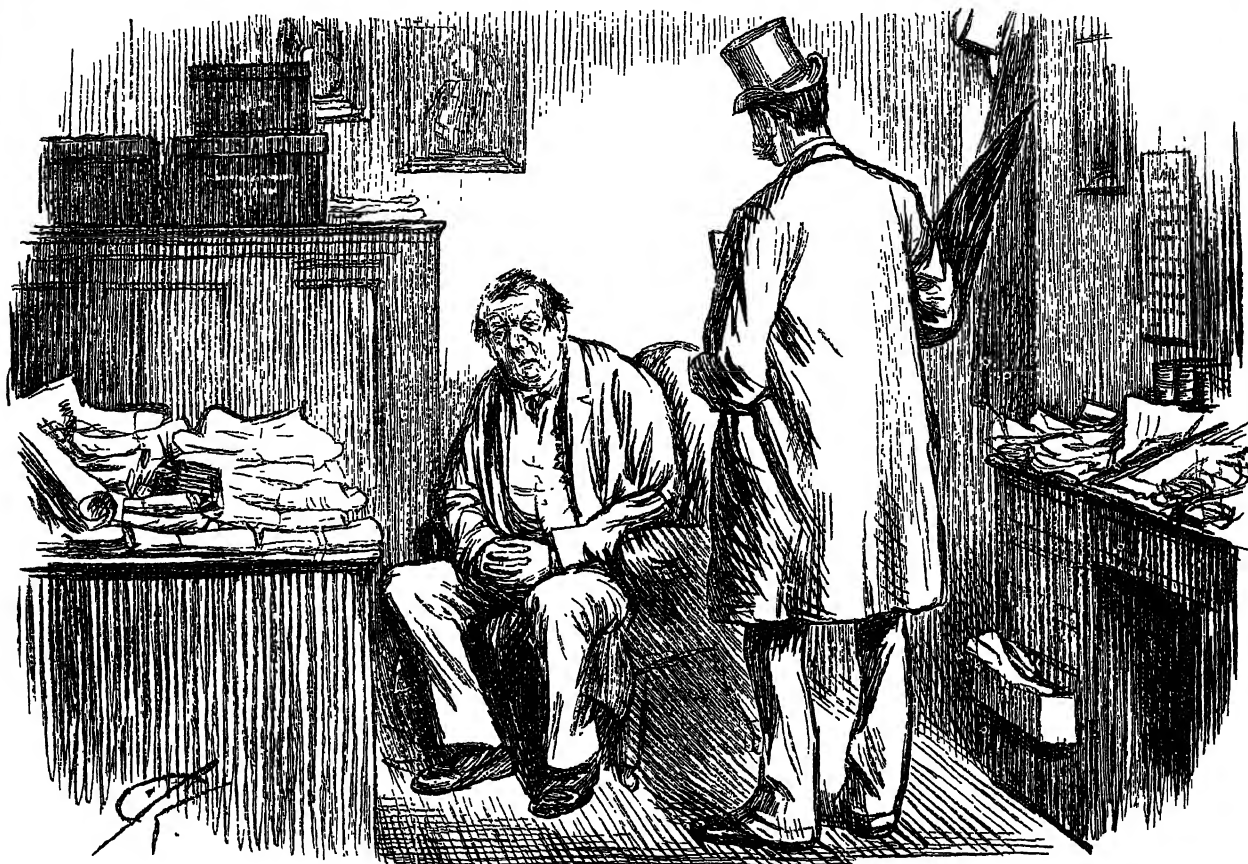
You should see the Mayor and Mayoress of the Jubilee Year going to church on Sunday mornings to take their seats in the Corporation pew. There is no person too lowly for them both to recognise, and no person so high with whom his Worship will not pause to shake hands. It is a lesson in humility, and a rebuke to pride that walk to church on Sundays; and prisoners the next morning who are sentenced to various terms of hard labour, for wandering abroad without any visible means of subsistence and other awful crimes known to the law, seem almost anxious to thank the Chief Magistrate for the kindly and eloquent manner in which he confers upon them the heaviest sentences legally allowable in their respective cases; his Worship never forgetting to tell them that the first duty of a Justice is to see that justice is done, in which he is often very warmly supported by a class of Magistrates according to whose professional calling one might expect that mercy would not be considered of secondary importance. Not that we would for a moment suggest any natural shortcomings of benevolence in the *personnel* of the Bench of Puddleton; but we confess to have noticed, more in sorrow than in anger, that, from the Mayor downwards, a sense of duty to the blind lady with the scales, is apt to override the more beneficent exercise of the mercy which tempers justice in the higher teaching of the law, as expounded by that learned Judge in the courts of Venice, who tried to soften the heart of a certain Jew who carried a pair of scales for a very different purpose from that which is supposed to actuate the classic lady whose effigy adorns the stucco *façade* of the Puddleton Police Court.

It was the rich, and at the same time, the loving hand of the tender-hearted widow, to whom reference has been made, that enabled Mr. SCRUPLE to buy the flourishing business he has now for more than a decade conducted on his own account; and it is a graceful tribute that he asks Puddleton to offer to her and to their noble QUEEN, in the subscription which he is raising, to build a Home for Poor Needlewomen, to be called after the two great ladies of these Puddleton days, "the Maria and Victoria Institute;" and he "is persuaded that in thus, as it were, bringing HER MAJESTY into their home-life, and allaying, as it were, the Chief Magistracy of the Queen's loyal town of Puddleton with the greater and grander Chief Magistracy of the Empire on which the sun never sets, they will be, in a manner, upholding those glorious liberties for which their fathers fought on many a gory field."

We quote these closing sentences of His Worship's speech on the projected "Maria and Victoria Institute," from a lengthy report in *The Puddleton Times*, the Editor of which high-spirited journal confesses (in language which demonstrates the infectious character of civic eloquence) his belief that when the Jubilee honours are Gazetted, the present Mayor of Puddleton, will be amply endorsed "in one of those historic scenes not quite foreign to the experiences of Chief Magistrates of less important boroughs than ours; one of those stirring scenes of constitutional government, wherein a great Queen confers the dignity of Knighthood upon a worthy subject, in distinguishing whose merits before the world she casts a reflected glory upon the Throne itself."

Obvious.

"THE Elements are out of order," says
A Newspaper. 'Tis true; in various ways,
Earthquakes, volcanoes, storms, are raising ruction.
But all this shindy upon sea and shore,—
Earth, air, fire, water,—only proves still more
The need of "Elementary Instruction."



A "DRAWBACK."

Idle Friend to Thrifty Bread-winner, "OH, YOU STICK TOO CLOSE TO WORK. NO WONDER YOU'RE SEEDY WHY DON'T YOU RUN DOWN TO THE SEA-SIDE FOR A WEEK? YOU WANT CHANGE AND REST, MY DEAR FELLOW——"

Dyspeptic (snappishly), "SO I DID—TRIED THAT. BUT—THE WAITERS GOT ALL MY CHANGE!—AND—AND—THE HOTEL BILL TOOK THE REST!"

A COUNTY CHORUS.

(*A recently sung by a Deputation of Gentlemen from the Hop and Barley districts, with fair success, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.*)

SEE us, lost in consternation,
Begging you at least will hear
Of the gross adulteration
Now affecting British beer.
Hops have from the compound vanished,
And the Brewer with his wiles
Introduces, barley banished,
Quassia and camomiles!
'Tis not that the public daily
Drinks this poison that we mind,
For they take to it quite gaily,
And the taste enticing find.
'Tis not that the stuff is heady,
And of drinks is quite the worst,
Making brain and legs unsteady,
And tenfold increasing thirst.
No; what moves us in the matter
Is the stake we're in the hop,
For the Market still grows flatter,
And the prices daily drop.
So let loose the analyser,
Out with penalty and fine,
And he very soon, grown wiser,
Won't at water draw the line;
But will hunt up each ingredient,
Catalogue and make quite clear
What the Brewer finds expedient
To put in his miscalled "beer."

Till, the Law in vain defying,
All the spurious traffic stops,
And we once more are complying
With a brisk demand for hops.
Help us then, as to the Nation
Thus we tell our piteous tale.
Just a little agitation—
In our object we shan't fail.
Help us, and you'll surely think soon,
While the wrong you deftly cure,
As the British beer you'll drink soon,
That our motives are as pure!

THE SHIP AND TURTLE.—The LORD MAYOR should lose no time in convening a meeting at the Mansion House to consider the statement put forward by Colonel TROTTER of the ill-treatment received during a voyage from the West Indies by Turtle. The poor creatures are kept, from four to five weeks together, absolutely without food, insomuch that their stomachs are actually concave! Their fins get trodden upon and bruised, their shells crushed and broken, their eyes knocked out or in, they lose weight and condition, they become too weak to move, and are landed in a semi-dying state. If these terrible allegations are exact, the thought of them must be enough to take away the appetite of every sympathetic Alderman. The idea of eating unsound turtle! Until the horrors of the middle passage are abated for those unhappy reptiles, the Corporation had better abjure real turtle, and addict themselves to mock.

DOMESTIC MELODIES;

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

(*By Sancho Preston Panza.*)

No. III.—UPON THYRSIS TAKING A JOURNEY.

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore.
This was very wrong of THYRSIS;
Yet, reflecting what 'twas for,
One can half excuse his curses.

For he saw his luggage neat
T'wards a distant platform trundled,
While upon the carriage seat
Alien packages were bundled.

Quickly as the deed was done,
Faster flow'd his speech reproving;
While upon a two-hours' run
Faster still the train was moving.

THYRSIS was, as usual, late;
I had told him he would be so;
(Which was not an adequate
Reason for his blessing me so.)

Careless words a friend may stab;
No one's temper could be shorter.
Yet I had to pay the cab,
And I had to tip the Porter.

He was hustled in, poor soul,
With three babies and two nurses:
I am glad, upon the whole,
I'm not travelling with THYRSIS.

COLONIAL PRESSURE;

OR, TEACHING YOUR GRAND-MOTHER-COUNTRY.

ACT I.—*The Deck of a Homeward-bound Mail Steamer.* Enthusiastic Colonial Premier discovered concluding farewell speech on the prospective blessings of a closer union with the Mother Country, to a stimulated and excited throng of intending "Federated" Colonists.

Colonial Premier (finishing his peroration, much moved). So, my Brothers, I bid you adieu, and as I do so, I ask you to respond with three hearty cheers for our union with that glorious Empire, which it is my mission in taking this lengthy voyage to accomplish. (*They respond frantically.*) I go to the great centre from which we are all proud to boast our common life-blood flows, there to meet together with the representatives of our far-scattered colonial brothers in solemn conclave the Ministers of that mighty EMPRESS-QUEEN whose children we claim to be, and for the mutual defence and consolidation of whose far-spreading Empire we shall consult lovingly and loyally together. Farewell, then, my Brothers. Wish me God speed.

[*They do, and continue shouting themselves hoarse till the Vessel is well out of sight.*]

ACT II.—*An Ante-room in the Colonial Office, seven weeks later.* Polite Junior Official discovered holding brief explanatory conversation with Enthusiastic Colonial Premier.

Polite Junior Official (quietly concluding reply to several leading questions). No, I fancy the meeting will be held here in one of our spare rooms; and if you ask me, I do not think Lord SALISBURY has any intention of being present.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. What! Not the Prime Minister?

Polite Junior Official. No, I don't think so. But the announcement seems to take you quite by surprise.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. By surprise? I should rather say it did! Why, how can the matter be discussed with any dignity without him!

Polite Junior Official. Ha! but you forget. There will most probably, I might say, certainly, be the Head of our Department present.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. The Head of your Department, indeed! Do you think I've come all this way to see him! I have quite enough of him on paper seven thousand miles off.

Polite Junior Official. Really? Ah! but I've no doubt you'll find it will all be satisfactory enough.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. Satisfactory! Why, STANHOPE's Circular said it was to meet to discuss "The general defence of the Empire." Is the Secretary of State for War, I should like to know, going to attend?

Polite Junior Official. Oh, no, I don't think so.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. You "don't think so"! And I'll be bound the First Lord of the Admiralty hasn't been summoned.

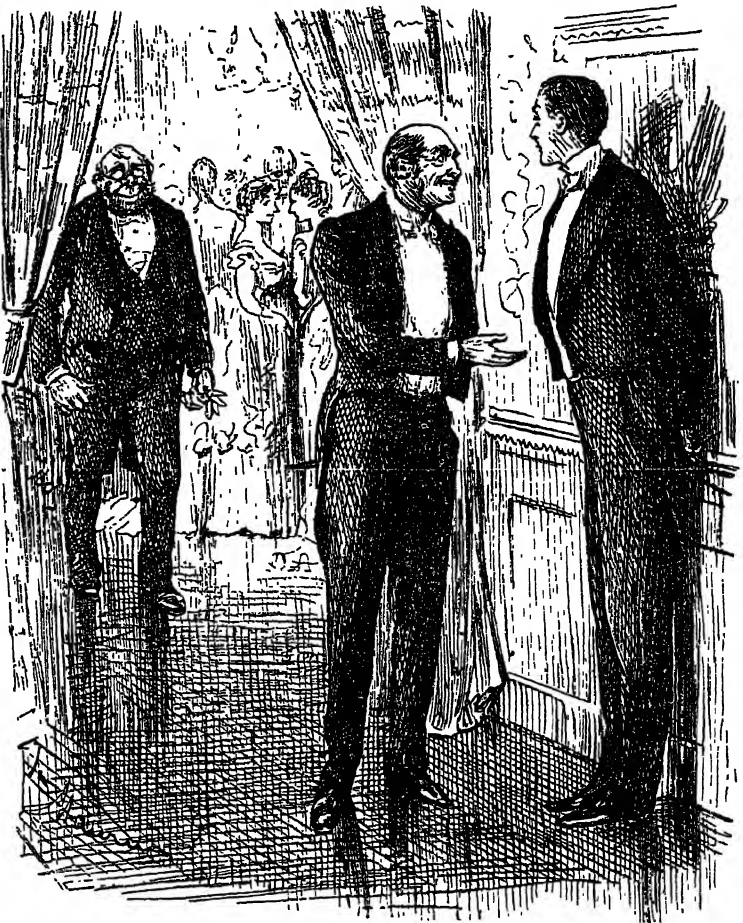
Polite Junior Official (judicially). No, I should certainly say he had not.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. And I dare say the Postmaster-General even hasn't a seat at the table, and we're going to discuss "Imperial Intercommunication." Well, I'll tell you what it is. What with the Prime Minister out of it, too, the whole thing is a farce and a swindle, that's what it is; and what's more, you'll find that men who have come from all parts of the earth as representatives of the Colonial Governments won't stand it. Reorganise your arrangements while there's yet time, Sir. Good morning. [*Exit indignantly.*]

ACT III.—*Official Transformation Scene.* (For further particulars see Newspapers.)

BEARDING CONYBEARE.—The other day an evening London paper complained that Mr. CONYBEARE was too old to plead extreme youth as an excuse for his unmannerly attack upon the SPEAKER. "He is no hot-headed boy," said our twilight contemporary. This may be the case, but, for all that, the M.P. for one of the Cornish Divisions is certainly a representative of Miners.

SCARCELY A LIGHT MATTER.—The retirement of Professor TYNDALL.



SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

Jones. "CONFOUND IT! HERE'S THAT FRIGHTFUL OLD BORE, BROWN!"

Smith. "WELL, HE'S A BORE, NO DOUBT—THE GREATEST, IN FACT, I EVER MET—BUT HE'S GOT HIS GOOD POINTS. FOR INSTANCE, WHEN ONCE HE'S TAKEN A LIKING TO A FELLOW, HE STICKS TO HIM FOR EVER! HE'S TAKEN A TREMENDOUS LIKING TO YOU—TA-TA!"

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

VII.—BETTY AND THE BEAST.

WHEN the Merchant heard his youngest daughter (the clever one, from Giron) express her wish for a singing laurel-leaf (after the two elder girls had mentioned a diamond necklace, and a cachmire cachemisière), he thought it was only her way of showing off.

"A singing laurel-leaf from Apollo's own crown, my girl," said he, and, in his heart, he registered a vow to fetch her Mr. TODHUNTER's excellent *Euchid*, for he hated ostentation.

His business done, the necklace and the cachmire purchased in the flowery valley of Cachemisière, the Merchant was returning, when his train was delayed by one of the snow-storms so prevalent in April. Stamping about, to keep his feet warm, the Merchant found himself within the splendid grounds attached to a princely palace.

"Egad," said he, "I'll pluck a laurel-leaf for BEAUTY"—that was his youngest daughter's name. No sooner did he approach the laurel than all its foliage chanted,—

"Oh, what a surprise,
Two lovely black eyes!"

which, indeed, were promptly inflicted on the Merchant by an unseen fist.

When the Merchant came to himself, he found one standing over him, whom he recognised as a perfect Beast.

"The insolence of the modern tourist is excessive," said the Beast. "How dare you pluck my singing laurel?"

"Please, Sir," said the Merchant, "I have a daughter at home"—

"The old story," sneered the Beast. "Bring her with you for my Bride, or it shall be the worse for you."

The Merchant, to tell the truth, was not sorry to have a chance of getting BEAUTY, with her airs and exercises, off his hands. In vain had he hoped that

a Tutor of Trinity would come forward. BEAUTY was a dialectician so skilled that the cleverest young men shrank in terror from her side. But, when the Merchant had returned home, and dashing away a tear, began his tale, the eldest daughter, BETTY, interrupted him, saying—

"I, and nobody else, will sacrifice myself for my father and my family. Let the Beast devour me. Never shall it be said that the youngest of us, a mere child, was deserted by her eldest sister!"

The resolution of BETTY was unshaken, and the Merchant returned with her to the remote and rural residence of the Beast.

He received them with unexpected cordiality, and at once introduced BETTY to his Aunt, an elderly lady of unimpeachable propriety.

(Here, says the Arabian scholiast, the advantage of Mr. Punch's over all other Fairy Tales is unusually manifest. In no other version, except in that collected by Mr. Punch from the lips of his attached and highly respectable subjects, is the beloved of the Beast provided with a Chaperon.)

The Merchant now returned to his affairs, and BETTY and the Beast were a good deal thrown together by the kindly old Aunt, who, for her part, was exactly like any other lady of her age. One day it occurred to the Beast to show BETTY her own family in the Magic Mirror, when, looking over her shoulder, he observed BEAUTY.

"Why," exclaimed the Beast, "you are the plain one of the family! Go home and send me BEAUTY."

Poor BETTY reddened, but she was the best of girls, and made allowance for the frankness of the Beast. Associating for a long time with pigs and tigers in the Garden of Circe, he had partly lost his manners.

BEAUTY came, and BETTY went, but, before she departed, the Beast gave her a diamond ring. "That diamond," he said, "will turn red as a ruby, if I am dying, blue as a sapphire, if I am bored."

At home with her dear father, BETTY had almost forgotten the Beast, when one day, glancing at her ring, she found the stone as blue as a sapphire, yet slowly changing into ruby red.

"My poor Beast is bored, my Beast is dying," she said, and hurried off to his palace. In the garden there lay her Beast, a volume of Professor SEELEY's Books of History beside him, and surrounded by the later works of several esteemed English poets.

He faintly smiled as BETTY drew near, then, raising his head, remarked—

"You come too late! Your clever sister has brought me to this! She never left off improving me. She let me hear about the *Ding an Sich*, and about KANT. She read to me *Parleyings with Certain Peter Parleys*,"

added the poor Beast, his mind obviously wandering.

BETTY threw her arms round his hairy old neck, and laid his heavy old head on her lap.

"Oh, Beast, Beast, don't die, and you shall never, never hear of Education, or the Theory of Rent any more!"

As BETTY spoke thus kindly, the Beast changed into a beautiful young Baronet, in a velvet coat of the same colour as the Beast's skin had been.

"Delightful BETTY," he cried, "you have disenchanted me,

reformed my manners, and restored my interest in existence! I am for ever yours!"

So saying, he led her within the castle, where his old Aunt received him with tears of joy, while BEAUTY, coming down with ink fingers, too late for luncheon, observed she was delighted that dear BETTY was happy at last.

Moral.—A good heart is better in a wife than a pretty face and a classical education.



THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.)

An Officer of the Reserve was introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir?

Applicant. I am a Captain in the Reserve of Officers.

The Commissioner (after searching). I find no entry in the monthly Army List of such a body.

Applicant. No, Sir, and that is one of the grievances of which I have to complain. Although Warrant Sergeants and Retired Majors of the Auxiliary Forces appear, yet my brother officers and myself are left out in the cold. Our names are published once a quarter in an unwieldy volume, which practically is never consulted, and there the matter ends.

The Commissioner. I presume, then, that your duties are purely honorary?

Applicant. On the contrary, they are very real indeed. During peace we may never be called upon to serve; but, at the first hint of war, we are liable to be sent anywhere and everywhere at a moment's notice.

The Commissioner. Then I suppose you receive a retaining fee, like the rank and file of the Reserve?

Applicant. Certainly not. On the contrary, those of us who have received our Commissions in Her Majesty's Land Forces after long

qualifying service in the Militia, may be called upon to join a Line Regiment for a month's duty, at our own expense and without pay, every year.

The Commissioner. May I ask of what body of men the Reserve of Officers is composed?

Applicant. Officers in the Regular Army on half-pay, Officers of the Regular Army who have retired in the prime of life, and the very pick of the Officers of the Auxiliary Forces. In this latter class, a Major usually serves as a Captain, and a Captain as a Lieutenant.

The Commissioner. In the event of war, of what service would the Reserve of Officers be to the Nation?

Applicant. As a body, they would be of incalculable value. As every one of them holds a Commission in the Regular Army, they could individually be drafted at a moment's notice into any battalion requiring their services, and sent, I repeat anywhere. In times of peace their services are also available, though as a rule they then are only accepted when they have been tendered on their own initiative.

The Commissioner. The Reserve Officers seem to be a useful body.

Applicant. This has been frequently admitted in Parliament, and confirmed by the Horse Guards. In spite of this they are utterly ignored by the War Office—except of course when their services are required. Then they are hunted up pertinaciously.

The Commissioner. What would you propose?

Applicant. That at least their names should be enrolled in that Military Court Guide—the monthly *Army List*.

The Commissioner (smiling). That should not be a difficult request to grant.

Applicant. And yet it has been made for the last seven years without success. And secondly, that after a fixed number of years of faithful service, they should obtain the honorary rank on retirement granted to all other branches of the Service.

The Commissioner. And that also seems reasonable. Is there anything else you can suggest, Captain?

Applicant. No, Sir, save that you deserve the thanks of hundreds of Officers in the Reserve for thus espousing their cause.

The Commissioner. Not at all. I will mention the matter to my friend Colonel HUGHES HALLETT and two or three other Honourable, gallant, and right feeling Members of the House of Commons, and with their assistance I have no doubt you will attain the well-deserved reward of your almost too modest ambition.

[The Applicant saluted, and withdrew.]

THE PROMISE OF MAYFLOWER.—It is to be hoped that the proposed Yacht Race between the American *Mayflower* and the English *Arrow* may come off. Latest advices report that the rules are still *sub judice*. Our Cousins on the other side of the Atlantic should be satisfied with the terms. They have the great advantage of knowing that, even if the Britisher wins, it will be still only an *Arrow Victory*.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ORIGIN OF TITLES (DUKES).

According to D. Cranbo, Junior.



(Cabbage) Bed-ford.



Leeds.



Knew Cassell?



Rut-land.



Some are set?



Gnaw thumb—bare land!

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

In graceful consideration for the requirements of students of the softer sex, Mr. Punch has ordered his Head-Poet this week to produce a choice example of simple pathos. If its linked sweetness somewhat resembles that of a confectioner's port which has tarried unduly in the decanter, possibly they will like it none the worse on that account. We will call it

BURGLAR BILL.

(You must open in a hushed voice, and with an air of wonder at the world's iniquity.)

Through a window in the attic, brawny Burglar BILL has crept; Stealthily he seeks a chamber where the jewellery is kept.

[Pronounce either "jewelry" or "joolery." He is furnished with a jemmy, centre-bit, and carpet-bag—For the latter "comes in handy," as he says, "to stow the swag." ("Jemmy," "Centre-bit," and "Carpet-bag," are important words—put good colouring into them.)

Here, upon the second landing, he secure may work his will; Down below 's a dinner-party—up above the house is still . . .

[Start here, and extend first finger.

Suddenly—in spell-bound horror—all his satisfaction ends—

For a little white-robed figure by the banister descends! (This line requires careful handling, or it may be imagined that the figure was sliding down the banisters, which would simply ruin the effect. Observe the bold but classic use of the singular in "banister," which is more pleasing to the ear than the plural.)

BILL has reached for his revolver—(business here with fan)—but he hesitates to fire:

Child is it, or apparition, that provokes him to perspire?

Can it be his guardian angel, sent to stay his hand from crime?

[In a tone of awe.

He could wish she had selected some more reasonable time! "Go away!" he whimpers, hoarsely. "Burglars have their bread to earn!"

I don't need no Gordian angel comin' givin' me a turn!"

(Shudder and hide your eyes, then change your manner to a naïve surprise.)

But the blue eyes open wider, ruby lips reveal their pearl:—

"I is not a garden angel—I is dust a yickle girl!"

[Be very artless here.

On the thtairs to thit I'm doin till the tarts and jellies tum; PARTENTHON, the Butler, awayth thaves for Baby BELLA thome!

Poor man, 'oo is lookin' 'ungry—leave 'oo burgling fins up dere; Tum along an' have some sweeties, thitting on the bottom thtair!" "Reely, Miss, you must excoose me," says the Burglar, with a jerk; "Dooty calls, and time is pressing—I must set about my work!"

[This gruffly.

"Is 'oo work to bweak in houses? NANA told me so, I'm sure! Will 'oo try if 'oo can manage to bweak in my doll's-house door? I tan never det it undone, so my dollies tan't det out; They don't like the fwont to open ewevy time they'd walk about! Twy—and, if 'oo does it nicely, when I'm thent upthtairs to theep, I will bwing 'oo up some goodies—which thall be for 'oo to keep!"

[Pause, then emotional.

Off the little angel flutters—but the Burglar wipes his brow; He is wholly unaccustomed to a kindly greeting now! Never with a smile of welcome has he seen his entrance met!

[Mournfully.

Nobody (except the Policeman) ever wanted him as yet! [Bitterly. Many a stately home he's entered—but, with unobtrusive tact, He has ne'er, in paying visits, called attention to the fact. Gain he counts it, on departing, if he has avoided strife. Ah, my Brothers, but the Burglar's is a sad and lonely life!

[With deep feeling.

All forgotten are the jewels, once the purpose of his "job," As he sinks upon the doormat with a deep and choking sob! Then, the infant's plea recalling, seeks the Nursery above, Looking for the Lilliputian crib he is to crack—for love!

[He generally does it for money, you know.

In the corner stands the dolls'-house, gaily painted green and red;

[Colouring again here.

And the door declines to open—even as the child had said! Out come centre-bit and jemmy, all his implements are plied; Never has he burgled better, as he feels with honest pride! Deftly now the task 's accomplished—for the door will open well, When a childish voice behind him breaks the silence like a bell,— "Sank 'oo, Missa Burglar, sank 'oo, and, betause 'oo's been tho nice, See, I've bwrought 'oo up a tartlet—gweat big gweedies eat the ice! Pappa says he wants to see 'oo—PARTENTHON is tummin' too,— Tan't 'oo stay?" . . . "Well, not this evenin', so, my little dear—adoo!"

(Make a picture of the next couplet; let the audience see the haunted victim of social prejudice beguiling his flight by tender memories as he escapes his pursuers.)

Fast he speeds across the housetops—but his bosom throbs with bliss, For upon his rough lips linger traces of a baby's kiss!

[This line, tear-laden as it is, needs very delicate treatment to prevent the audience from understanding it in a painfully literal sense.

(Now we come to the finale with a highly effective contrast—don't be afraid of it.)

Dreamily on downy pillow Baby BELLA murmurs sweet:

[Smile here with a sleepy tenderness.

"Burglar, tum adain an' thee me—I will dive 'oo cakes to eat!"

[That's one side; now for the other.

In his garret, worn and weary, Burglar BILL has sunk to rest, Claspng tenderly a damson tartlet to his burly breast!

[Linger lovingly on the word "tartlet," remembering to cross your hands upon your bosom as you conclude, and, if you do not find that several susceptible bachelors have been knocked completely out of time by this little recitation, there must have been something seriously amiss with your rendering of it.

"BELGRAVIA BOB'S" SHOW.

(From the "Yankee Gridiron Gazette.")

The Show of which "Belgravia Bob" is the Boss, is intended to represent in a vivid manner all the striking and exciting incidents connected with High Life in the West. In London it covered a space of more than a thousand acres (including Kensington), and was composed of nearly three thousand chaperones, débutantes, dancing-men, and millionnaires, all intended to illustrate fashionable life. It exhibits the chasing and capturing of county heirs by the wily dowager and her talented assistants and daughters, the darlings of the New Club and the Park. Belgravia Bob explains the mysteries of pillaging at the Club, bacarat, and flying kites. He also has an encounter with a grass widow (from India) in which he comes off second-best. Mr. HENRY IRVING is expected to be delighted with the Show, and to say "that it speaks to him from its heart, and is the best thing that has ever been produced by London—outside the Lyceum Theatre," wherein indeed much of the Show is often seen.

VERY GRAYS-FULL.—So Gray's Inn is bent upon producing a "Maske," in honour of the Jubilee! An excellent idea! There is no disguising that it will be a success, in spite of perhaps being called by a Cookney a "Maske 'orayed."



"RURAL FELICITY."

Sympathetic Old Parson. "YOU APPEAR IN DEEP THOUGHT, MY FRIEND. MAY I ASK WHAT CHIEFLY OCCUPIES YOUR MIND?" *Countryman.* "MAISTLY NOWT!"

ROBERT AT HYDE PARK.

WELL, there I was, as usual, right in the werry middle of the whole shouting mob, without no more intention of being there than the unborn babe. Having been at the two last demonstrashuns, I thinks they calls 'em, without no bother nor trubble, I natrally thort as I shoold like to see a third, but only jest from a distance as it were, but to my great astonishment I found myself carried along by such a mob as I never seed afore, rite up to a platform where a wild-looking Irishman was a raving away like a wild Ingin. After a little while it struck me as so werry comical that I larfed out lowd, wen a werry sawage-looking feller arsked me wot I was a larfing at, and afore I could arnser him, said he wood punch my hed for a stoopid old fool if I did it agane! I am proud to say that in all my perfeshnal career that is the werry first time as them powerful words was ever said to me, but I was quite ekal to the ocashun. Without daining to say one word in reply, I fixt my eagle gaze upon him for a brief moment, and then turned away and disdainfully squeezed my way out of that part of the mob, with sitch a xpression of supreme contempt upon my ancieint wisage as must as driven him wild with hanger if he could but have seen it.

When I got out of the dense mob to where the people was thinner, I arsked a werry quiet looking Postman, who was enjoying his onusual holliday by having a good long seat in the Park, if he knowed what the great meeting was all about, and he told me it was all about coersion, witch he arterwards xplained to mean that not nobody hadn't no right to prewent anybody from doing whatever they liked to do, purwided it wasn't contrary to Law. So I then arsked him why a ferocious non-coersionst shoold threaten to punch my head for larfing? To which he replied that proberly he was a Irishman, which he seemed to think xplained the hole matter.

I didn't think as the hemblems of victory as was carried in sum of the percesshuns was quite so appropriate as ushal. For instance, a coffin isn't a partickler lively hobject to carry about four mile for fun, or much calkerlated to raise the sperrits of the carryers, but there it was, and when it's acuppanied by the Ded Marching Sorl, as I was told it was, tho' I didn't see it, I carnt help thinking they was both what I never am, I'm appy to say, namely, out of place. There was one Motto as I couldn't at all understand; it said, "We are on the side of the Donkeys!" or sumthink werry much like it. My friendly Postman tried to xplain that it was not xactly that, but related to some ancieint legend about Donkey Carts with springs being better than Donkey Carts without 'em,

which may be a werry wise saying, but I don't think if as I had had to select the mottos, that I should chose one about Donkeys. People is gineraly so werry sarkastick.

One of the Irish gentlemen made a speech as made a great himpresshun on me, and witch I thinks as our werry prime Minister ought to harnser. He said that if this wicked Bill was passed, the only people who wood be safe to live in poor Ireland, would be def and dum people, as for anybody who wasn't so fortnit, the best thing for them would be not to be born at all, or if they must be born somewheres to take care and be born somewheres else! There's a degree of good sound common sense in this powerful statement, that I should hardly have xpected in so excited an Irish Mimbber of Parlymint as uttered it, and if he would but favour us with a xplanation of how it's to be done, there's a goodish lot of the next generation as would feel werry much obliged to him.

One thing as struck me werry powerful was the almost hutter habsince of wittels, that is to say such wittels as one woud think was absolutely necessary to keep poor body and sole together while marching or standing still, for about six or seven ours, in about as fine a spessimen of East wind as I have felt for sum time. How it affects others of course I don't know, but I do know that a rattling East wind makes me that hungry that I can eat almost anythink, even chops and stakes don't cum amiss. My Postman told me as it was their enthusyism as kep 'em up. Well, all I can say is, that isn't my experience, for I allers finds as them as makes the most noise at great dinners, eats and drinks the most.

Praps the thing as estonished me more than anything else during the hole ewentful day, was to hear one Irishman tell another as how as the Lord Mare was a speaking at the next platform! Ardy able to beleieve my ears, I made the best of my way there, but instead of the Rite Honnerable Sir REGINALD HANSON, Lord Mare of London, I saw a werry differing sort of gentleman altogether, who I afterwards heard was the Lord Mare of DUBLIN! As the poet sings:—

Oh, what a surprise,
To my two wondering eyes!

However, tho' of course it was ardy expected that he could give us such a speech as our own poplar LORD MARE woud ha' done, I will say this for him, that he drew a picter of a full drest M.P. entering the Hous of Commons on the Conservatif side after partaking of a Liberal dinner, as deserves to be emortalized for its truth. He said as he had seen honnerabel Mimbbers enter the House night after night, evidently not tea-totallers, with flushed faces, and with shirt-fronts like the Jibtopsail of a Skooner Yot, to wote against his poor Country.

Upon the whole I'm inclined to think that Monday's meeting let off perhaps quite as much steam as will keep us all the quieter for some time to come. ROBERT.

ADVICE TO SINGERS.

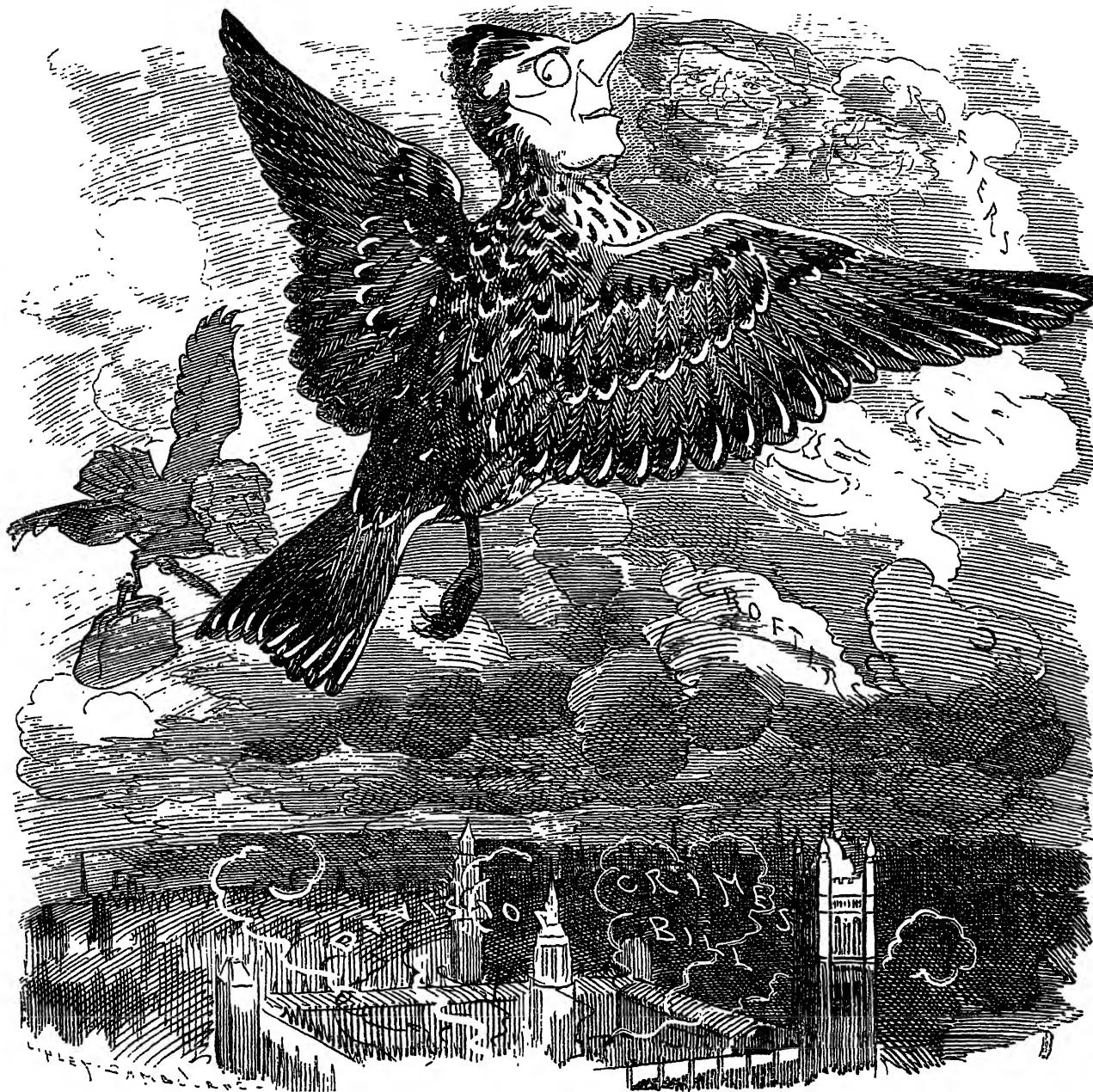
By Junius Minimus.

NOTE.—Where the male sex is designated in such words as "Singing-Master," the female equivalent may in all cases be read with equal, and sometimes with greater, force.

1. You should all be told, to begin with, a fact of which you were doubtless hitherto supremely ignorant, but which nevertheless remains. *It is seldom, if ever, that your singing of any vocal piece gives entire satisfaction to the composer of such piece* (unless, indeed, you sing your own music). On the contrary, so rarely do you convey an adequate or even an intelligent idea of the writer's intention, that not unfrequently you rob a composition of any merit which it might possess. This is not said in disparagement of your vocal ability, but merely in order to clear the ground of rubbish.

2. Learning, as you mostly do, of singing-masters as distinguished from music-masters, you are generally made heirs to the stock-in-trade of vocal prejudices which your teachers have previously inherited. It is true that some singing-masters are also music-masters, but with few exceptions the singing-masters most in vogue being, or having been in their time, singers, will be willing, like yourselves, to sacrifice music to vocalism.

3. In the prevailing state of our musical ignorance, when barbarous and loud cries are accepted as musical utterances, the arrogance of vocalists is hardly surprising.



OUT OF IT; OR, UP IN SKYE!

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK!"

Such expressions as "interpretation" and "creation" tend necessarily to foster complacency, and even to delude you into the notion that you may perhaps embellish or even improve upon the notes you have to sing. Nothing could be more unlikely. Only occasionally do you not spoil your songs by singing out of time, by singing out of tune, or by loading with affectation what should have been simplicity itself. The last you love to do.

4. One of the first things you should aspire to is to sing *in time*. If you are engaged in the chorus, either for a concert or operatic work, you will be *made* to sing in time. If, on the other hand, you come out at once as a soloist, the chances are that the conductor will keep the band and the audience waiting while you dwell upon unimportant notes and drag the time agreeably to your teacher's instructions or your individual measure of original sin. Therefore, as you are strong be merciful.

5. It is of course very desirable that you should also sing in tune, and remain throughout a song, however long, in about the same key as the accompaniment. I am aware that most singers find this

difficult, and perhaps it is waste of time to insist upon such a detail. But a paper that touched ever so lightly upon singing might perhaps be considered incomplete by the fastidious, were not some passing allusion made to the desirability of an *entente* more or less *cordiale* between vocalist and orchestra.

6. Desire for selfish display is the bane of vocalism. In solos from a ballad to a *scena*, your want of taste is remarkable, and you must not think, because a composer thanks you at the end of a performance and pays you compliments, that he is really pleased with you. He is merely thankful that you have got through at all, and his compliments are given in fear lest you should turn and rend him.

7. It has been hinted above that you are not always ideal exponents of musical composition. It would seem, therefore, scarcely unreasonable to suggest that, when possible, you might, with advantage to yourselves and your audience, accept any hints that the composer might be in a position to give. Provided always that you are not—as, of course, you generally are—better musicians than the person whose work you are good enough to render.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 12.—“Well,” said GRANDOLPH, “man and boy I’ve sat in this House for thirteen years, but never before have I witnessed a scene like this—JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, Esq., of Butlerstown Castle, cheering CHILDERS!”

Yet so it was. A quietly impressive scene. House resumed to-day after mockery of Easter Recess. Only a few score faithful in their places. The rest, with true Conservative instinct, holding on to complete constitutional holiday. GLADSTONE in his place hungering and thirsting for the fray; sitting on edge of seat whilst CHILDERS spoke; worrying at his own coat-tails like kitten using up reserve forces of energy by playing with its tail. By him, on left, JOHN MORLEY, and beyond, the waste space which the lost leaders have appropriated, but do not much use. On GLADSTONE’S right, CHILDERS humming away in voice barely audible on remote benches. Next to CHILDERS, STANSFELD, conning the notes of the speech which shall presently thrill the silent rows of empty benches. W. H. SMITH on the Treasury Bench, ready for anything that may turn up, especially the dinner hour. The SPEAKER back in the Chair, and everyone glad to know he is better. GRANDOLPH in his corner seat regarding JOSEPH GILLIS seated below the Gangway opposite, dressed in the profound decency of funereal black, with head resting on his hand. For all sound the monotonous murmuring of CHILDERS broken in upon now and then by the harsh cry of “Hear! hear!” from J. G.

“Really astonishing,” GRANDOLPH continued in his soliloquy, “how circumstances alter cases! It was but a year ago that this remarkable man was hand-in-glove with me. Used to shout down CHILDERS and his colleagues whenever they rose from the Treasury Bench. Now he passes me without sign of recognition, and cheers the amiable platitudes of CHILDERS. This all comes of the Castle. JOSEPH is an Irish landlord now—a *châtelain*. Was very near being foreman of Grand Jury. Is evidently inclined to behave as such. Shouldn’t a bit wonder if at no distant date he takes his seat on Conservative Benches, and calls out, ‘Name! Name!’ when TIM HEALY or REDMOND Junior misconduct themselves.”

More talk about Coercion Bill. Nothing new to be said, but certain number of speeches to be delivered. Treasury Bench came out better than usual. Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL and HOME SECRETARY both delivering speeches quite rattling by comparison with the average run from this quarter.

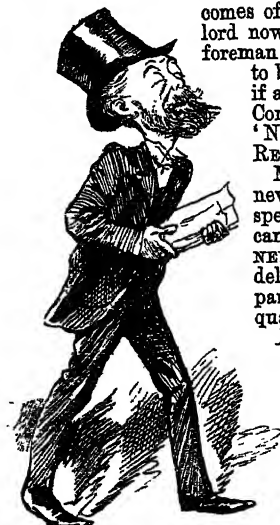
Business done.—None.

Thursday.—King of BELGIANS, who has come over in time to see BUFFALO BILL’S Show, looked in at House to-night. “Always like to advance by degrees, *mon frère*,” he said to me; “so take House of Commons *en route* for BUFFALO BILL. But what a disappointment is this! Heard in Brussels that you were engaged upon most momentous issue of modern times. Expected to find crowded House, and

bubbling excitement. But there’s nothing but half empty benches, and wholly sleepy gentlemen. We can do better than this *chez nous*.”



Ready!



Ambrosial Eloquence.

Sorry His Majesty disappointed. But certainly we’re in low water just now. Everybody tired to death of incessant talking. Two-thirds of House judiciously staying away. Big guns won’t go off in such depressing circumstances. All holding back till Monday, when House will be full again. To-night AMBROSE gets his chance; been walking about for a week with notes of his speech in hand, and that curious expression on face which some people think is a smile. Just now SPEAKER returned his smile with a nod, and AMBROSE added to current depression a speech hour and quarter long.

Only ripple in stagnant pool of sitting occurred at Question Time. KING-HARMAN discovered sitting on Treasury Bench, violently blushing. Instant concentration of attention upon him. Swift procession of inquiry. By what authority was his new office constituted? Is there salary attached? Would he vacate his seat? Is he an Orangeman? and was he at one time Secretary to Home-Rule Association in Dublin? KING-HARMAN wriggled about on seat; his red face took on peony tinge. Felt his biceps, and expanded his chest. Only ten days ago, whilst yet a private Member, had paused in passing Irish Camp to invite TANNER to “come outside.” Might Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Irish Office extend invitation to JOHN MORLEY, GLADSTONE, and the rest putting these inconvenient questions? The ATTORNEY-GENERAL advised in the negative, so KING-HARMAN remained dumb, whilst ARTHUR BALFOUR put in the responses. A promising outlook this, but closed up as hastily as possible, and thereafter only the thrice-boiled colewort of Coercion Debate.

Business done.—None.

Friday Night.—TIM HEALY looked dangerous some hours before he broke out. Seated, amid scanty attendance, below the Gangway, he from time to time broke in upon PLUNKER’S speech with ironical cheers. PLUNKER disarmed him by graceful appeal to his gentlemanhood. Thereafter, sat quiet. Speech after speech ground out. Benches nearly empty, and dulness settled, like thick fog, over the House. Some time before midnight, Colonel SAUNDERSON rose, and matters improved in briskness. The Colonel made fine play with his shillelagh, twisted it between thumb and finger round his own head, and brought it down with a whack on any other he chanced to see. Would not, in his extreme moderation, go so far as to accuse Parnellites of having imbrued their hands in blood. “But,” he added, uplifting his voice, “I do accuse them of associating with men whom they knew to be murderers.”

TIM on his feet in a moment, asking the SPEAKER whether this was in order. SPEAKER admitted gravity of the charges, but pointed out that they might be met in debate. Finding him immovable, TIM, speaking without emotion, as if he were moving for unopposed return, said,—“I have no hesitation in telling the Hon. Gentleman that, if he refers to me, he is a liar.”



“Liar!”

House lively enough now. Fog swept away as by breath of passing hurricane. Chamber resounded with cheers. Cries of “Name!” and “Withdraw!”

SPEAKER asked if TIM withdrew the expression. But even in moments of intensest excitement TIM nothing if not orderly. SPEAKER still on his feet; according to Rule no other Member allowed to stand at same time. This TIM respectfully pointed out. SPEAKER resumed his seat, and then TIM quietly argued the matter, incidentally repeating his accusation that SAUNDERSON had strayed from the line of strict veracity.

So the SPEAKER named him. SMITH, with scared look, moved his suspension. House divided, suspension confirmed, and TIM got away quite early, walking out amid frantic cheers from his friends. Next, SEXTON, standing with arms a-kimbo, called SAUNDERSON a liar, with the addition of an adjective. There were at least a score of Parnellites athirst for the distinction achieved by TIM. Would take more than an hour to gratify individual aspiration. Happily, SAUNDERSON induced to withdraw. SEXTON withdrew, and scene ended as abruptly as it had opened. Evidently no use going on with debate, so House adjourned at 12:35. *Business done.*—None.

A TURNING IN THE LANE.—According to the papers, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (who no doubt took his cue from Mr. Punch, who showed last week how the cold neglect originally intended for our “Brethren beyond the seas,” had been exchanged for a most cordial reception), on Friday, entertained our Colonial Visitors with another Transformation Scene. The copy, like the original, seems to have been a success.

TREATING HIM LIGHTLY.—The Gladstonian Liberals dismiss Mr. CHAMBERLAIN’S anti-Home-Rule arguments as “Ayr-y nothings.”

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

VIII.—LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD.

THERE was once a woman who had the prettiest little girl in the parish. For this favourite child she made a red hood, which became her so handsomely that all the neighbours called her **LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD**. The name was well deserved by the cleverness of the little girl, as you will learn from the following tale.

One day **LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD**'s mother had done the baking and also made a plum-cake, which she gave the child, bidding her carry it to her Great Aunt, a wealthy but miserly old lady, from whom the little **ROGUE** well knew that she had great expectations. So the young girl set out, with her basket on her arm, and, from picking out a plum here and there, she soon advanced so far in her studies as to finish the cake altogether! When she saw that there was no more left, and reflected on the disap-



pointment to the old lady (from whom her expectations were considerable), **LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD** sat down in a wood, and wept bitterly. At this moment who should come up but a great Wolf.

"Where are you going, my little maid?" asked the Wolf.

"Going to my Great Aunt's in the cottage at Six Mile End, if you please, Sir," said **LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD**, adding the full address, and dropping him a courtesy.

"Are you going the long way, or the short way?" asked the Wolf.

"The long way," said **LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD**, thinking that she was in no hurry.

"I'll be off then," said the Wolf, "and mention that you are coming!" So he trotted away.

Now **LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD** fell a-thinking. She knew that there are no wolves in England, and she remembered that there was a Wild-Beast and Waxwork Show in the village that day.

"He's escaped from the Show," said the little girl, "and I'd better go back and tell Mr. **VARLEY**,"—the spirited Proprietor.

So back she went to the village, and the Wolf trotted on, till he came to the Great Aunt's house. He knocked at the door, *Toc! Toc!*

"Who's there?" said the old lady from her bed.

"**LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD**," said the Wolf, "with a cold, and so hoarse."

"Pull the latch, and the bar will fall," said the old lady, "and the Wolf ran in and *worry-gurry-worried* her!

"I'll wait here for the child," he thought, and he fell asleep.

Presently, *Toc! Toc!* somebody came knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" says the Wolf.

"**LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD!**"

"Pull the latch and the bar will fall!" says the Wolf.

Then flash! bang! bang! went several guns, and the Wolf dropped back in bed riddled with bullets by the local Volunteer Corps; for **LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD** had brought a Corporal's Guard to look after her, and Mr. **VARLEY** of the Show.

LITTLE RED ROGUE RIDERHOOD wept bitterly over her Great Aunt, observing that, if she had not given the Wolf the old lady's address, this might never have happened, which is not unlikely.

But she now inherited all the old lady's large property, and afterwards married the Squire's son, paying Mr. **VARLEY**, of course, handsomely for the loss of his favourite old Wolf.

Moral.—Do not give information at random to inquiring strangers.

BLUNDERBORE AT BOW STREET.

(Suggested by a recent Police Report.)

WE may take it that a Giant,
When aggressively defiant,
An extremely awkward client
May become.

Though the Police (Division D.R.)
Very portly men to see are,
And in stature not (as *we* are)
Medi-um.

P.C. 46, patrolling,
Met a Giant out a-strolling,
And suspected, from his rolling,
He was screwed.

But he "temporised," the Optim-
ist! and civil speeches dropped
him—

Whereupon that Giant whopped
him—
Which was rude!

Then he wanted satisfaction
For his own high-handed action!
To the Constable's distraction

And surprise;
Is it intellect he's queer in?
No; the explanation's herein—
'Twas the Emerald Isle of Erin
Saw his rise!

For of logic they are less full,
In that country so distressful,
And coercion's unsuccessful

With the Celt.
So he showed an animation
Fully worthy of his nation,
When they took him to the station,
Which he felt!

And with rage and fury roaring,
His unjust arrest deploring,
Threw himself upon the flooring,
Where he kicked!

Laid about him with his gingham,
Said insulting things to sting
em,—

And it's lucky Sir **JAMES INGHAM**
Isn't strict!

Not a Magistrate's less donnish,
More contented to admonish,
Or less easy to astonish,
Or to shock;

Still next day he almost finches,
And he tests himself with pinches,
Seeing seven foot nine inches
In the dock!

But the prisoner colossal—
Who could topsy-turvy toss all!—
Is as meek as an apostle,
Or a mouse.

With a penitent regard on,
He begs everybody's pardon, [on
And he hopes they won't be hard
His carouse.

What he's *done* he only guesses;
But he candidly confesses
He had taken to excesses,
Trouble-tossed!

For the van he showed himself in,
With his portraits (bringing pelf
By a freak of Fortune elfin [in],
He had lost!

After months of foreign travel,
By a Belgian's carping cavil,
Like a salmon on the gravel
Is he left!

Of each highly-coloured panel
Of his native caravan—all
That he took across the Channel,
He's bereft.

"If you'll shun the cup of Circe,"
Says Sir **JAMES**, "I'll fine, in
mercy. [purse?—see—

You've ten shillings in your
Have you not?"

Cries 'the Giant, "Shure ye're
sportin' at

An overgrown unfortunate—
For nothin' of the *sort* in it
I've got!"

So his woful plight was pitied,
And the penalty remitted,
And in tears the dock he quitted,
Blunderbore.

Let us hope they've tamed the
Titan, [on,
And he'll not presume his height
Nor with minnows play the Triton
Any more!

Mrs. **RAM** is thinking of writing her Jubilee Recollections of the Last Half-Century. Among her theatrical reminiscences she remembers having seen *The Comedy of Errors* at the Strand Theatre, but can't call to mind who played the two *Dominoes* in it.

COMFORT FOR A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.—
"The Man who is born to be hung will never
be drowned."



"BORN TO BE HUNG."

Mostly Smoke!!

DURING Friday Night's debate Mr. **DE LITTLE** was told that "he was not worth shooting!" Surely this is carrying matters a little too far when the question of assassination is actually canvassed in the House of Commons.

Should revolvers become the fashion, it will be necessary to placard the Chamber with "Rubbish must not be shot here," or else the noise of firearms will become absolutely deafening!



KEEPING THE SOCIAL BALANCE EVEN.

Captain Bryll (to Wife of his Bosom). "MY DEAR, I'VE BEEN TRYING HARD TO BOW TO LORD AND LADY TYRBUTT; BUT THEY CUT ME DEAD, CONFOUND IT!"

Mrs. Bryll. "ALL RIGHT. THEN LET'S CUT MR. AND MRS. SPRATTE, WHO ARE TRYING HARD TO BOW TO US!"

THE VULTURES; OR, WHAT OF THE FIGHT?

(A Suggestion from Swinburne.)

ENGLAND, what of the fight?—
The fight that may come again,
When the ridge of the battle plain
By the last lurid sun-ray is lit,
And thou in thine armed might
Hast fought the good fight, and thy men
Lie low where the night-birds flit,—
What then, oh land, what then?

Prophet, what of the fight?
What is the vision you see?
England the stubbornly free,
Erect, 'midst the whirl of her waves.
Harbours she traitors and slaves,
Harpies, of gold-worship bred,
Who grope for their gain amongst graves
That hide the hosts of her dead?

Dead men, what of the fight?
Weapons that fail in the hand,
No true Excalibur brand!
Ah, thought that the fancy shuns!
Better the raven and kite,
The maw of wolf or of hound,
Than the sight of our slaughtered sons
With the Vultures of Trade around.

Mourners, what of the fight?—
Cry for the gibbet and cord
For the traitor, shaping a sword
To break in the grip of the brave.—
Hucksters, ghouls of the night!
Grabbers of cent. per cent.!

Was it for such ye gave
Your sons to be slain and spent?

Statesmen, what of the fight?—
Think ye it is not time
To crush out the crawling crime?
The flaring of faction's lamp
Does it blind you quite to the light
Of duty? Are ye indeed
Sophists who glose and vamp.
Your honour a broken reed?

Officials, what of the fight?—
Whether or when it may be
Who is it knows? Not ye!
Gorging at Party's feast,
Ye are the nation's blight.
Have ye no thought save pay?
Greed is the mark of the beast.
When shall we sear it away?

Vultures, what of the fight?—
Ah! but ye crowd for gain.
Little care ye for the slain,
Only your maws to cram.
There they be in the night,
Sold for your sakes to death.
System? A scoundrel sham
That leaves ye with wings and breath!

England, what of that fight?—
Rouse you, and raise a hand.
These Vultures swarm in the land,
Incompetence, traitorous greed.
Scourge them to headlong flight,
Vermine of office and mart,
Ere the harpies batten indeed,
Their beaks in the nation's heart.

THE DEMMON ORATOR.

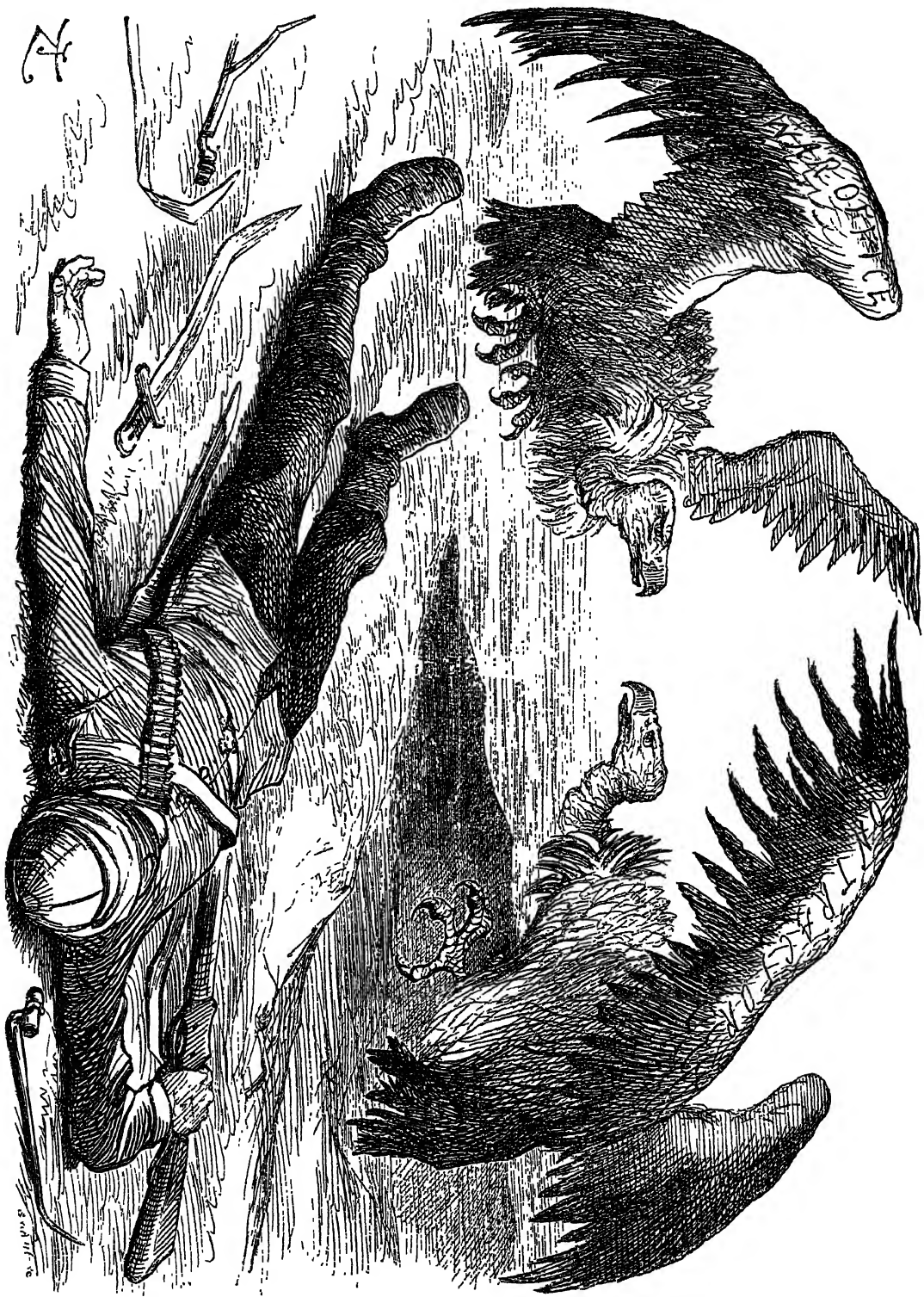
MR. CHAPLIN is the gemmun
Who pronounces "Demon" "Demmon."
No authority is "Lemon"
For pronouncing "Demon" "Demmon."
He an Orator of course is,
He our "CHAPLIN of the Forces."
Grand to see him wrestlin', grapplin'
With the Demmon! Worthy CHAPLIN!

OB-KNOX-IOUS.—The Fast Days—these
Noctes Ambrosianæ, or Knox's Festivals—
are to disappear from Scotland. The Fast
Days are to be holidays, and the Elders
say that in future they'll be uncommonly
fast days.

New Royal Jubilee Title.

If it be true, and so the story goes,
That, fearing for the Royal Duke's repose,
They would not fire a salute gallant,
But simply, when at Cannes, replied, "We
can't."
Then should the Prince, not quite a sailor
thorough,
Be known as Duke of SLEEPY-'ED-INBORO'.

A GOOD JOKE THAT EVERYONE WILL
SEE IMMEDIATELY.—Mr. HARRY FURNISS'S
"Artistic Joke," The Gallery, New Bond
Street.



THE VULTURES.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

WAR OFFICE, DEPARTMENTAL AND OTHER.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is a perfectly inoffensive weapon.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET will, however adroitly handled, injure nobody.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is made of the finest pewter.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET can be melted down into a pint pot.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET bends up double on the slightest touch.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET may, by a slight pressure of the finger, be made to assume a graceful curl.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET can be instantly flattened out straight on the knee, and returned again to its scabbard.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET makes a serviceable hat-peg.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET will not inflict a wound on anything or anybody.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET may be freely distributed in the Nursery.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET can be converted into an admirable hoop.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET may be introduced with perfect safety into the cradle.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET greatly assists the baby at teething.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET can be utilised at pic-nics as a corkscrew.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is recognised as an efficient drawing-room toasting-fork.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET would be quite at home as an elegant meat-skewer.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET crumples up like cardboard in action.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET merely pleasantly tickles the enemy.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is a highly humorous weapon.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET staggers its possessor by its unique performances.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET when used against an opponent, sends him into fits of laughter.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET may be regarded as the foeman's friend.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is supplied generally to Her Majesty's Forces.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET. "GENERAL OFFICER" writes:—"It is a most peculiar weapon. Finding myself in the face of a determined enemy, in command of a division armed with nothing better, I should certainly at once turn tail and retire from the field, giving a general order of '*Savez qui peut!*'"

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET. "EXPERT" writes:—"We made further trial of the new weapons yesterday, taking a sheet of blotting-paper at the full charge. The result was marvellous. Every-one of them doubled up instantly."

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET. For all further particulars as to the supply of this highly useful and popular weapon, apply to the Director, Bogus Department, War Office, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is the coming Gun.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is the latest triumph of the Ordnance Department.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is designed by thoroughly unpractical Officials.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is constructed on unscientific principles.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is made of defective Metal.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER can never be loaded.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER must never be fired.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER, if loaded, at once cracks from end to end.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER, if fired, instantly blows up at the breech.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is not a reliable Weapon.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER.

"VICE-ADMIRAL" writes:—"I started last August for a cruise in the South Pacific, in H.M.S. *Phlegethon*, armed with four of the above-named guns. The first exploded in the Channel at target-practice, killing forty-eight of my crew clean off, and the next two followed suit blowing away the whole of my upper deck down to the davits, as I was saluting a Mongolian ironclad. I thought it better to remove the breech from the fourth, and, picking my way home for repairs, I am now utilising the stem as a telescope. That's the only way to get any good out of it. Take my word for it, the Blazing Breech-Loader is a nasty weapon."

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is a surprising novelty.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is a permanent source of exhilaration to the Contractor.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is an artfully designed explosive.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is sometimes filled with sawdust.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE frequently contains nothing.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE burns well with coke in a Kitchener.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE blows up suddenly, when not expected.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE refuses to go off when wanted.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE jams in the breech in action.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is "real Jam" to the enemy.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE.—This highly humorous and laughter-provoking contrivance is supplied by the Authorities in any quantity to Her Majesty's troops about to enter upon active service, and will be found by the merriest of its unsuspected vagaries create in a crisis on the battle-field an invaluable addition to the surprise and amusement inseparable from the official catastrophes that may be expected to arise in the course of a foreign campaign.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE.—For all particulars apply to the Practical Joke Department. War Office, S. W.

TO GUN MANUFACTURERS.—Twenty Tons of Fluid Steel to be disposed of. As it has been unscientifically prepared, hastily cooled, is full of flaws, and has therefore been officially "passed" by the irresponsible Inspecting Committee of the Ordnance Department, it may be confidently recommended for utilisation in the construction of a weapon calculated to crack, burst, or blow up immediately it is fired. Youthful nationalities, at a distance, struggling for independence, might communicate.

PATENT FOR SALE.—The Constructing Departments of Her Majesty's Military Amalgamation Office, having just completed the invention of a new Time-Fuse Shell, which invariably bursts either in the breech or muzzle of the gun, or even before loading if desired, are anxious to meet with an enterprising firm who are willing to take the new projectile in hand, with a view to making it in some measure available for the existing requirements of the Service. Plans, with full statistics as to previous damage, explosive power, &c., will be furnished on application at the Office.

TO CONTRACTORS AND OTHERS.—

NOTICE.—This is to certify that the Director-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Military Hoodwinking Department is prepared to receive Tenders for the supply of the under-mentioned goods; to wit:—

50,000 yards of second-hand three-quarter inch gas-piping (cut into proper lengths), and available for conversion into rifle-barrels of the Woolwich model.

20 cwt. of old hoop-iron, suitable for the manufacture of sword-bayonets of the approved Government pattern.

And 500 reams of inferior damaged brown paper, required for the strengthening, and giving consistency to the soles of 20,000 pairs of regulation boots.

The Director wishes to point out to competing Contractors that, as the Department assumes no responsibility whatever for the character of the goods supplied, they will not be so narrowly scrutinised as the amount of articles that can be manufactured which last he will take principally into his consideration in making his award.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENT VACANT.

Wanted immediately to fill a highly important position in one of Her Majesty's Inspecting Departments, a well-trained expert accustomed to discharge the duties devolving on him in such a fashion, that when called upon to furnish any personal explanation of matters coming within his reasonable cognisance, he is able to shirk all individual responsibility by referring the inquirers for further information to the system of which he alleges he is merely an unrecognised representative. He must know how to play a good hand at "Poker," thoroughly understand "Blind Hokey," and have some acquaintance with the "three-card trick" and must be able to gather by instinct when he is expected either to shut his eyes to the condition of any damaged goods he is called upon to "pass" as sound, or wink at the Contractor who has been commissioned by him to supply them. Candidates will be expected to furnish references from some noted member of a well-known and recognised swindling Long Firm, together with all further necessary particulars to the Director General, Inner Ring Department, Her Majesty's Uncontrol Office, on or before the 25th inst.



THE DRAMA.

Aesthetic Critic (at the Club, after the Theatre). "CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE UTTERLY SOLEMN THAN THE DÉNOÛMENT IN ROMEO AND JULIET? TWO LOVERS, BOTH DYING IN THE SAME VAULT! WHAT FATE MORE WEIRDLY TRAGIC COULD—"

Cynical Old Bachelor (who has evidently never read the Play). "UM—'S NO KNOWING. THE AUTHOR MIGHT 'A' MARRIED 'EM!"

A TOOL OF TRADE.

(Imitated from Mrs. Browning's "A Musical Instrument.")

An Allegory on the Banks of the—Fictolus.

WHAT is he doing, the Middleman,
Down by Trade's Golden River?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Grubbing up grain with the greed of a goat,
And swamping the tiny shallows afloat
On the golden flood of the River.

He tore up a reed, did the Middleman,
A flourishing reed, from that River.
The troubled water turbidly ran,
And the broken reed all helpless lay
In the cunning hand which tore it away
From its root in the Golden River.

High on the shore sate the Middleman,
While turbidly flowed the River,
And hacked and hewed, as your huckster can,
With his cruel steel, at the severed reed,
Till there was small sign of life indeed
To prove it fresh from the River.

He cut it short, did the Middleman,
(How big he swelled by the River!)
Then drew out the pith, on a patent plan
Devised by his like of the cruel Trade Ring,
And sucked through the poor dry empty thing
Deep draughts from the Golden River.

"This is the way," laughed the Middleman
(Laughed as he sate by the River),
"The only way, since Rings began
To suck Trade's blood, they could fully succeed."
Then popping his lips to the conduit-reed,
He drew, drew, drew from the River.

Neat cheat, O Middleman!
Vampire-ghoul of the River!
Blind *most* neat, O Middleman!
You idly sit as the stream flows by,
And suck at ease whilst your victims die
For want of a draught from the River.

Yet a bloated brute is the Middleman
To laugh as he sits by the River,
Playing the leech on his patent plan,
Trade's heart depleting, sucking its brain,
And bruising and breaking to plump his gain
The myriad reeds of the River!

FULL OF LOCAL COLOUR.—Primrose Day.

HOLIDAY CHARGES.

(As they appear to the dyspeptic and disordered imaginations of Aggrieved Correspondents of the Daily Papers, who have sons at the Public Schools.)

SCENE—The School House, *Rodchester*. Headmaster discovered surrounded by Assistant-Masters, all in Jubilee high spirits.

Headmaster (bursting with suppressed laughter). I've had such a screaming letter from a Parent! It'll half kill you. He wants to know—fancy the impudence of a Parent wanting to know anything!—whether there's "any truth in the report that in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, we intend to lengthen the holidays (*general merriment*) which, in his opinion, are already monstrously excessive (*shouts*); and whether in that case the equitable course will be adopted of proportionately lowering the school-fees for the following Term."

[Screams of laughter. Several Assistant-Masters carried out in hysterics. Five minutes' interval allowed to recover from the exhilarating effects of the communication just read.]

Headmaster (continuing). Yes, I thought it would amuse you. I'm having a printed form of reply made, as I expect a good many letters of this kind. It politely reminds Parents that they knew the rules and customs of the School when they sent their boys here, or if they didn't, they ought to (*cheers and laughter*) and that if they are dissatisfied they have only to withdraw their sons, which will enable us to fill their places with some of the numerous applicants who have been waiting for years for the privilege of admission to this educational establishment. (*More merriment.*) That'll fetch 'em! (*Roars of laughter.*) And now to proceed to business. Which shall it be? An extra week at Easter, Midsummer, and Christmas, or three weeks in the summer?

Several Assistant-Masters. Oh, in the summer, any day! We might run over to California, or India, or do the Caucasus, even—

Headmaster (jocosely). Or go round the World—JULES VERNE did it in eighty days, and why shouldn't some of you?

Another Assistant-Master (boldly). Wouldn't it look more loyal if we were to give an extra month, instead of three weeks?

Several more (with animation). Yes; or a month in the summer, and another month each at Easter and Christmas.

All the Rest. Or, better still, six months' holiday in the summer, and three at Easter and Christmas.

Headmaster (a little staggered). Why, that would make the whole year in holidays! (*Cries of "So much the better!"*) I don't quite know, Gentlemen—whether—ahem!—such a course would not be *ultra vires*, as HORACE says, or, in English, trying it on a little too much. We must (*genially*) temper the holiday to the shorn Parent. Well, then, suppose we say a month? (*Murmurs.*) No, I know you won't like it, but I don't see how we can give more without sacrificing some of the fees for—(*Loud and indignant shouts of "No! no!"*) Mind, I don't personally advocate a return of fees. That's not my Plan of Campaign at all. But I don't see quite how we can make the Jubilee cover more than an extra month. Very well, then, that's settled, and I'll notify all Parents accordingly. What a shindy there will be to be sure! (*Laughter.*) Look out for your morning papers, all of you, and look out I think I may add, for squalls. They'll be simply crammed with letters from Roman fathers (*more laughter*) saying how glad they'll be to see their brats—I mean their interesting progeny (*screams of laughter*)—at home for as long as we like to send them. Of course they will! A most excellent instinct is parental affection!

[Exit hurriedly, cramming his handkerchief into his mouth. Curtain.]

GOSCHEN TO THE RESCUE.

SING a song of French pence,
 Tempers all awry;
 None will take the foreign "browns"—
 All are asking "Why?"
 Small shopkeeper, tramway-man,
 Pray keep up your pecker,
 You'll have GOSCHEN's sympathy,
 Help from the Exchequer.
 To relieve you from your mess,
 GOSCHEN says he's willing;
 They shall go, like penny buns,
 Thirteen for a shilling.
 That shall wipe the 'busman's eye,
 Pacify the nation,
 And, what's better, purify
 JOHN BULL's "circulation."

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Notes from the Speaker's Commentary.)

You may say that a Man is not wedded to the truth;
 Or sometimes suffers from a spirit of exaggeration;
 Or occasionally finds it difficult to confine himself strictly to actualities;
 Or is unfettered by the four corners of hard matter-of-fact;
 Or is a Past Master in the pleasing art of realistically romancing;
 Or is partial in describing Nature, to borrowing from the pages of Romance;
 Or is much given to an artificial recollection of misleading statistics;
 Or cannot distinguish the false from the true, with a bias towards the former;
 Or has a distinct liking for the utterance of statements of a misleading character;
 But you must not! No, you must not!!!
 You really must not!!! Call him a LIAR!!!!



THE DACHSHORSE.

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 5.

In the City, before Alderman SLASHER.

Alderman (to Clerk). I suppose you have the usual number of Education summonses to-day?

Clerk. Yes, Sir. (To Officer.) Call THOMAS SYKES.

A Man in his working-clothes appears in the Dock.

School-Board Officer. Your Worship, this is an exceedingly bad case. THOMAS SYKES has been summoned before, for not sending his boy to school, and your Worship's Colleague, Mr. Alderman BUNCOMBE, dismissed the case, with a caution, that if he continued to disobey the law, he would certainly be committed. That caution has been thrown away upon this man, who openly and obstinately defies the law.

Sykes. Nothing of the sort.

Alderman. Then why does not your boy go to school? Here is a certificate of his attendances, and I find that he stops away much more than half his time.

Sykes. No fault of mine, your Worship, I send the boy to school reglar. If he don't attend, it's no fault of mine. I does my best.

Alderman. But you must see that he goes to school.

Sykes. How can I, your Worship, when I have my own work to do?

Alderman. Then your wife should see to it.

Sykes. I hain't got no wife. Missus died two years sin' last Christmas. Since then I have lost CISSEY too.

[The man seems more affected by the last loss, than by the first.

Alderman. Who is CISSEY?

School-Board Officer. His youngest girl, Sir. We never could get her to attend school.

Alderman. How old was she?

School-Board Officer. She was six, Sir. The Act applies, as your Worship knows, to all children above five.

Sykes (indignantly). It does nothing of the sort. If it applies to everybody, why don't you summon MEALFACE, the buttermilk man, as lives in the next street to me, and 'as two boys, reglar devils, runnin' about the streets all day long? But then, don't your Worship see, MEALFACE pays a bigger rent nor me, and MEALFACE is a Vestryman, and—

Alderman. Well, MEALFACE is not before me. When he comes I shall know how to deal with him. Have you anything more to say about your own boy?

Sykes. Nothing more. Only that the boy is a good boy, and no bad scollor either, as School-Board man knows if he cares to tell you.

School-Board Officer. Only passed Third Standard, Sir.

Alderman. Anything more to say.

Sykes. Only, Sir, that I have walked over five miles to your Worship's Court, and will have to walk five miles back, and isn't that punishment enough without fining or locking me up? That is, for no fault of mine—

Alderman. I can't listen to this. You can't be allowed to set yourself above the law.

School-Board Officer. I must ask your Worship to convict this man. He is very obstinate and thinks he can defy the law.

Alderman. That he must not do. He must pay five shillings fine.

Sykes. I hain't got the money, and wouldn't pay it if I had.

Clerk. Have you any goods?

Sykes. Yes; more than enough to pay your five bob. But step—you shan't have them. I shan't part with CISSEY's cradle for all the School Boards and Beaks—

Alderman. Take care what you say.

Sykes. I beg your Worship's pardon, but I'd rather go to quod than pay five bob, or sell CISSEY's cradle.

Alderman. Committed for five days.

[Exeunt omnes.]

FROM CANNES.—The salute couldn't be fired because the Royal Ducal Musician had just composed himself—to sleep. H.R.H. the Duke of E. is now learning a solo from *Sonnambula*, and SULLIVAN's *Lullaby* from *Cox and Box*. He is also getting up his part in a "Canon quartette."

WOE (NOT WEAL) BARROW!—At Barrow, the other evening, Mr. CAINE made a vain attempt to obtain a hearing at a meeting of his constituents. The reason generally given for the failure was that CAINE was positively not able!

SKYE-LARKS.—JOE and JESSE.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXVI.—A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.,

Taken from One of His Own Rough Sketches.

ONE of the incidents of my income is the possession of certain rents and profits of some leasehold property known as Royal Windsor Castle Palace Terrace, North End, Fulham. My rents and profits (which were left to me by an eccentric spinster relative said in her lifetime to be extremely fond of practical jokes) are not particularly lucrative. My tenants are extremely worthy people; but experience has taught me that, when I attempt to collect the rents, I generally lose all the profits. Feeling that a landlord should take a personal interest in those who live upon his estate, for some time I attempted to do without an Agent, and appeared in person on Quarter Day. On the first occasion I was received somewhat coldly, but soon propitiated my sub-lessees by yielding a ready consent to whatever they required in the shape of alterations. Thus, by a judicious promise of a bath-room here, a conservatory there, and a copper yonder, I easily gained their good-will. However, when I came to balance my accounts at the end of the year, I found that, although I had no doubt greatly improved the value of my property, still the balance was decidedly, very decidedly, on the wrong side. It was then, by the advice of a friend, that I placed myself unreservedly in the hands of some eminent Estate Agents, who, ever since, have saved me an infinity of trouble; although, from the reproachful glances of those who live in Royal Windsor Castle Palace Terrace, North End, Fulham, which are levelled at me whenever I go near that delightful locality, I fear I have secured the reputation of being a landlord with a will of iron, and a heart of stone.



Some little while ago, a dispute about the payment of rent necessitated certain unpleasant proceedings, not totally unconnected with the propriety of placing a man in possession; and, as usual, my Agents acted with their customary promptness, and gave me most excellent advice. I did not trouble myself very much about the matter, having other anxieties pressing themselves more prominently upon my attention; still, I had labelled the affair under the very general heading of "Worries" in the storehouse of my memory, and left it there unsettled.

A few days since it occurred to me to pay a visit to my chambers, to clear up any arrears of work that might have accumulated during an unusually lengthy absence from Pump Handle Court. My excellent and admirable Clerk, PORTINGTON, received me with some hesitation, invited me to follow him into my room, and then carefully closed the door.

"Hope you enjoyed your Christmas holidays," I said, pleasantly. "Is there anything for me?" He placed before me my usual batch of circulars (which were soon read and relegated to their temporary resting-place, the waste-paper basket), and then again hesitated. "Has anyone asked to see me?" I continued, in my usual perfunctory manner. To my surprise I received an unlooked-for answer.

"Yes, Sir," replied PORTINGTON, with more sorrow than exultation, "someone *has* been here several times during the last few days. In fact he was most pressing, and wouldn't believe me when I said that I thought you had gone on an arbitration case to Canada."

"Dear me!" I observed. "You should have reminded me, PORTINGTON, that I had such an engagement—it had entirely escaped my memory."

"Well, Sir, to tell the truth," replied my excellent and admirable Clerk, "it was a subterfuge. I did not quite like the look of the man, and thought it best to get rid of him; but of course, Sir, if you wish to see him, I will show him in when he calls again. He told me that he would look in the first thing this morning, and he has been here twice already, and the last time said he was coming back in a quarter of an hour."

"By all means admit him," I replied. "I never deny myself to a possible client. In these hard times, PORTINGTON, it does not do to neglect business. No doubt he will give me some work in one of the Courts."

"I think that most likely, Sir," said my Clerk, rather dryly, and withdrew.

I must confess that when I was alone I felt rather apprehensive that my interview with my unknown visitor would not be altogether of a pleasant character. I ransacked my memory to find if by any act of forgetfulness I could possibly have rendered myself liable to disagreeable consequences connected with that most useful institution the County Court, but could not recollect any incident of grave importance. So far as I remembered, in spite of the extreme depression in trade now prevailing, I had done nothing warranting measures vindictively hostile. Then it occurred to me that I had promised to sit for my portrait; perhaps it was the artist who had wished to catch my expression when I was actually engaged in forensic work. However I had not long to wait in suspense, as a few minutes later PORTINGTON, with a "Here he is, Sir," ushered in my importunate visitor.

The moment he had entered I recognised the reason for the hesitation and distrust shown by my Clerk. The man before me was unmistakable. He carried a hooked stick, wore a coat buttoned up to the neck, and held in his hand a perfectly napless hat.

"Well," I said, with the air of King CHARLES THE FIRST surrendering to a non-commissioned officer in CROMWELL's army, "Well, and what do you want?"

"I am very sorry, Sir," he answered uneasily, "but I am only doing my duty. I hope I don't intrude."

"Certainly not, my good fellow," I returned. "I do not blame you."

"No, Sir, I humbly say you should not, as I have been trying to get at you these three days."

I was a little surprised at this, as the man spoke as if he expected me to be personally obliged to him for the embarrassing attention he had paid to me.

"Give it me," I said, putting out my hand.

"Certainly, Sir," he answered, producing a document, and pushing it towards me.

"I was not aware that there was anything due," I continued, without looking at the paper. "However, that is a matter of detail, and of no interest to you."

"Why, Sir, in course there was! The total was seven eight twelve, and I would have got it that I would, but I couldn't find a stick of furniture!"

At last my spirit was roused—the British Lion began, like a worm, to turn upon his taunter.

"You have dared to go to my private address, annoying my wife!" I exclaimed in tones of thunder.

"Oh, please, Sir—no, Sir! I only went to North End, Fulham!"

I looked at the paper in my hand, and instead of—well, what I had expected to see there—found a letter. It was from my Agents for collecting the rents of Windsor Castle Palace Terrace, telling me that they had put their broker's man at my disposal, as I, as a Barrister, might tell him what I wanted done.

"How dare you, Sir!" was all I could say.

"But, please Sir—I didn't mean to do it—please Sir, I tried so hard to find you! If I have been here once, I have been here at least a dozen times during the last two days! It wasn't my fault I couldn't find you."

I pondered. It was a serious matter. Here was my credit at stake. I am not very rich, but I am always respectable. What should I do? At length an idea occurred to me.

"Have you told them what you came for, Sirrah?" I asked, severely.

"No, Sir.—I never do," tremblingly replied the broker's man.

"Take this," I said sternly, and I gave him an old packet of papers that happened to be lying on my table, "and for your life do not utter a word. Give them me back when I get you to the door."

"Yes, Sir," returned my visitor, in a frightened whisper.

"Now, you villain!" I said in a low tone as I opened the door, then raising my voice as I got into the passage, continued cheerily, "You may be sure, my dear Sir, that I will give the matter very careful consideration. Perhaps it would be better for me to discuss the various points you have raised with the Attorney-General. Good day, my dear Sir, good day." And I thrust him out.

"Will you give me your brief, Sir, that I may enter it in the fee-book?" said PORTINGTON, relieving me of the bundle of papers I had just received from the broker's man.

I looked at my admirable and excellent Clerk very gravely, nodded and left my chambers. Then I joined the poor fellow in the napless hat outside, and gave him half-a-crown, but on the condition that he promised never to speak to me again. He has kept his word.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

UPSETTING THEIR UNION.—As to the wisdom of appointing Colonel KING-HARMAN to the Irish Under-Secretaryship there are two or three opinions among Conservatives. It certainly does not tend in any way towards making Harmony.

OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!

The Popular Budget Ballad, sung with general rounds of applause at the St. Stephen's Music Hall, by the new Erchequer Starlker, G. J. G-sch-n.

AIR—"Two Lovely Black Eyes."

Down at the House, in the days that have been,
This grave Sage you might often have seen,
HARCOURT and I, and the Chief between,
But oh, what a surprise!



I joined the Conservatives frank and free;
GLADSTONE got angry right speedilce,
All in a jiff to see G. J. G.

Rat to the To-ries.

Chorus.—I join the To-ries?

Oh, what a surprise!

Rads were all telling me G. J. was wrong
To join the To-ries.

When to resign RANDOLPH thought it was best,
The Chancellorship upon me was press'd.
A humdrum Budget I feared, I confessed,
When oh, what a surprise!
A surplus I found; it was small, 'tis true,
Less than a million, but what did I do?
By a neat little dodge made it more than two!
That opened their eyes!

Chorus.—Revenue on the rise!

Oh, what a surprise!

HARCOURT was dumfounded, CHURCHILL
was dished;

Loud cheered the To-ries!

Didn't the Chaplinites hallo and shout?

HARCOURT and others, of course, expressed
doubt,

But the Tories may leave me to fight it out;

In that they'll be wise.

Cut down the Annual Charge on the Debt;
Penny off Income Tax—good bait, you bet,
Lib'rals or Tories, they're all glad to get
That little surprise.

Chorus.—Long it has been on the rise.

Ah! what a surprise!

Who will be telling G. J. he is wrong?

This is penny-wise!

Working Man's 'bacey tax—give that a wipe,
Please the poor feeders on porter and tripe
Friend of the "Masses" put that in your
pipe,—

Ain't that a surprise?

Fancy my Budget's a fine work of Art.
RANDOLPH may sneer; shows he's feeling the
smart.

'Tisn't so bad, eh, my friends?—for a start,
With my new allies.

Chorus.—Give 'em a fall, not a rise!

Oh! what a surprise!

As for Retrenchment—well that in the sweetest
Of "sweet By-and-Byes!"

THE *Court Journal* of April 16 is quite
wrong about TONY, M.P., and almost right
about Mr. *Vice Versa*. Such mistakes must
occur in any paper which is "regularly
taken in."

THE GRAMMAR OF DISSENT.

JUDGING from the proceedings of the Grand
Old Grammarian and his followers on one
side, and Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN, COLLINS,
CAINE & Co., on the other, the leading pecu-
liarities of the "Grammar of Dissent" would
seem to be as follows:—

1. The Articles are all indefinite—very.
 2. The Adjectives are strong, and mostly in the superlative degree.
 3. The Substantives are singularly unsubstantial.
 4. The Verbs are all exceedingly irregular, and confoundedly hard to conjugate, the imperative mood predominating in most of them in a quite disproportionate way.
 5. The Adverbs share the characteristics of the Adjectives.
 6. The Pronouns are mostly relative, but very seldom agree with their antecedents.
 7. The Prepositions, as governing the "objective" or "accusative," are quite the most popular parts of speech—on platforms, and other places where they perorate.
 8. The Conjunctions are exclusively disjunctive, even at Round Tables.
 9. The Interjections are invariably derisive and denunciatory, each being as provocative as *Miss Miggs*' "Oh, Mim!" and as contemptuous as Mr. *Burchell's* "Fudge!"
- It will be seen at once that the study of these parts of (partisan) speech must be conducive to mutual conciliation, and general harmony.

Reply to an Abel Exposition.

SIR FREDERICK told them all "what's what"
In the Institute Imperial,
But the Public do want to know who's who,
Which is far more material.

THE WILD WEST (at Earl's Court, S.W.).
At present we don't know much about
"Buffalo BILL," but one thing is certain,
that the Buffalo Bill-poster is doing his work
uncommonly well.

"NEWS!"

("From the most Reliable Sources.")

COURT.—THAT the Duke of EDINBURGH intends supplying saluting-guns for his ship at his own expense.

That Prince and Princess HENRY of Battenberg are shortly to take a tour round the world, unaccompanied.

That for the convenience of the Jubilee celebration, HER MAJESTY will occupy Buckingham Palace for a month after May.

That Sir JOHN SOMERS VINE is to be the new Master of the Ceremonies in further recognition of his services in South Kensington.

That the Prince of WALES discountenances the further collection of subscriptions for the Imperial Institute.

POLITICAL.—That Lord SALISBURY has invited the following Gentlemen to visit him at the Château Neville, near Dieppe, to meet each other when the Session is over:—Mr. *Punch*, Mr. CONYBEARE, Mr. LABOUCHERE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. CHAPLIN, the Editor of the *Times*, and Mr. GLADSTONE.

That the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the event of the Premiership becoming vacant, would be called to assume the leadership of the Party by acclamation.

That a Bill for the encouragement of Good Breeding in Parliament will be backed by Messrs. HEALY, SEXTON and Colonel SAUNDERSON.

GENERAL.—That all persons who have ever been presented at Court will be expected to appear at the next Drawing Room, to be received personally by HER MAJESTY standing.

That Covent Garden Theatre will be shortly taken by Mrs. BROWN POTTER for the performance of *Man and Wife*, the Haymarket having proved too small to accommodate her present enthusiastic audiences.

That the proper celebration of the Jubilee will be a source of much anxiety to Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

That Her Most Gracious Majesty QUEEN ANNE is not yet dead.

IN THE SPRING.

In the Spring the bleak North-Easter urges on its wild career;
In the Spring Asparagus comes in, as tasteless as 'tis dear.
In the Spring those awful cads go howling "Flowers all a-blowing!"
In the Spring "sweet April showers" bless us—when it isn't snowing.

In the Spring Spring-cleans are on us in discomfort full and fell;
In the Spring house-painters flock and kick up a confounded smell.
In the Spring the gardener rouses for another year's extortion;
In the Spring come young potatoes,—extra tuppence for a "portion."
In the Spring our winter vesture shows a shabby sort of sheen;
In the Spring the early wickets stick into the sodden green.
In the Spring the artful "tipster" spreads flat-catching webs anew;
In the Spring the Clerk comes asking—vainly—for a rise of "screw."

In the Spring "May Meeting" summaries burden the newspaper column;

In the Spring the Budget Night makes all tax-paying folk look solemn.

In the Spring the merry Artist ups and puts his works on show;
In the Spring the R. A. Dinner brings forth speeches stale and slow.
In the Spring the little poets pump up gushing little lays,
In the Spring the shivering public cusses all the poets praise.
In the Spring—well, then there happens every blessed kind of thing,
And, in fact, the only thing that's really missing is—the Spring!

PARNELLISM AND PARALLEL.—EXPERT examining specimens of Mr. PARNELL's signature, quotes from *Twelfth Night*, Act ii., Scene 5:—

"*Malvolio*. By my life, this is Master PARNELL's hand: these be his very G's, his H's, his R's, his L's; and thus makes he his great S's. It is, in contempt of question, his hand."



SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Disadvantage of resembling a Celebrity.)

She. "OH, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR MR. LYON. HAVE YOU FORGIVEN ME FOR CUTTING YOU AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT! I WAS ACTUALLY STUPID ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FOR THAT HORRID BORE, MR. TETTERBY THOMPSON, WHOM YOU'RE SAID TO BE SO LIKE. IT'S A HORRID LIBEL—YOU'RE NOT LIKE HIM A BIT."

He. "A—A—I WASN'T AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT—A—A—A—AND MY NAME IS TETTERBY THOMPSON!"

INVOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

(Items from an Unpublished Page of a Jubilee Fund Subscription Book.)

TOMMY ATKINS (equivalent to one day's pay), screwed out of him, against his will, by the "Collecting Major" . . . £0 1 2
Like amount, got by similar means, from seventy other protesting brother privates in his regiment . . . £4 1 8

JACK MARLINSPIKE.—His subscription towards the "Lubberly Institute," dragged out of him, neck and crop, by the blarney-talking First Lieutenant . . . £0 1 6

Similar amount captured in like fashion from his white-feather-showing messmates . . . £4 10 6

A COUNTRY PARSON.—Amount which he stands sorely in need of for the purchase of a new waistcoat, given out of no sympathy with the Imperial Institute or its objects, but forced from him through fear of losing his local character for respectability, and dread of social ostracism . . . £0 5 0

SECOND SUBSCRIPTION FROM DR. BRAMBER'S ACADEMY, contributed by "One who wishes the Jubilee at the bottom of the Red Sea," "A Chap who would much rather spend his Shilling in Jam," and five other recalcitrant pupils, who think the Imperial Institute "beastly foolery," and hope the QUEEN won't get up half enough money for it . . . £0 7 0

The Falagu Tribe (per the Mongo Islands Missionary Society's Secretary), who send all they've got in the world to help the Great

DESPAIR!

A MOODY Man sat by his cheerless fire,
Angrily gazing on its fading glow.
His anxious wife besought him, but in vain,
To tell the secret of his agony.
His flaxen-headed boy, with loving eyes
Gazed at his sire and wondered at his silence.
His little baby girl, just two years old,
Crept to his knee and sought his usual smile.
But all in vain! Within his gloomy soul
There seemed but place for one o'erpowering thought.
At length his poor fond wife, with streaming eyes,
Entreated him to speak, and thus he spoke:
"The 'Busman gave me fippence for my change,
And, out of them five pennies, three is French!"

CAMMING IT STRONG.

MR. PUNCH, Master of All Arts and Doctor Doctissimus congratulates Sir REGINALD HANSON, M.A., and Lord M.A.-yor of London, on the Grand Cantab Re-unionist Banquet of Wednesday last. The Munching House was temporarily transformed into the Cambridge Senate House, and had the Vice-Chancellor proposed a toast, "The Dons!" with "They are jolly good Fellows," it would have been drunk with enthusiasm.

As a foretaste of the good dinner in store for them, the Academical guests were welcomed in the vestibule by a genial COOK, by whom many of them visiting the Mansion House for the first time were "personally conducted" up to the Lord Mayor. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. MARRIOTT, Q.C., sat cheek by jowl—which was "cheek" and which "jowl" must be decided by their friends—and exchanged stories about the Cambridge Union. The A.D.C. was powerfully represented by Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY and Mr. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., who had comic speeches in their pockets, which, for some reasons or other, they did not deliver, even to the reporters. DEURIOIANUS, on whom, in spite of his having entertained the A.D.C. men, an honorary degree has not yet been conferred, was not present, but was supposed to be amply represented by Pasha BROADLEY. SMITH of world-wide renown was there: so was BROWN, but JONES was conspicuous by his absence. JONES missed a good thing. There was another Mayor present, a Canon Mayor, but not such a big gun as my Lord in the Chair. Altogether it was a great occasion and most enjoyable festivity.

"It is late for me to be out," observed the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, as he referred to his watch and gave Sir RICHARD WEBSTER the correct time by BENSON'S chronometer. His Grace regretted that the Church House was not in existence, as he and his chaplain might have finished the evening there, and offered hospitality to many old friends. As it was—But here the Archbishop sighed, and saying "Good night! bless you!" generally, departed. Then the waiters went out, and the lights went out, and there was an end of the evening.

White Mother to build herself a palace, but wish she could manage to do without it . . . £0 1 8

And from the average British Tax-payer, up to his eyes in calls upon his purse for things that concern him much more nearly than the sentimental celebration of an epoch, pending further consideration of the matter . . . £0 0 0

A Dainty Dish to Set Before the Queen.

LET all merry children subscribe to complete
The House for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street!
They want Sixteen Thousand to make it all right—
A pretty round sum—let each mite give its mite;
The Children of England will raise, you'll soon see,
A Fund to thus honour the QUEEN'S Jubilee.

THE Irish Home-Rulers say that if the genuineness of the PARNELL Letter can be disproved, the *Times* ought not to be known henceforth as Jove the Thunderer, but as Vulcan the Forger.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S GREETING TO THE PAYERS OF THE INCOME TAX.—"A Penny for your thoughts."

THE AIR (JUST NOW) IN RICHMOND PARK.—"O Deer! what can the matter be?"



"THE JUBILEE BUDGET." PAINTED BY J. G. GOSCHEN, R.A.

John Bull. "VERY GOOD, J. G. CONGRATULATE YOU. THE FIGURES ARE IN YOUR HAPPIEST STYLE, AND THE LANDSCAPE CHARMING."

Grandolph (with professional jealousy). "DON'T THINK MUCH OF IT. IF I'D PAINTED SUCH A PICTURE, THE CRITICS WOULD HAVE BEEN AWFULLY DOWN ON ME. (Disgusted with everything and everybody.) BAH!"

Song for Mr. Goodallround, R.A.

O SUSANNAH! don't you cry for me,
But for President of Bristol's Art Societee,
See my Andromeda who fresh from rock and waves is,
Shown at the "Andromedaries,"—known as Mr. GRAVES'S.

EVIDENT TO EVERYBODY.—Is Mrs. WELDON preparing for the Fray? *Mais en sera-t-elle pour ses frais? C'est à voir.*

ZOLA'S play, *Renée*, is a failure. The Public is not taken with the piece, and the Manager isn't taken by surprise, as he had provided for a *Renée* Day.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.—FOLKESTONE tells me of an incident not elsewhere reported, which, as he says, shows the growing spirit of misrule among the Masses. When House met this afternoon, Strangers' Gallery filled with a rush. Few minutes later entered a Stranger for whom attendant specially made room. When he took his seat, Stranger put on his hat. Thrill of horror went round crowded benches. Everyone expected to see attendants fall upon the reckless man, and conduct him to lowest dungeon beneath Clock-Tower. Nothing happened. "What's sance for the goose is sance for the gander," said another Stranger, putting on his hat and folding his arms. In an instant attendants swooped down on him. To remove his hat and lead him forth, work of a moment. "Booh!" he cried through the keyhole when door shut on him. "And this is what you call justice between man and man?" Yet this is only the beginning, FOLKESTONE thinks. We shall presently have the Masses demonstrating in Strangers' Gallery, [and perhaps insisting upon taking part in debate.

Cause of all this was TIM HEALY. Suspended on Friday night by order of the House, he voluntarily hung himself up on topmost tier of seats in Strangers' Gallery wearing his hat in mute defiance. Hence looked down through greater part of night upon varied scene below.

Père SAMUELSON took earliest opportunity of clearing a character hitherto unimpeached. GOSCHEN, speaking at Edinburgh, had hinted that the Père had been an instrument in the hands of the guilty GLADSTONE, and had been put up to move amendment on Coercion Bill. Evidently what hurt the Père most was, the suspicion that he could be taken in.—he, the Father of such a son! Indignantly and at some length rated GOSCHEN, who with ill-affected lightness of heart withdrew allegation, and so incident closed without bloodshed. Fancy they'll leave le Père alone after this.

Tuesday, 1.45 A.M.—House divided on Second Reading of Coercion Bill. Everyone relieved. Last instalment of debate considerably above average of former nights. SEXTON made many good points in speech of hour and half duration. Would have been capital if it had been shortened by the odd hour. But the Windbag will have its way. HARTINGTON followed in comparatively brief speech, which, like GLADSTONE's and BALFOUR's, was constantly interrupted.

"Haven't heard HARTINGTON lately," said the American Minister, looking down from the Gallery. "Has wonderfully improved as a speaker since he went into Opposition against old friends."

Curious spectacle HARTINGTON rising from side of GLADSTONE to support Conservative Coercion Bill. GLADSTONE uncontrollably wrought by old friend's observations. Across the seat vacated by HARTINGTON he leaned, commenting with much gesticulation to JOHN MORLEY on successive passages. HARTINGTON must have heard much he was saying, which made matters a little awkward for everybody. GLADSTONE in fine form when, after dinner, his turn came. Constantly interrupted. But, with back against the wall, planted some resounding blows among his assailants. Then ARTHUR BALFOUR, whose speech was rather an altercation with Irish Members; next PARNELL, denouncing as "an unblushing fabrication" letter which *Times* says he wrote to PATRICK EGAN after Phoenix Park murders; and, finally, Division, showing 260 for the Amendment that Père SAMUELSON was not to be put up to move; against, 370.

Business done.—Coercion Bill read Second Time.

Tuesday Night.—Sudden and complete transformation-scene. The crowd that swarmed on every bench, and filled the Galleries in the early morning, has disappeared. The tossing sea become a mill-pond. For

PARNELL pale and passionate we have PEASE placid and painstaking, and for the mighty torrent of GLADSTONE's angered eloquence HUSSEY VIVIAN mildly expostulates with a Government that will not straightway find money to build National Harbours. Complaints occasionally made of management of business; but this putting up HUSSEY VIVIAN

after the tempestuous scene of this morning, a stroke of genius. To see him sitting forward on the bench with notes of his speech

in hand waiting opportunity to rise, soothing to the perturbed spirit. When he rose, regarded empty benches with a kindly smile. No one would have been surprised if he had asked after their home affairs, how the wife was, and whether MARY ANN was better of the hooping-cough. His speech was like a benediction; and DE WORMS, who had been up for greater part of the night, presently assumed suspiciously stolid attitude. Closed his eyes in order to think the more closely; nodded his head in acquiescence, the regularity and emphasis of which strangely contradictory of his subsequent refusal to adopt VIVIAN's views. The subtle influence of VIVIAN's speech more apparent in the division, Government escaping defeat by a narrow majority of five. Then there was some talk about Sunday Letter-deliveries, which with perilous chances lasted through the dinner-hour. But when MARK STEWART at half-past Ten proposed to discuss the system of Agricultural Education, Members fled, and House Counted Out.

Business done.—Some homely talk.

Wednesday.—Parliament chiefly out of doors to-day. Speeches in all parts of the country by all sorts of men. HARCOURT came out at Shoreditch. By the way, forgot to make entry at proper time of little conversation between HARCOURT and BERESFORD. It was just after Naval Lord's speech on Estimates.

"Capital speech," HARCOURT said, in his patronising way. "But you know, CHARLIE, you don't look like a Statesman."

"Well," said CHARLIE, "and you don't look like a Weathercock."

Thursday.—Budget Night, though nobody would think it looking round at benches. No crowding anywhere, and many gaps, the most prominent and remarkable on Front Bench where GLADSTONE's seat is empty. Hasn't missed a Budget Night for nearly fifty years. But takes holiday to-day.

HARCOURT there with large sheet of foolscap designed to cow GOSCHEN. Desired effect obtained. What with HARCOURT in front and GRANDOLPH on his flank, GOSCHEN looked picture of misery; spent early hour of sitting in forlornly wringing his hands. "Looks more like as if he had a deficit than a surplus," said MONTAGU, who is something in the City and interested in finance.

GOSCHEN got on at five o'clock, another peculiarity of the occasion being that no scene intervened. This not JOHN DILLON's fault. Rose after questions, and solemnly indicted HARTINGTON forasmuch as he had brought forward certain accusations without attempting to substantiate them. HARTINGTON according to genial custom, delayed his coming. No one to answer DILLON, and promising scene smothered in infancy.

GOSCHEN spoke for three mortal hours. Good business address, not absolutely entrancing in interest. HARCOURT followed, and then GRANDOLPH brought up his guns, raking GOSCHEN fore and aft. GOSCHEN a little alarmed by attack, but House not quite certain that since National Finance a serious business, it would not on the whole prefer GOSCHEN at the Treasury rather than GRANDOLPH.

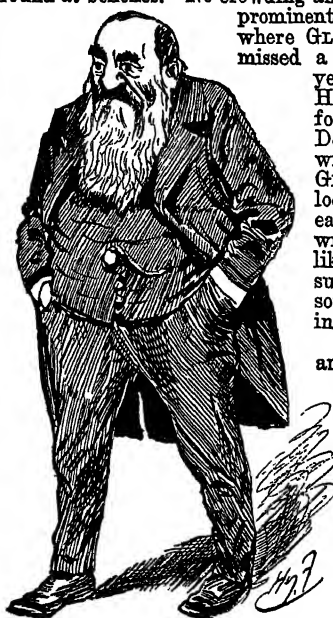
Business done.—Budget brought in.

House of Lords, Friday Night.—Crushed worm will turn at last. DENMAN stood years of obloquy from brother Peers. Have snubbed him when he rose to take part in debate; out-manoeuvred him when he has obtained precedence for his motion; fill the House with conversational chatter when he argues, and fix him with stony stare when he declaims. Generally too many for him. But this week he had them in a fix. Gave notice to move the rejection of Land Bill, so got leading place in important debate, and Lords compelled to stay and hear him. For two nights debate ran. DENMAN sedulously taking notes. Quite impartial. Prepared to throttle Opposition whilst he rolled Ministers in the dust. At midnight debate ran out. LORD CHANCELLOR about to put the question.

"My Lords," said DENMAN, rising, and preparing to deliver a two-hours' speech.

LORD CHANCELLOR on his feet at the same moment. Put Amendment—declared it Negatived; put Second Reading: "Those who are of the opinion—say Content—contrary—Not Content—Contents—have it."

DENMAN still standing, with notes in hand, beheld the House



"Something in the City."



"Little Hussey!"

actually adjourning; Members leaving their seats; LORD CHANCELLOR preparing to descend from the Woolsack; Black Rod advancing to take up mace.

He had been jockey'd!

When truth flashed upon him, the seedy, faded man flushed to roots of hair. Shaking fist at LORD CHANCELLOR, he cried aloud—"This is another case of Clôture. I have been treated in a most ungentlemanly manner. If any noble Lord chooses to doubt that, I am perfectly ready to give him satisfaction."

Pretty to see effect of this challenge upon noble Lords.

What had begun as a leisurely retreat became a rout. Nobody wanted satisfaction. Everybody perfectly satisfied.

"Twelve o'clock!" said LORD MONK-BRETTON (*né* DONSON). "Dear me, how late. Got a particular engagement." Putting on hat and seizing umbrella off like a shot. As for LORD CHANCELLOR, nearly tripped over gown in making for door. In forty seconds House clear, and DENMAN shaking his fist at empty Woolsack went forth into the night. Never before had his



"Partic'lar Engagement."

interposition given House such thorough "satisfaction."
Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a Second Time.

THE CHOIR-BOY; OR, SENTIMENT MADE EASY.

I ONCE composed a Polka,
And I thought it full of "go,"
Sure to set the heads a-nodding,
And to please the nimble toe.
But my publishers said, "No,
dear boy!
The Polka's had its day,
The public's got a serious turn,
Dance-music doesn't pay.
But there! don't be down-hearted!
The tune's too good to waste.
Just take it home and alter it,
To suit the public taste.
We want a song with sentiment
To make the public cry,
The piano—not too difficult,
The voice-part—not too high!"
Then I took my little Polka,
And turned it inside out,
And added subtle harmonies,
And twisted it about;
I played it very slowly, [there—
With harmonium here and
It's wonderful the pathos
The harmonium lends an air.
Then I added chords in triplets,
Strange, weird chords they were,
With rippling soft arpeggios
Like harps borne on the air.
Then fainter grew the music,
Then softly died away,
Like ling'ring gleams of sunshine
In the fast-declining day.

Then I wrote a set of verses,
Of a sickly sort of kind,
About a little choir-boy,
Of a morbid turn of mind.
Of course he'd large blue eyes,
And golden hair, that boy,
And of course he sang divinely,
Did that "mother's only joy,"
And when he sang on Sundays,
His voice o'ertopped the rest—
Which was very inartistic,
But the public like that best.
Of course he soon grew pale and
And faded day by day, [wan.
And just about the third verse,
He faded quite away!—
And now at Penny Readings,
Young curates sing that song,
Till not a dry eye's left,
In all that solemn throng.
And when the mothers hear it,
They softly sob and weep,
And the fathers snore approval,
In their after-dinner sleep.
It's played on barrel-organs,
And on ev'ry German band,
And it's selling now by thousands,
Far and wide throughout the
land.
And when I get my little cheque,
I chuckle in my joy,
And bless that little Polka,
That became "The Choir Boy."

AT COVENT GARDEN.—What a brilliant Opera is *Carmen* up to the middle of the third act, and after that, how sad! Poor *Don José*! what a small amount of amusement he got for his trouble! Only to sit on a hard chair, in a wayside tavern, while *Carmen* danced, sang, and played the castanets! "Quality but quantity" was the *Don's* motto, but "Quality and Quantity" is COLONEL MAPLESON'S, for the House was crammed with all sorts and conditions of men and women, and Mr. Punch can heartily congratulate him on his Italian Opera at popular prices. Of BIZET'S *Leila* more in our next. For the present, with MINNIE HAWK as *Carmen*, Mr. Punch, like the "Toréador," is "contento."

SPECIMENS OF MR. PUNCH'S SIGNATURES!

(Fac-similes taken during the course of the Evening.)

Punch

THIS IS BEFORE DINNER,
7.30. ATTESTED BY
SEVERAL WITNESSES.

Punch

THIS IS AFTER THE PUNCH &
LA ROMAINE, ABOUT THE
MIDDLE OF THE BANQUET.

Punch

THIS IS WITH THE
DESSERT.

AFTER THE
CLARET.

Punch

AFTER THE
CLARET AND THE
PORT.

DURING THE CIGARS, WHISKEY
AND WATER.

12.30. BEFORE LEAVING TABLE.

1.30. BEFORE GETTING INTO BED.

The above have been submitted to an eminent Expert, who says he could almost swear they are the same hand-writing, but must come and dine with Mr. P., in order to absolutely verify them.

BY A MARTYR TO EAST WIND.

ENGLAND grows old, pessimist songsters sing;
At any rate, she has lost all her Spring.

MOTTO FOR THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE COLLECTOR-IN-CHIEF.—*Sic volo, sic Jubbilee-o!*



“A FAIR JURY, AND ALL HOME-RULERS.”

THE CHALLENGE.

THE gauntlet's down! In tourney days
The Knight who failed the gage to raise
Had courted instant shame.
But who needs set his lance in rest
In days when knighthood seems a jest,
And chivalry a name?

The fire of honour burns so low,
The lying charge, the felon blow,
The modern lists disgrace.
Swashbuckler champions fling the glove,
And cravens falter ere they move
The swelling foe to face.

Of swaggering champion, shrinking knight,
One who provokes a needless fight,
Or shuns a needful fray,
Which most degrades a noble cause,
Or violates fair honour's laws,
Let casuist critics say.

The wanton challenger, perchance,
O'erconfident in ponderous lance,
Or mighty mass of mail,
As little chivalrous may be
As he who shirks the glove, or he
Who falters in the fray.

The Philistine colossus flung,
With vaunting mien and mocking tongue,
His haughty challenge down
Before the hosts of Israel;
The braggart Titan, when he fell,
Missed honour's golden crown.

It is not giant strength of thews,
Or power the time, the lists to choose,
That wins a champion fame;
'Tis honest cause and courage high,
And knightly magnanimity
That dares not stoop to shame.

The gauntlet's down! That glove to raise
Will win the challenged trust and praise;
For men love not the shift,
Whate'er its motive, that evades
Arbitrament of crossing blades,
Or fears the gage to lift.

BLOWING THE FURNISS.

WHEN two of *Mr. Punch's* young men put their heads together to produce so excellent a literary and artistic joke as that now on view at the Gainsborough Gallery, Bond Street, *Mr. Punch* has only to recommend the acute Public to go and judge for themselves if he is not right in saying that the humour exhibited in the pictures and the catalogue is about as mirth-provokingly original as anything they ever remember to have seen. *Mr. MILLIKEN's* catalogue is quite a third of the joke.

Mr. Punch would advise them, when the London Season is over, to start a caravan—a Royal Academy on wheels—travel all over England and Scotland, cross to Ireland, and then visit the States. If they could only obtain the services of a third humorist with the cackling and singing powers of the celebrated Mont Blancist, ALBERT SMITH, and an *impressario*, like his brother ARTHUR, they ought to make a fortune with their show here and in America. *Prosit!*

MRS. RAM is in a very excited state of mind about *Parnellism and Crime*. “I cannot believe,” she exclaimed indignantly, “that any Irish gentleman would be associated with such ruffians as these ruffianly Incubables. And why doesn't Government do away with the Fenian Park in Dublin?”

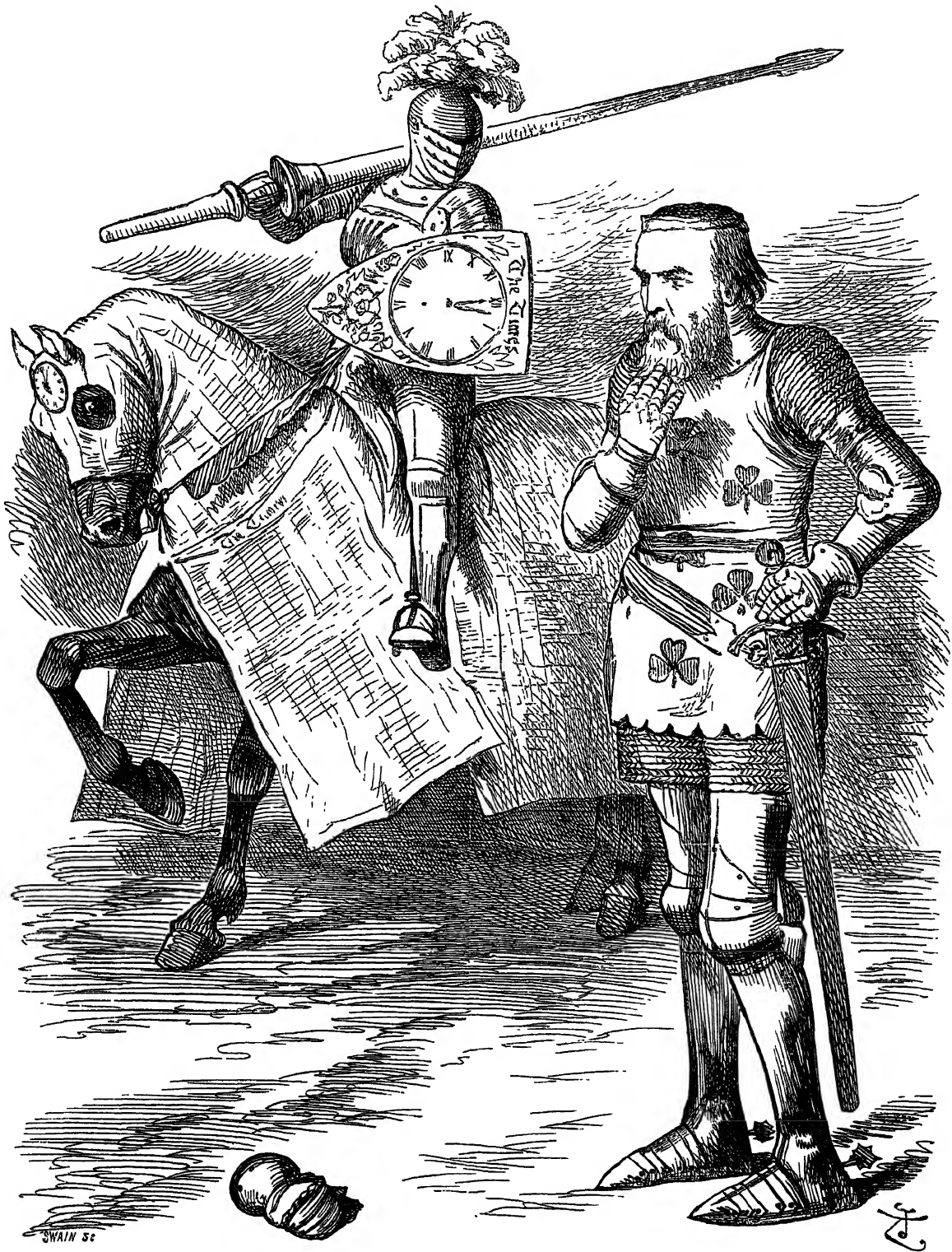
THE SOLDIER'S FEAR.

UPON the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the alehouse, and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
To use his pocket-handkerchief,
While tears began to swell,
The soldier leant upon his sword—
It bent—and down he fell.

Amid the roar of battle,
The warrior's fellest blow
Has failed to penetrate the coat
That shields the vaunting foe.
But though the pliant steel may cost
Our bravest and our best,
Be sure the sword most yielding there
Has passed the strictest test.

THE BOBADIL BAYONET.—BEN JONSON'S *Every Man in his Humour*, might be produced at a War Office performance. There's a capital scene where *Bobadil*, bending double the bogus weapon commended to him under that name, contemptuously cries, “This is a Toledo! Foh!” TOMMY ATKINS'S blade in action would probably “fool him to the top of his bent.”

A *PROPOS* of the above, *Mr. Punch*, wishes it to be distinctly understood, that in his “War Office Advertisements,” in last week's Number, no reflection was intended on the conduct of any particular individual official. With the fresh energy shown in every department, and the decisive action taken at Chat-ham and Woolwich, *Mr. Punch* looks forward hopefully — STANHOPE-fully — to vast improvements in the future.



THE CHALLENGE.



Mrs. Harcourt Gump (log.). "PARNELLIISM AND CRIMES! IT'S ALL RUBBIDGE!"

ORACLES IN COUNCIL.

Being a Report of the first Meeting of the Philosophico-Poetico-Professorial "Committee of Public Safety," appointed to preserve the British Empire from dissolution.

Professor T-nd-ll (confidently). Well, Gentlemen, thank Heaven and the Nineteenth Century—

Professor H-xl-y (emphatically). And the Fortnightly Review—

Mr. R. L. St-v-n-s-n (mysteriously). Not forgetting the Contemporary—

Professor T-nd-ll (impatiently). Well, thank Heaven and our Monthly Mentors, that confounded Talking Shop at St. Stephen's—

Mr. R. L. St-v-n-s-n. Of which we are all so ashamed—

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld. Which is so dismally lacking in lucidity, so wanting in sweetness and light, and—

Professor T-nd-ll. Oh bother! Don't let us be the slaves of catchwords, the fools of phrases. I was saying, thank Heaven, and—well us—that Talking Shop at St. Stephen's is at last superseded, or at least suspended; and we, appointed as a Committee of Public Safety with dictatorial powers *pro tem.*, have now set before us the business of *Saving the State!* How shall we begin?

Professor H-xl-y. With the Endowment of Science and the establishment of a proper System of State-directed Technical Education. I have a plan here (drawing from his pocket the M.S. of a lengthy Magazine Article) which I flatter myself—

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld. Ahem! Stop a moment. Highly important, of course, my dear Professor. But hadn't we better settle the Irish Question first?

Omnes (angrily). Hang the Irish Question!

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld (sweetly). With all my heart. Only, we can't hang it up, unfortunately. It stops the way.

Professor T-nd-ll (irritably). But that's exactly what the sophistical old Sciolist of Midlothian says! (General howls.)

Mr. D-c-y. I entirely agree with your—ulations. Still, the question must be settled, though, of course, not in the Hawarden Incubus's scatter-brained style. ("Hear! hear!") I have here an article—(murmurs)—which I intended for FRANK HARRIS—(producing a manuscript roll)—but which may find fitter use here. It is a complete plan for the settlement of the Irish Question. It may save time if I read—

Professor T-nd-ll (nervously). Pardon me, my dear Professor, but as Chairman I feel bound to suggest that we should introduce some measure of law and order into our debates.

Anonymous Oracle (from the T-m-s). By the way, talking of Law and

Order, there lies the root of the matter—of all matters, indeed. I've been hammering away at it, in my "leaders," for months, but nobody pays any attention to me. The primary duty of a Government is—

Mr. R. L. St-v-n-s-n (acidly). Oh, yes, yes, my dear Sir, we know all about that. (Aside—"We ought to.") But what is Law? What is Order? If Mr. HYNDMAN and his horn-blowing supporters have their way, Law will lap and swaddle Liberty into the infantile impotence of senility. Our legislation already grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors who now begin, note-book in hand, to darken the face of England. As to Order—order is not everything. Danger, enterprise, hope, the novel, the aleatory, are dearer to man than—

Mr. R-d-r H-gg-rd (impatiently). Pardon me, but it seems to me I have read something very much like this before—somewhere.

Mr. R. L. St-v-n-s-n (dryly). Very likely. You seem indeed to have read a good deal—somewhere.

Mr. R-d-r H-gg-rd (hotly). What we want is a good, sound, manly, Palmerstonian, *Civis Romanus sum* Imperial policy, that shall teach the brutal Boers to tremble at the name of—

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld (dulcetly). Oh, come, come, Mr. H-GG-RD *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi* is all very well—in fiction. But this is not novel, nor are we here engaged in novel-writing.

Mr. Fr-de (innocently). By the way, what are we engaged in?

Professor T-nd-ll. Why—a—a—Saving the State, to be sure.

Mr. Fr-de. Have you read *Oceana*?

Professor T-nd-ll (warmly). Everybody has read it, my dear Sir—of course. But—

Mr. M-ll-ck. Seems to me to advocate Tory men, and Radical measures. I don't object to the combination, if you'll show us how to work it. But I think I've a better plan, which I was going to send to the *National Review*, but which, if you'll allow me, I'll—

Lord T-nn-s-n (abstractedly, and à propos de rien).

I hold it true with him who sang

"The Fleet," that England's going to pot;

That all this talk is utter rot,

And all you babblers may go hang.

Omnes (appealingly). Oh come, I say, my dear Lord Lord T-nn-s-n (gathering his cloak around him). Come? Nay, I go! [Does so.]

Professor H-xl-y (sardonically). Just like these Poets!

Mr. Alfr-d A-st-n. Well, there are differences and degrees, Professor. We're not all alike.

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld (sotto voce). No, thank Apollo!

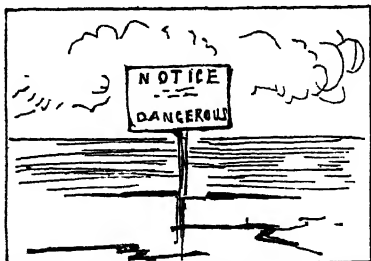
(Hereupon the Council breaks up into groups of two or three each, and argue angrily their various points, each man flourishing fiercely a bulky roll of manuscript. The Poets take the lead in this hot polemic, the Professors making a good second, the Politicians out of work being "well up." The terms "sciolist," "dreamer," "pedant," "dogmatist," "Philistine," &c., &c., fly about freely. Earl GR-x, not being able to make his voice heard above the din, sits down in a corner to write one more denunciatory letter to "The Times"; and Mr. G-LDW-X SM-TH, who has come over for the occasion, drafts a brand-new Coercion Act, empowering himself to exercise summary jurisdiction over all his polemical opponents, and pop all amateur legislators into strait jackets "on suspicion" of insanity without the formality of a trial.)

Professor T-nd-ll (making himself heard at last). Gentlemen! Gentlemen! This is not Law and Order. neither is it Sweetness and Light. I adjourn this Committee for a month, to give yourselves time to cool down. Up to now we're "no forrarder" I fear, but our next sitting will no doubt be a settler. Your respective manuscripts, which I am sorry not to have utilised on this occasion, will no doubt come in handy for the Symposia of next month's Magazines. When we reassemble—

[But here he finds himself alone, all the members having rushed off with their MSS. to the offices of their respective publishers.]

SEASONABLE CON.—What is the difference between Spring rains and Royal Academicians? The former are April showers, the latter May Show-ers, to be sure.

SELECTED SPECIMENS FROM THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN'S SHOW.



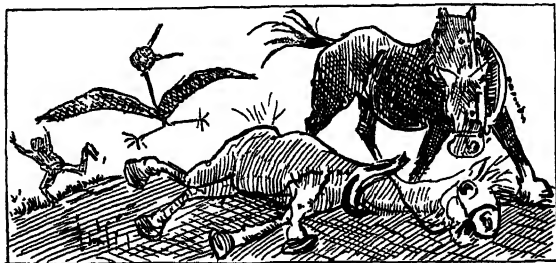
No. 243. "Nor-ron." Yes, it is Ice. Dedicated to the Humane Society.



No. 602. Divers Amusements; or, In Defiance of the Police Bathing Regulations.



No. 529. No use Crying over Spilt Ink. Send it to the Inkstitute.

No. 161. *Lusus Naturæ*. The Double-headed Dobbin. Its companion turned pale and fainted.

No. 609. Mr. Henry Irving inspecting Costume and Wig for a New Piece.



No. 822. The Bad Oyster Girl.



No. 808. Extract from Tommy Toper's Diary: "Next morning, found myself under the bed. Haven't a notion how I got there."



No. 798. "There is a providence that shapes our ends." What boots I've got!"

THE PILGRIM OF HATE.

A Popular Song, sung by Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n in Scotland and elsewhere.

RECITATIVE.

CH-MB-RL-N, my beloved!—he calls in vain.
CH-MB-RL-N! Echo hears and calls again.
A grand old voice repeats the name around,
And with J. CH-MB-RL-N Scotland's hills resound.

AIR.

A Hermit who dwells down at H-w-rd-n had crossed me,
As wayward and proud up Fame's mountains I pressed;
The aged man feared from his staff he had lost me,
And offered—a sell!—in his Cabinet rest.
"Ah! nay, Grand Old Hand, I would far rather wait;
No rest, save at top, for the Pilgrim of Hate."

"Yet tarry, my Son, till my H. R. Bill passes;
Let's bow to the League and P-RN-LL, its great head.
You'll not leave the Masses and vote with the Classes?
Come in, take your seat. Reform's banquet is spread."
"Ah! nay, Grand Old Hand, I'm not caught with that bait.
No rest under *you* for the Pilgrim of Hate."

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MONTH.—*London Society* is worth going into for the sake of meeting Mrs. LYNN LINTON and hearing what she has to say about "Pretty Polls," and what Captain HAWLEY SMART has to tell about "A False Tart." Mrs. LOYETT CAMERON is rather to be consoled with on her acquaintances, if "Some men I have known," is a true account of them. Save her from her friends! *London Society* in its present form is a considerable improvement on its old arrangement with double-barrelled columns, when the reader had to go down one side and up the other, and then down again, instead of straight across as now. And, thank goodness, there are no illustrations.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"SPRING's delights are now returning,"—and one of the delights of Spring are doubtless Water-Colours. How could they mix their colours without the Spring? Eh? But no matter, the combination of spring and colour seem to have been more than usually successful. Sir JOHN GILBERT's "*Cardinal Wolsey*," is an admirable picture. Excellent are the views of London by Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, Mrs. ALLINGHAM's "*Picture Book*," Mr. SMALLFIELD's "*Ringers of Launcell's Tower*," Mr. MARKS's "*Listening Monk*," and Mr. HENRY MOORE's seascapes. There are notable contributions too by Messrs. E. K. JOHNSON, CARL HAAG, BIRKET FOSTER, BEAVIS, A. W. HUNT, S. P. JACKSON, WALTER FIELD, A. H. MARSH, P. J. NAFTEL, and Miss CLARA MONTALBA. The Old Watermen's is a mighty pleasant exhibition—it is just about the right size and never gives you the headache.

BROUGHT TO BOOK.

It is seriously suggested that duelling is likely to be re-introduced into England, to meet the necessities of Brawlers of the House of Commons. Under these circumstances it is as well that a Code of Regulations should be formulated at once. Always equal to the occasion, *Mr. Punch* supplies the want:—

1. The weapons used shall be squirts full of dirty water, or thick single-sticks—the challenged shall have the option of choice.
2. The duel shall not be stopped until either or both of the combatants are drenched with water, or have their legs and arms black-and-blue with bruises.
3. When the principals shall have been well drenched or soundly thrashed, their honour shall be deemed to have been vindicated, and they shall retire.
4. An account of the proceedings shall be reported in *Mr. Punch's* pages—*pour encourager les autres*.



THE TENANTS' BALL.

Mr. Algernon (the Young Squire). "MAY I HAVE THE HONOUR OF A WALTZ WITH YOU, MRS. M'CLUSKY!"

Mrs. M. (of the Home Farm—a Heavy Weight). "WETH PLEE-SURE, SIR. SHALL WE 'OP IT OR SLIDE IT, MR. ALG-GERNON? I THINK WE'D BETTER SLIDE—WHICH IT'S LESS FATIGUING FOR THE BULKY!"

THE PEELER AND THE POLL.

UGHT to feel ever so much happier and prouder this morning, because Parliament has given me a Vote! Wish it had been extra week's holiday, or rise of pay. Afraid the Corrupt Practices Act has prevented my making any good use of my electoral privileges as—but no, I must not pursue this train of thought. Don't know where it'll lead me to, quite. Possibly Newgate.

Called on already by an Electioneering Agent. Said that under happier circumstances he would have been glad to have given me a sovereign; but now can only offer me a primrose. Asks me to stick it in my button-hole, as a particular favour. He seems to intend a joke. I do.

Went on my beat, as usual. Cook wants to know where I've got "that there beastly yellow flower" from. Says she believes a "Dame" gave it me. Don't know what she means, but can see she's jealous.

Cook asks me if I'm "a Rad?" Try to find out first what *she* is. Says she's a "Liberal-Unionist, now, but a little while ago she was a Tory Democrat." Find she hates the Radicals. Says, "she can't abide that hold GLADSTONE," and wants me to promise to vote against him. I do, but ask why. Cook says he's always speaking against the Force. That settles it. Cook says *her* two favourites are "that dear Lord RANDOLPH," because "he's got such a lot of bounce, and doesn't mind who he cheeks, not a bit," and Lord HARTINGTON, who's "a pet." Well, Cook knows all about it, of course, but still don't feel quite sure whom to vote for. And an election's just coming on too. Read the papers, and try to get insight into political situation. Papers don't help much. Seems to me that both sides ought to be run in, and get a couple of months' "hard."

Just taken up a man for being drunk and disorderly. Said he'd injured himself, and wanted me to "examine into the state of his poll." Used shocking expressions, and then tried to get round me by saying, "he was sure his language was quite Parliamentary." Asked him for his name, and said it was SEXTON. Believe it's an *alias*, as he was dreadfully drunk. Lodged him in gaol, anyhow.

Polling day. Off duty. Meet pleasant chatty fellow. Takes me into public-house and insists on treating me. But isn't "treating" illegal? Must look it up. Long talk on politics. Find he's an Irishman, and says Irish peasantry cruelly oppressed. He himself evicted seventeen times. Sounds improbable. He argues that Peelers *must* be in favour of Repeal. Promise him to vote against Lord SALISBURY's Irish policy. Don't know what it is, but can't break my word very well. Go to poll. Little boys very rude—shout, "Does Cookey know you're out?" Vote for JONES. Hope he's a Liberal-Unionist, but don't feel sure. Meet my Inspector. Frowns on me, and says that I've "been seen talking to very suspicious character." The chatty Irishman, it seems, was a Fenian from New York. And I've voted for his candidate! Get a severe wiggling: wonder if there's such a thing as a severe Torying? Hang politics!

Pay call on Cook in low spirits. Discuss my vote. Also discuss something else, in larder. Have evidently made mistake in voting for JONES. Cook wipes her lips savagely with dish-cloth, and says "Then you *have* bin and gone and voted for hold GLADSTONE after all, young man, eh?" I say I don't know. "Don't you never come down this area no more!" she shouts, and as her attitude is threatening, I leave hastily. Is this what they mean by an "area of disturbance?" Wish, on the whole, I hadn't been given a Vote.

Shelving Them.

(Address by Mr. HENRY IRVING on behalf of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon.)

A LIBRARY's been built there, and very well it looks. We've got a lot of shelves, but we haven't any books. So now you are requested by this meeting and myself, To get some fine Shakspearian works and—put 'em on the shelf. For Stratford-upon-Avon, my dear Shakspearian elves, Is than London far more central. Here's to "Our Noble Shelves!"

A TUNE TO DISTURB THE KING-HARMONY OF THE MEETING.—
"Hayden's Surprise."



BUFFALO BILL'S INDIANS VISIT THE BUTLER'S PANTRY, AND THE GREAT BRAVE KNOWN AMONG THE PALE FACES AS "HARESFOOT," THE CHIEF OF THE LOCO MEDIAN, SCALPS HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS ADMIRING VISITORS.

THE DRIVING DUKE.

Fragment of a Coming Novel of Modern Society.

"ONE well-known West-end Milliner is a graduate of Girtton: another bears a title; a third conceals a name not unknown to BURKE under a pseudonym * * * Many of the best women of all classes are ready to do anything by which the honest penny may be earned."—*Daily Paper*.

ALGERNON PLANTAGENET FITZ-WHELK, fifth Duke of Basinghall, stood at the scullery-window, and gazed at the blank wall beyond. The drawing and dining-room floors of the Belgrave Square Mansion above were let respectively to two rich middlemen from the provinces. Hence the Duke and his family were reduced to the necessity of occupying their own kitchens. Things had been going rather hardly with them of late. The sale of the Rutlandshire estates had not realised enough to pay off the mortgages with which the property in brighter days had been heavily encumbered, and the sum realised upon the disposal of the family jewels, and invested as a last resource in the purchase of a wholesale butcher's business in the Tottenham Court Road, had totally disappeared, engulfed in the failure of that ill-fated and sadly mismanaged enterprise. Nothing was, therefore, left them but the town family mansion, and this, by boldly inserting a bill bearing the word "Apartments" over the hall door, they had hitherto turned to sufficient good account to enable them to cover the charges of the parochial rates, and still preserve a little balance in hand over towards the joint expenses of their living. But the struggle for existence was a severe one. That very morning a local greengrocer who supplied them with an occasional sack of coals on credit, had declined to let them have any more without the money. It was this incident which had caused the Duke to stare with such settled gloom at the blank wall beyond the scullery window. Biting his iron-grey moustache, he turned mechanically towards the room.

As he did so, a tall, fair, graceful girl, whose proudly-arched neck and stately carriage told of the good blood that was flowing in her veins, rose to meet him. "Ah! Papa," she said, in a bright, cheerful voice, "don't be downcast about that horrid money. See, I shall soon make some. I have already painted seven of these birthday-cards, and when I have done three dozen the newspaper-shop round the corner says that I may leave them on sale or return, and get three-halfpence a-piece for them. Think, if I sell them all, you will be able to purchase and pay for two sacks of coal at once. So, courage, dear Papa." The Lady HONORIA kissed her noble father as she spoke. He only groaned heavily. In an instant his other three daughters, the Ladies ANNABEL, FLORILINE, and THEODOSIA, were at his side. "Look, Papa," they all cried with one voice, "why, we are all helping to bring grist to the mill."

"See," said the Lady ANNABEL, holding out a specimen of her work, "I am making match-boxes, and as I receive twopence for five dozen, I am earning nearly half a farthing in nine hours. It doesn't sound much," she added, with a light laugh, "but still it is something."

"And I, too," continued the Lady FLORILINE, "why, I'm getting a commission of five per cent. on the sale of a new non-intoxicant table-beverage. And I've almost persuaded the pastrycook in the next street to take three twopenny bottles on trial."

"Yes, Papa," chimed in Lady THEODOSIA, "and I'm making button-holes for an Agent of a large East End slop-shop. It isn't very quick work. But the Agent says I'm sure to make something out of it if I can keep up at it. And I think I can."

At that moment the bell rang. The four girls at once made a movement as if to answer it.

But the Duchess, who had been poring over the Employment Advertisements of *Work and Leisure*, rising from her chair, stopped them by a dignified gesture.

"No—it is the dining-room ringing about dinner," she said, "and I had better take the orders."

Spite the aristocratic hauteur of her manner, there was a subtle tremulousness in her voice as she proudly swept through the kitchen-door that told of hidden emotion, stifled by superior breeding. The Duke noticed it.

"And only last season she, in her train and plumes, was presenting you at Court!" he wailed, piteously surveying her four fair daughters. Then he buried his head in his hands on the dresser, and wept.

The entrance of a handsome figure bearing a butcher's tray, and wearing the ordinary blouse associated with that calling, aroused him.

"I've just left my last joint," said the new-comer, heartily, "and looked in to see how things were going. All's well, I hope!"

"Ah, CADOGAN, my boy," said the Duke, mournfully surveying the garb worn by his son, "what a change from the Life Guards!" His voice was choked with the strong feeling that mastered him.

"Can you,—can you bear it?"

"What! this?" replied the youthful Earl, good-humouredly, fingering the article of dress in question. "Why yes, considering I may still regard myself as in the blouse. Ha! ha! And as for this"—he took up his tray and swung it lightly on his shoulder as he spoke. "I might take 'Tray bien' for the family motto, so well do we get along together. Hope the mother is all right. Ta, ta, every one."

In another moment he had lightly mounted the area-steps, and vanished, whistling in the distance.

But the Duke had fallen prone upon the kitchen-table, his head again buried in his hands. He remained there motionless for some considerable time, then he got up—not before, however, he had made a resolve. It was to visit the representative of the General Omnibus Company that very night.

The apartments at 82, Belgrave Square are still let, and, owing to the occupation of the drawing-rooms by a rich family of the Hebrew persuasion, the house is doing fairly well. The Duchess still waits on the dining-room, and the Ladies HONORIA, ANNABEL, FLORILINE, and THEODOSIA, together with their good-natured brother, the Earl of LIMPET, do their little best to add to the family resources. The Duke, however, comes home now only late at night and leaves early in the morning, merely getting an occasional Sunday at home with his family. But his time is well employed. He is the driver of a King's Cross and Hammersmith omnibus. Those who do not know his story only notice the extraordinarily aristocratic bearing with which he handles the reins. Those who do, and they are limited to a few policemen along his route, point him out to each other as a "working man and no mistake." "You'll go a long way," they say, "before you'll match the Driving Duke!"

A NEW LAMP FOR AN OLD ONE (*at the Comedy Theatre*).—The "New Lamp" which employs the Russian Nihilist Oil, is but an indifferent substitute for the old and most effective *Fédora* Lamp patented by VICTORIEN SARDOT. Only those who expect something more than nihil from a Nihilistic plot will be disappointed with that of the *Red Lamp*. A Trusted Reporter informs us that in this drama something is always being expected to "go off," but never does; that Mr. TREE is wonderfully made up, and, unlike the mine does "go off"—occasionally. Mines are hazardous things to deal with. Our T. R. further observes, that much as he should like to parody the piece, yet that this would be useless, as the Manager will probably "take it off" himself, unless the Lamp burns somewhat brighter than it did on the first night. The *Red Lamp* may give a steady though more subdued light, if carefully trimmed.

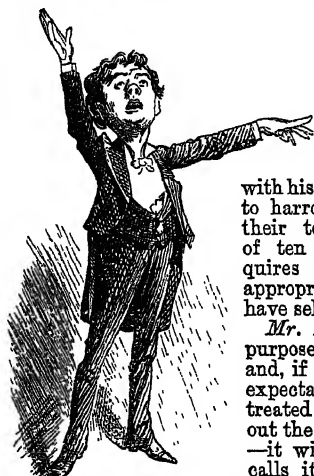
"CHARLES—HIS FRIEND."—MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM, by Dr. MORELL MACKENZIE'S orders, was not permitted to play *David Garrick* on Drury Lane stage. The papers reported him as "seriously ill." Nonsense, he is not, and never has been, "seriously" anything, and Mr. *Punch* is delighted to be in a position to inform the public that their favourite light comedian was only temporarily suffering, like most of us, from the East wind, and on any similar occasion he thinks of advertising himself as "East-WYNDHAM."

NOTICE. "STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO."—As the Picture Exhibition Season is now commencing, Mr. *Punch* temporarily vacates his Studio, and devotes the space to the Institute, the Royal Academy, and the Grosvenor. Study No. XXVII. is waiting to appear.

THE REAL "SLEEPING MAN."—JOHN BULL. Not even a prod with a corkscrew bayonet seems to awaken him! Perhaps the "intense light" throw on to his eyes, by recent revelations, and Mr. *Punch's* pungent comments thereon, may rouse him, and then—!!!

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

THERE are some votaries of that noblest of all Arts, Recitation, whose not unworthy ambition it is to thrill and curdle a helpless audience, and, as a corpulent and immortal youth (not an Amateur Reciter) is reported to have desired, "to make their flesh creep." It is less difficult than might be supposed to set your hearers longing feverishly for the end, and the student may generally count upon so much as attained almost with his opening words; but to curdle them, to harrow them up, and raise and lower their temperature alternately, in leaps of ten degrees Fahrenheit, all this requires study, and (perhaps) a certain appropriate quality in the subject you have selected.



"Bis dat qui recite O dat."

Mr. Punch's Poet has supped late on purpose to satisfy so legitimate a demand, and, if the result is not quite equal to his expectations, he ventures to think that, treated with talent—and who recites without the consciousness of so much at least?—it will prove effective in its way. He calls it (though there is no particular reason why it should not have been called something else)—

THE CONSCIENCE-CURST!

The night-owl shrieked: a gibbous moon peered pallid o'er the yew:
The clammy tombstones all distilled a dank unwholesome dew:

[Slight shudder here.]

As through the sleeping village passed a man of aspect weird,
Whose haggard face was half-obscured by a long-neglected beard.
(Assist your Audience's imagination here by passing hand lightly over chin.)

His tinted spectacles gave back the glances of the moon,
A pair of overcoats he wore—although the time was June.

[Give a dark significance to this.]

Two slippers wrought in Berlin wools hid his ungainly feet,
And he danced a grisly polka-step all down the silent street!
(You might just indicate this, provided you can do so in a sufficiently impressive and ghastly manner.)

Then, at the village green, he gave a conscience-stricken jump,
[Start here, as if you had observed a centipede on the carpet.]

As guiltily he gazed upon the Presentation Pump!
"How like," he muttered, with a groan, "my Uncle as he slept!"
Then raised its handle reverently—and found it cold, and wept.
(Here you might bend forward slightly, with extended hand, then let your hand drop by your side, and bow your head once, very solemnly. We have seen this very effective.)

The rural Policeman (raise voice at "Policeman") on his round
observed the Stranger grim:

"I'd better step across," he thought, "an' hev a talk with him.

[Country accent for this.]

It doan't seem nateral nohow a pump should rouse his grief!
Come, what be you about?" said he. "Confession brings relief,"

[In a hollow voice.]

The Stranger answered, with a smile that froze his hearer's blood;
Then down he sank upon the stones with a dull and heavy thud.
The hearse-plumes nodded in his hat as he inclined his head;
"Full long," he wailed, "upon this heart the worm hath banqueted!"
(A cloud was drifting past the moon, and sicklier she shone,
As he began)—"You never knew, I think, my Uncle JOHN?
A worthier, or a wiser, man this world has rarely seen—
He had some slight connection with a 'Try-your-weight' machine—

[The value of this detail will appear hereafter.]

And I—ah me!—a careless youth, I sported at his side—
That was before a kinsman's gore these felon hands had dyed—
Before the stain was on my brow that sickens and ashames!

[Gesture of loathing with the left hand.]

Ere yet my knife let out the life from gentle Uncle JAMES!
His blameless days were passed within the neighbourhood of York,

[More detail, but not, as will be seen, unessential.]

A dentist (so the neighbours said), a connoisseur of pork.

[Tender stress on last word.]

Ah, could I have predicted then that I should deal a blow
Upon the bald but genial head of generous Uncle JOE!
Now Uncle JOSEPH—mark me—sold (or rather "purveyed") meat;
His veins with vital fluid were abnormally replete;

[Close your eyes and shiver at this unpleasant reminiscence.]

I had not thought so old a man—(with a dazed air)—Enough!—
within the tank

I flung the still unconscious corpse of my favourite Uncle, FRANK!
(Imitate action of a man who is hurling a favourite Uncle to his doom.)
My Uncle FRANCIS was a man to know was to esteem.

At times I hear him coughing still—alas, 'tis but a dream!—
Is that a step behind the pump? (Tragic start here.) Nay, craven
heart, be still, [With a quiver in your tones.]

Till I have told how, for his gold, I struck down Uncle BILL!"
(Bitter emphasis on "gold," as if it had turned out less than you
expected.)

A stolid but attentive eye on him the Policeman fixed:
"It seems to me as how," said he, "you've got your Uncles mixed!"
A ray of recollection seemed the Stranger's brain to strike:
"Perhaps," he owned. "They were," he moaned, "exceedingly
alike! [Raise both arms wildly.]

Once more let me rehearse to thee my catalogue of crime:—

[More brightly.]

Old Uncle ROBERT—" (Change of manner here.) Hastily alleging
want of time.

The other left. "My gloomy tale his rustic soul alarms,"

The Stranger said. That night—he slept within The Railway Arms!
(Try to realise and impress on your Audience the full meaning of
this final sentence. They may possibly wish to applaud the
conclusion. We should advise you to let them.)

CLASSIC AD-VICE.

THE following Address has been received by the University
Authorities at Oxford on the subject of the bad Latin which dis-
figures the new "Statute" proposed by the Curators of the Bodleian
Library. It does not bear any signature, but is supposed, by internal
evidence, to emanate from some Undergraduate Members of the
University who have recently passed "Smalls," and are rather proud
of the event. The matter has been placed in the paws of the Proctor's
Bull-dogs, with a promise of an addition to their salary if they
manage to discover the perpetrators. It is expected that every
Undergraduate will be required to sign his name in the presence of
the Proctor and Mr. NETHERCLIFF, for a comparison of handwritings.

ADDRESSUM.

AD VITIOSUM-CANCELLARIUM, ET ALIA CAPITA COLLEGIARUM.

Sumus Subtergraduati qui nuper matriculavimus, et præterivimus
per examinationem "Parvorum" cum multâ gratificatione ad nos
ipsos. Putamus nos esse auctoritates de Latino stylo, in consequentiâ;
et sumus cruciati videre hanc novam Statutam, quæ dabit potestatem
Curatoribus Bodleiani Librarii lendere libros quum semper desirant.
Statuta ipsa est idiotica, quia vertit magnificam institutionem
Oxoniensem in Librarium Circulatorium, modo Miseri MUNDI. Nullum
Librarium hic est verè circulatorium, nisi Radcliffium, quod in formâ
est Circulus. Forsitan noscitis fabulam Professoris (probabiliter
Proctoris aliqujus) qui veniens domum post Vinum vel "Gaudium,"
prehensit ferrea repagula illius Librarii in manibus, et ambulavit (vel
staggeravit) circum et circum totâ nocte, nunquam faciens ullum
progressum? Sed examinare naturam Statutæ non est noster parvus
ludus ad presens.

Volumus protestare contra Latinitatem execrabilem novæ Statutæ!
Homines qui concoxerunt id debent, in nostrâ opinione, esse pudentes
suorum. Ut "Tempora," illud potens Journale, dicit "non possumus
congratulari Universitatem de Latinâ eruditione quam id ostenta-
vit." Boni Cœli! Si ullus Subtergraduatus in suis "Parvis" vel
"Moderationibus" esset utere talem caninum Latinum, infelix
juvenis esset atratus in duobus tremoribus. Non haberet ullam
fortem recipientis suum "Testatur," quia non "satisfaceret vobis
Examinatoribus."

Nunc quare est Latina lingua sic degradata hic? Nonne est quia
establishavimus Scholas Scientiæ et Modernæ Historiæ, et Domni
consequenter non dant exclusivam attentionem ad scholarem-navem,
sed preferunt aspectare Stellas per telescopium ad Observatorium et
colere Scientiam in aliis viis unâ cum feminis fascinantibus?

Non obiectimus ad Germanos Professores habentes libros de Libra-
rio. Illud erit bona res, quia in illo casu non venient ad Oxoniâ,
et non noscent aliquam rem de terribili Latinitate nostrarum Statu-
tarum, especialiter hujus novæ Statutæ.

Accipite, o Senes promissâ barbâ, horrenti capillo (Ablativus
Qualitatis, cum Epitheto) hanc admonitionem in bonâ parte, et
manemus vestri verè.

SUBTERGRADUATI SUPRA NOMINATI.

LORD ROSEBERRY in his telling speech at Glasgow, adapted SHAKS-
PEARE to his purpose and said, "The policy of conciliation is not
strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven." But Lord
SALISBURY and Mr. BALFOUR would probably retort, "Exactly; we
let it drop."

IN spite of Mr. FORWOOD's denunciation of Obstruction, we don't
seem to get much Forwooder.

THE ART HESPERIDES.



OH, golden garden hung with fruits of gold: | Who'd force a path within thy perilous pale, | Protective round the nymph-encircled tree;
 That modern Hercules had need be bold, | And brave the dragon twining scale on scale, | Or make a fourth to the much-favoured Three.

Ægle, Hesperia, Arethusa, there
 Monopoly maintain, and who shall dare
 Dispute their triple and time-honoured sway?
 And yet, and yet, there be some bards who say
 Their numbers once were four, or five, or seven.
 Perish the notion! Art's selectest heaven
 Must not be menaced in the name of Mob,
 Nought common (save the proletariat "bob")
 Must there be thought of. Yet this Ladon looks
 A gentle monster, bland as Summer brooks
 That babble softly through the whispering sedge.
 Can this be the stern dragon Privilege,
 Grim guardian of the garden's golden globes?
 Oh, fair Hesperides, your flowing robes
 May yet be brushed by contact of the crowd,
 If Hercules Reform should be allowed
 Into this sacred pleasance to intrude.
 We'll hope that Hercules will not be rude
 To such a dainty dragon, nor disturb
 The trio of sweet nymphs too much, but curb
 His furious force, and if some fruit he shake
 To earth, will do it tenderly, and take
 Only such apples from the tree as hold
 Too long, or are of pinchbeck, not of gold.
 So shall it prove that the true Hercules
 Is true friend to the true Hesperides.

THE *Guardian* of April 27 has this Advertisement:—

A PENSION of £20 a Year for a poor Preacher, under the Will of Sir JAMES LANCASTER, in the gift of the Skinners' Company, is Vacant."

What an overflowing list of names would be sent in if the matter depended on the Congregations! As it is, what professional would like to come forward and own himself a poor Preacher, or poor Actor, or poor Singer? Great is the company of the Preachers, still greater is that of the poor, and very poor, Preachers.

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN(-EYCROFT).

THORNEYCROFT's Spanish torpedo boat,
 Is the very fastest vessel afloat.
 If they run her aground, at speed, what's more,
 She'll be the fastest vessel ashore.
 So whether ashore or whether afloat,
 She'll ne'er be a torpid torpedo boat.
 But if ever she runs at our ships full speed-o,
 We hope she'll run over her own torpedo,
 And out the record in going aloft,
 To keep up the honour of THORNEYCROFT.

CATECHISM FOR LONDONERS.

Q. WHAT is a Premium?

A. A Premium is a Latin word meaning "prize" or "reward." In London this reward is given by Landlords to themselves out of the money of incoming Tenants.

Q. Is a Premium a prize for good conduct?

A. Exclusively so. The good conduct consists in allowing Tenants to live in London at all.

Q. Is the moment when a house is taken the only occasion on which a Premium is exacted?

A. Not at all. When a lease expires, Landlords, especially Ducal ones (see Mr. PLATT's evidence before the Parliamentary Committee), often refuse to renew without a heavy Premium.

Q. Is it a valid plea to say that this Premium is a repayment to the Landlord for improvements which he has kindly made in the house?

A. No; because the Landlord hardly ever makes any improvements.

Q. Then, at any rate, Tenants of London houses can always have the advantage of a lease, if they like to pay a Premium for it?

A. Such is not the case. Some Ducal Landlords now exact Premiums, and at the same time refuse to grant leases.

Q. Then the Tenant becomes a mere Tenant-at-will?

A. Unless he prefers to become a Tenant-at-Won't, and leaves the house in disgust.

Q. Why do not all Tenants adopt the latter system?

A. Because to leave his place of business may mean



MAKING "A CLEAN BREAST OF IT."

Softhearted Old Lady (when she'd heard the Story and assisted Applicant). "DEAR ME! AH, POOR MAN! YOU MUST INDEED HAVE GONE THROUGH DREADFUL TRIALS."

Tramp. "I B'LIEVE YER, M'UM!—AN' WHAT'S WUS, MUM, I WAS ALWAYS CONVICTED!"

to a tradesman the sacrifice of his "connection," a fact of which Landlords take full advantage.

Q. If a Tenant asked his Landlord for compensation for improvements executed by himself, what would the latter do?

A. Improve him off the estate, probably.

Q. When a London Landlord destroys at one blow the value of a Tradesman's good-will, by refusing him a lease, and drives him to emigrate by exacting a "starvation rent," what does he call the result to the Tenant?

A. A happy re-lease.

Q. What is the theoretical foundation on which Ducal Landlords build their claim to rack-rent all occupiers who "hold of" them?

A. That it is entirely owing to their own careful attention and unremitting exertions that the soil of London is now of any value whatever.

Q. And of what material is that foundation largely composed?

A. Portland Cement.

Q. What would the Ducal monopoly of land and houses in the best situations in London be called in Chicago?

A. A "corner in rents."

Q. And what would be an appropriate name for the victim of this monopoly?

A. A Ground-Tenant.

Q. Although the Ducal system of "improving estates," by turning out old Tenants and raising the rent to the utmost possible limit, may press hardly on individuals, do not these territorial magnates display a splendid example of public-spirited generosity and self-denying civic virtue which compensates for private loss? A. Scarcely.

TAKING SOUNDINGS.—*Truth* last week applauded the successful trial trip of the belted cruiser *Orlando*. Good; but what an inappropriately sounding name for a ship, *O'er Land O!*

GOLDEN RULE FOR FRENCH OFFICIALS WHO WANT TO ROAST AN ENGLISHMAN.—"First catch your HARE."

DUMB-CRAMBO'S STRANGER'S GUIDE TO LONDON.



Man shun House.



The Stock Exchange.



The British Muse—see 'um?



Gnashin 'all—Gal 'urry.



All Butt Haul.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 25.—GOSCHEN had quite a pleasant evening all to himself. Budget Resolutions submitted. GLADSTONE with flower in button-hole and smile on face, blandly trampled on them. GOSCHEN created Surplus by partly intermitting payment on Debt. GLADSTONE shocked beyond measure by financial immorality; but spoke rather in sorrow than in anger. Carefully refrained from declamation; maintained throughout conversational tone; but heart evidently bleeding at defection of one of his oldest and most promising pupils. "RACHEL weeping for her children was nothing to this," said HARCOURT, with a suspicious snuffle. As for GOSCHEN he broke down entirely; wrung his hands, beat his breast, and at one moment seemed as if he were about to rend W. H. SMITH's garments.

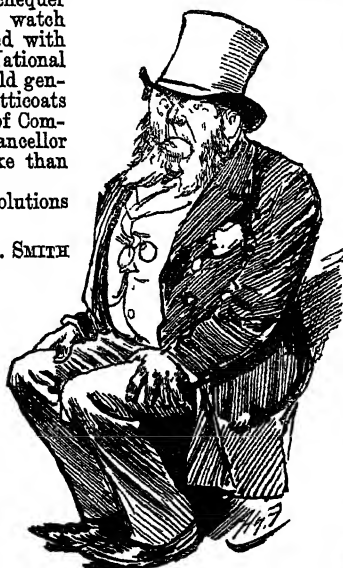
This scene enough for mortal man to bear in one sitting. But there was another distinguished financier who had also suffered by reason of GOSCHEN's shortcomings. This was GRANDOLPH, who had listened to GLADSTONE's criticism with marked attention. Occasionally encouraged that young novice by audible expression of approval. Now he took up the parable, and undertook to teach GOSCHEN a thing or two. Only recently GRANDOLPH has come out as a financial authority. House would not have been surprised to have heard he had undertaken the control of the Army or the direction of the Channel Fleet. Learned with mingled amusement and amazement that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Held the position for a few months, and so qualified himself to lecture GOSCHEN. Quite a chance it wasn't GLADSTONE that came under his ruthless criticism. GLADSTONE, however, in good luck. GRANDOLPH agreed with him in financial policy, and joined him in belabouring GOSCHEN. Very funny to hear the stripling gravely discoursing Ways and Means, patronising GLADSTONE, speaking with modified respect of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and sternly reproving GOSCHEN.

Old Mother HUBBARD had brought down speech designed to correct GOSCHEN, and indicate where, even yet, after many disappointments, a perfect Chancellor of the Exchequer was to be found. Curious to watch his face as GRANDOLPH sported with millions, and re-adjusted the National taxation. "Why," said the old gentleman, testily, "he was in petticoats when I first showed the House of Commons what a much better Chancellor of the Exchequer I would make than DISRAELI."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Tuesday.—Never saw W. H. SMITH so thoroughly roused as to-night. As a rule, throughout successive crises succeeds in preserving appearance of profound wisdom. Does not speak much, but conveys impression that he thinks the more. Sometimes, after dinner, impassivity becomes sensibly more fixed. Grave suspicion that he's asleep strengthened by determined manner in which he smiles when awakened by a cheer or burst of laughter.

"Doesn't do this nearly as well as DIZZY or GLADSTONE," says DILLWYN, who has watched both through many years. "Through whole hour lookers-on not quite sure whether DIZZY was awake or asleep. Sat with



"Not all Beer and Skittles."

coat-tails brought forward and carefully spread over thighs, arms folded, head bent, face like a mask. Might be asleep, and again mightn't. GLADSTONE stretches himself out on bench, unblushingly closes eyes, and looks fast asleep. But let someone misquote one of his Midlothian Speeches, and he'll learn whether he's asleep or not. SMITH, when roused, looks too furiously as if he had been awake all the time."

What woke up SMITH to-day was not sudden cheer or burst of laughter. It was suggestion of unparalleled audacity submitted to him. Seems SMITH has two Secretaries, one JONES, other BROWN. J. and B. spend leisure moments in writing to correspondents fierce philippics against the Opposition. Two of these got into papers; SMITH challenged as to their genuineness and authority. "Quite right," he says; "letters written on my behalf by my Secretaries. But I never saw them." Didn't know they had been written till now brought under his notice. House aghast at his confession. What might not happen, JONES and BROWN firing round at large under the mask of the revered SMITH? Feeling of evident uneasiness stole over House. No man felt safe. "Tell you what," said W. DAVIES, holding on to knees, and making himself look small as possible, "what with forged letters going about, and Secretaries writing in Ministers' names unbeknown to them, Parliament isn't a bed of roses, nor yet all beer and skittles."

For the rest of weary night debate on Second Reading of Coercion Bill all over again on Motion to go into Committee.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—TIM HEALY back to-night, after enforced absence of a week. Says he doesn't resent his suspension, since it gave him opportunity to regard House from fresh point of view. Never before able to form such just opinion of the relative proportions of occupants of Treasury Bench and Bench on other side of the table. Compulsory absence not had effect of smoothing down acerbities. BECKETT resumed interminable debate on Coercion Bill. Had not proceeded far in some congenial references to Mr. PARNELL, before TIM's thunderous voice rolled through empty Chamber, calling him to order.

"Order," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, sitting attentive on the Front Bench, "is TIM's first law."

JOHN DILLON chimed in, and what JOSEPH GILLIS calls the game of "bucketting BECKETT," went merrily forward. BECKETT's speech carefully prepared in privacy of study; all the points nicely arranged. Arguments put forward a hundred times in debate restated. Everything prepared for except interposition of TIM. This rather embarrassing. Hung on to his notes like drowning man at straw. Got more and more mixed, and finally gave up, or as C. SYKES in his mincing way put it, "kicked the BECKETT."

GEORGE DAVIS not been heard of lately. Tells me he's hit upon new device which he is at present practising. When he projects delivery of speech, prepares it in usual laborious form, and learns it off. Has



"Order is Tim's first law."

engaged on easy terms two gentlemen at present in depressed circumstances owing to flatness in the "chucking out" market. Calls one TIM HEALY, the other JOSEPH GILLIS. Recites speech before them. "TIM HEALY" constantly interrupts by rising to order. "JOSEPH GILLIS" inopportunately interpolates cries of "Oh! Oh!" "Shame!" "Buckshot!" Then GENT-DAVIS flashes forth repartee or claims the protection of the SPEAKER, as case may be. Finds practice most useful, and is already able to regard interrupters with indifference. One has proposed to vary proceedings by chucking him out in the middle of his peroration. That course not yet parliamentary, so is dispensed with.

Business done.—House goes into Committee on Coercion Bill.

Friday.—Found waiting me at house letter in strange hand. Supposed it was application for subscription to our Cricket Club, the Infirmary, or the Imperial Institute. Nothing of the sort. From BUFFALO BILL—and ran thus:—

"Say, TOBY, M.P. Heard of you. Going down to House at Six o'Clock; want you to show me round, wet or shine."

Delighted. Always glad to see Distinguished Foreigner. B. B. turned up punctually. Striking figure. Tall; large as to the hat; moustache much larger than GRANDOLPH's, and hair hung in little greasy curls on shoulder. Strong suspicion of use of curl-papers.

Picture for next year's Grosvenor:—BUFFALO BILL, in his wig-wam, curling his hair by flickering light of torch, held by admiring Cowboy.

"Not very lively just now," I said, a little nervously, not knowing how he might take it. "Ten minutes to spare. Would you, now—ahem—would you like to go and have your hair cut?"

B. B. looked at me in way that led me to change the subject.

Got B. B. in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. BALFOUR (not ARTHUR) on legs, explaining Scotch law to animated audience. Instantly fixed B. B.'s attention.

"Who's that fellow with his scalp lifted, jabbering away at the table?" he asked.

"That," I said, "is the former Lord Advocate for Scotland. A very good fellow—everybody likes him."

"Then who lifted his scalp?"

"Ah, that's a mistake. It's not what you think. It's a trick people, especially Barristers, have here of losing their hair in early youth. We have no scalping here, and this is a way Nature has of redressing the balance between the Old World and the New."

B. B. grunted, but evidently not satisfied. Presently began to unwind something from his waist.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's a lasso," he said.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Going to fetch that chap up," said B. B., steadily unwinding himself.

Good Heavens! Here was a prospect. An ex-Lord Advocate lassoed from the gallery and dragged across floor of House.

"You can't do it here," I whispered, "you'll catch the table. Come, and I'll show you a better place."

Got B. out, wandered about passages till lost ourselves, and finally got out into Palace Yard. B. didn't seem to care to go back, so packed himself up again, and set out for the Wild West by Earl's Court. Felt too shaken to return, and so home.

Business done.—Don't know.

WORDSWORTH very slightly altered to W. E. G. on his way to B. B.'s Show:—

"What, you are stepping Westward?" "Yea."

"Why, 'tis a wildish destiny."

By the way, here was a Lake Poet who would have been in favour of the Ambleside Railway, for was he not the author of "*The Excursion*"?

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE" (*New Edition*).—Colonel SAUNDERSON, Mr. TIM HEALY, or Mr. DILLON,—whichever you like, it seems invidious to select,—and out of the House "the Angel" is only one Pat-more.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of Mr. DE RUTZEN's sentences on the rowdy and dangerous self-styled Socialists, the worthy Magistrate of Marylebone will be styled Mr. Up-Rootsem.

RIGIDITY OF THE REVENUE.—The Revenue must be in a bad way. Mr. GOSCHEN deplures its "gradual loss of all elasticity." It must, therefore, have arrived at such a state of "tension" and "strained relations" as hardly to be capable of being stretched any more. In that case, how much longer will any Chancellor of the Exchequer be able to make both ends meet?

ASPIRING AMATEURS.

MR. PUNCH has received the following letters, which have been addressed to an eminent Judge, a famous Artist, a celebrated Surgeon, and a gifted Novelist, with an invitation that he should send the writers a suitable answer. He has much pleasure in complying with the request.

DEAR MY LORD,

I.

I TRUST you will not consider me guilty of presumption when I inform you that I fancy, nay, am sure, that with a little coaching I could make as good a Judge as your Ludship. It is true that, after a very distinguished career at the Bar, your Ludship was selected for the very high office it is now your good fortune to fill. That I should appeal to you for assistance in this little matter is a proof that I am sensible that your Ludship performs your duties with much ability. If I did not believe that you were a very good Judge I should not ask you to teach me the technicalities of the position. But, having said this, I must, in fairness to myself, confess that I see no reason why I should not do equally well. It is true that I have a slight impediment in my speech, but that seeming defect should make my decisions the more deliberate. When I tell you that I once attended a Fancy Dress Ball in the borrowed robes of a Barrister, I am quite sure your Ludship will at once recognise my claims to a seat on the Bench.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD SMITH.

RESPECTED SIR,

II.

I AM sure you will be pleased to hear that for many years I have been greatly delighted with the works of Art you have contributed to the Royal Academy. I have often looked at some of your figure subjects, and whenever I have done so, have come to the conclusion that I could do nearly as well. Were I not naturally of a modest disposition, perhaps I might put the matter more strongly in my own recommendation. In early life I failed to "pass out" of Woolwich either into the Engineers or the Gunners, and as it has ever been my ambition to write "R.A." after my name, I think I can accomplish the feat by turning Artist. My chief difficulty is in the details of the profession. I feel you can give me a helping hand, and, for the sake of Art, will gladly do so. What I want to know is this—which is longer, a head, a body, or a leg? I should also (as I am colour blind) like to have a few hints about how to paint a sunset. Were I to master these technicalities, I feel sure that I should soon claim to sit in Burlington House as one of your colleagues. Please let me know soon whether you will give me the necessary hints (you can teach me the whole bag of tricks in ten minutes) as failing Art, I think I shall go in for being an Archbishop, when it will be necessary for me to address a few lines in a similar strain to His Grace of CANTERBURY.

Yours truly,

JOHN JONES.

III.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

PARDON me for troubling you in the midst of your patients, but I am so sure that I can perform a surgical operation as well as you, that I really, in the name of science, must refuse to apologise. When I tell you that I can take off the wing of a roast fowl without the least difficulty, you will at once realise that I have already mastered to a great extent the difficulties of anatomy. For all that I should like a few hints. Perhaps you will let me know whether you should use Chloroform or Ether, or what? I suppose, too, one has to get some peculiar sort of lancet or other surgical instrument? I am determined to get a Baronetcy for proficiency in surgery, and as I am far too clever to undergo the drudgery of walking the hospitals, &c., &c., I shall be much obliged if you will please give me a rough idea of what is necessary.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY BROWN.

MY DEER SIR,

IV.

AFTER reading of yore bookies, I finds that I can rite sum just as gud. Yure plots are sutingly klevor, but I oud think them outt quyt as wel. Awl I wants is a int or hint (I never can gett them haeches) aboute grammer and spelin. Wil yer elp me? If yer does, why awl I can sai is luk oute for a secound DICKINS or SUR WARTER SKOT, cos I knows wots in me.

Yures, &c.,

CHARLES ROBINSON.

(Mr. Punch's Answer to the above.)

Mr. Punch, who has neither time nor inclination to send a separate reply to each of the writers of the above letters, begs to deal with them *en bloc*. He wishes to say that it is as easy for an ignorant dolt without training or aptitude to become in ten minutes, a Judge, a Royal Academician, an eminent Surgeon or a famous Author, as it is for an Amateur who has never got beyond the "form" of "*Charles, his Friend*," or "*Lucy (Mrs. Bouncer's daughter)*," in the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room, to bound on to the stage, after a fortnight's coaching, and become at once an EDMUND KEAN, or a Mrs. SIDDONS. *Verbum sap.*



AN UNFEELING JOKE.

Fair Equestrian (coquettishly). "WHAT! NOT GOING TO KEEP A HORSE THIS SEASON! THEN WE SHAN'T HAVE ANY MORE DELIGHTFUL RIDES TOGETHER!"
Stout Adonis (with deep sentiment). "AH, YES. I SHALL LOSE A GREAT DEAL BY NOT RIDING!"
Facetious Youth. "WELL, THAT WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM! JUST A COUPLE OF STONE OR SO!"

"RUNNING THE GAUNTLET."

[Upwards of two hundred Amendments to the Crimes Bill appear on the notice paper.]

AIR—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

OH, have you heard the news of late
 About a poor Bill in a parlous state,
 Whose sorrowful doom and whose pitiful fate
 It is to run the gauntlet?

Its foes wish to get the poor Bill in a fix,
 They long have been trying their tactical
 tricks,
 They came down on its birth like a cartload
 of bricks,

They surrounded its path like a ninefold Styx.
 GLADSTONE would smite it and MORLEY
 bang,

HEALEY would slate it and SEXTON slang,
 And now they have sworn, since the Bill
 they can't hang,
 They'll make it run the gauntlet.

By the Irish boys the Bill was cut,
 And when by the Clôture their mouths were
 shut,

They swore, since they could not crack its nut,
 They'd make it run the gauntlet.
 Two hundred handkerchiefs, knotted, they
 had,

And every hour to the number will add,
 Upon my word it is too bad,
 Enough to drive a poor little Bill mad.

There was BIGGAR short and RUSSELL tall,
 There was H. H. FOWLER, with forty in all,
 And they all of them swore on the Bill
 they would fall,
 And make it run the gauntlet.

In fact its foes were a regular host,
 And the ruthless rascals made it their boast
 That the poor little Bill should give up the
 ghost

Before it had run the gauntlet.
 Of fifty weapons were they bereft,
 Another fifty and more were left.
 The poor little Bill must indeed be swift,
 If to dodge their blows it should make shift.

If it passed the fifty without a cropper,
 GLADSTONE and MORLEY might put in a
 stopper,
 Whilst HARCOURT stood knotting an extra
 "whopper,"

For poor Bill running the gauntlet.

With here a wallop and there a whack,
 One for his nob, and two for his back,
 They hedge the course and hang on the
 track

Of this poor Bill running the gauntlet.

Will he succeed in dodging them all?

Will he take his gruel without a squall?

Will he escape from their merciless thrall?

Will he finish his course without a fall?

Then to his sponsors he'll bring relief,
 And of nine-lived cats prove the very
 chief,

Although they treat like a welshing thief
 This Bill who's running the gauntlet.

DR. OSCAR LENZ arrived last week in
 Brussels. There was at once a rush made for
 him by the Photographers, who had heard
 he was such a first-rate Lenz. However, as
 he politely explains, "he only Lenz his
 assistance to African Explorers."

THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

(Summary of the Speeches last Saturday.)

THE PRINCE returning thanks we always hear
 With pleasure, ever genial, terse, and clear.
 The Duke of CAMBRIDGE roused us like a hero;
 Lord HAMILTON reduced us all to zero.

Lord SALISBURY gave us satire, meant to tell,
 "Alas, poor Yorick!" Ah! we "knew him well."
 Professor HUXLEY's lecture rather bored us;
 Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's brilliant speech
 restored us.

[City.]
 The LORD MAYOR, speaking up for Art and
 Said naught of "Painter's turtle," more's the
 pity.

[every sinner
 Archbishop CANTUAR preached: thought
 His Grace the lengthiest grace after dinner.

The President, Past-Master of the art
 Of speech post-prandial, played well his part.

"Of pictures here," said he, "we have a show
 Above the average far." Yes, this is so.

And Mr. PUNCH, this merry month of May,
 Drinks to Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

WISDOM is in all the Councils of the Colo-
 nials. Wisdom is as Wisdom does.

THE WOLFF.

WHAT does WOLFF, from hour to hour,
 With the tricky Turkish Power?

Is Sir HENRY fast asleep?

Watch for ever must he keep?

WOLFF's long diplomatic prowl

Makes JOHN BULL begin to growl.

Sweet Stamboul, and pleasant "plunder!"

Is it all a costly blunder?



“RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.”



MESSAGE HAPPY THOUGHT.

Patient. "SEEMS HARD WORK! EH?"

Masseur. "YESSIR, IT IS RATHER HARD WORK, SIR."

Patient. "AH! IT STRIKES ME THAT IF I WERE TO RUB YOU NOW, INSTEAD OF YOUR RUBBING ME, I SHOULD GET WELL IN HALF THE TIME!"

OPINIONS OF "RED SHIRT."

(Supplied by Our Own Thought-Reader.)

HAVE not given much attention to the Crimes Bill, but if it is something good to drink, believe it isn't up to Fire-water.

Never been in the House of Lords, but prepared to bet that it's not equal to the Show at West Kensington.

Don't understand Magna Charta, but fancy it can't beat Buffalo BILL's show-cards.

Never seen Home Rule, but sure it can't surpass *Faust* at the Lyceum and *The Butler* at Toole's Theatre.

Never talked to Lord SALISBURY, so can't say whether he's smarter than the Hon. W. F. CODY.

Never interviewed by the Family of Nations, but consider they would have to run second to the Cowboys' Band, especially when that society was playing "*Yankee Doodle*."

If asked again by Mr. GLADSTONE whether I can see "those similarities between Englishmen and Americans which might be expected to exist between kinsmen and brothers?" shall certainly once more reply, "Do not know so much about their being kinsmen and brothers."

Never met Mr. GLADSTONE in my life before, but reckon he's a first-rate hand at getting out a smart and high-toned advertisement.

TRUTH states, that in consequence of the funds forwarded by charitable readers to aid in sending poor London Children for a few weeks' country air in summer-time, Mrs. JEUNE was able to give four hundred and seventy-four of them a real country treat. Out of compliment to this lady's admirable exertions, the month of their holiday should be, evidently, June. The fulfilment of JEUNE is better than *The Promise of May*.

[It is not absolutely true that in consequence of his Artistic Joke in Bond Street, the Fiery FURNISS has applied for police protection. But it is a fact that being in want of a holiday after his work, our Caricaturist is going to "take himself off."

"D."

A Lay of Modern London.

"There are many known ways of disposing of house refuse; but we are convinced that the very worst, the most stupid and dangerous, is that which seems to be immortal in London—the open cart, and the rotten basket."—*Lancet*.

THE—he whom euphemism's courtly use Softens, in good society, to "Deuce,"
Going his rounds in London, chanced to see
In windows here and there a big black "D."
The longicaudate omnivagrant elf
Thought it at first a summons to himself;
But at that moment on his startled ear
There echoed through the street a sound of fear
Raucously resonant, so vile a howl
As never tiger on its nightly prowl
Thundered upon the tympanum of Nox,
Although the fiend is used to aural shocks,
He shuddered at the shindy. "What," he cried,
"Can this be?" Then, with loud and loutish stride,
With string-girt "cords" that left huge ankles bare,
With much-touled smock, and mass of matted hair,
Lounded up a coarse colossus. With him went
A nameless, nasty, most mephitic scent
That Tophet could not parallel. It rose,
Making his sable highness hold his nose,
From a much-crust-ed cart piled high with—what?
"He," quoth "Old Nick," "may know—I'd rather not."
A March wind blew, and on that biting breeze
Was borne a cloud that made you choke and sneeze,
Sicken, expectorate—a foul simoom
That might have whistled through the charnel's gloom.
"Peripatetic pest!" cried Lucifer,
"Who are you?" "Who, oi be a doostman, Sur,"
Growled, huskily as Death with a catarrh.
The brawny, big-mouthed mooncalf. "Oh! you are?"
Smiled the sardonic one. "I see, I see,
A sweeper-out of sepulchres!"—"Not me,"
Caliban chuckled. "Dust-bins be my mark."
"Oh!" cried the fiend, still slightly in the dark.
Further to question this stentorian pig
Lucifer thought a little *infra dig*,
And so he watched him simply. Saw him call
At a smart villa, trample through the hall,
O'er the tiled forecourt, down the clean-swept stair,
Leaving his hob-nailed footmarks everywhere;
Saw him with spade and basket delve and thrust
At a malodorous bin of so-called "dust,"
Dispersing fetid fumes at every stroke,
Compared with which his Phlegethon's own smoke
Was summer fragrance; heard him growl and jeer,
Clamour for sixpences, and beg for beer;
Saw, at his loud disdain of "tip" or drink,
The housewife tremble and the housemaid shrink;
Saw him depart, and leave a dirty wreck
Where, ere he came, was sweetness void of speck,
Then, with piled cart, slung ladder, basket foul,
Beheld the brute resume his noisome prow,
His sullen tramp, and intermittent howl.
"Well," mocked the fiend, "and this is what men call
Civilisation! Stench, stentorian bawl;
Despotic insolence that naught can please,
Wandering noise and travelling disease.
A dirty chaos in the neat home-nest,
The streets a hunting-ground for old King Pest.
Fancy proud Babylon dealing thus with 'Dust,'
Without an insurrection of disgust!
'Tis yon big brute they summon by their 'D'!
Well, while he rules, why should they call on Me?"

A FISHING QUESTION.—According to a leading article on "Large Salmon":—

"Much in the natural history of the salmon remains mysterious. Whether it feed or not during its annual visits to its native streams, is still a matter of controversy."

If salmon don't feed in fresh-water rivers, how is it they are fished for with rod and line? When they rise at a fly don't they mean to eat it? By what enticement but that of a bait do they get themselves hooked? Was that point ever a matter of controversy, and does it still remain a mystery in the natural history of the salmon which naturalists acknowledge themselves unable to explain?

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.

We commence with our selected specimens, which everyone will immediately go and see:—



No. 0. Expulsion of Blacklegs from the Academy.



Nos. 229, 230. "Look out!—below!" Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

Unto her window wildly did she go
"Police!" Where was the Peeler? See below.
With aching heart the curtain she drew back,
When—upon aching head she felt a whack.
Poems by Harry Finis.

No. 12. *Change for a Tenor.* W. W. OULESS, R.A.
My friends have often told me I was so
Like MARIO—but that was long ago.
They said, "I'd carry all before me!" True.
In years gone by I tried to,—now I do.
From the Unsung Notes of a Tenore Robusto.

No. 23. *Tom Brown's Holidays.* F. S. BEAUMONT.

No. 25:— To SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
From all your pictures we select "*The Nest*,"
First Gallery, Twenty-five, and—hang the rest!
Of HARTINGTON and ROSEBERRY these two
Portraits, who painted them? SIR EVERETT? You!!
If their two forms these portraits scarce recall,
Then "*your old form*" they don't recall at all.

No. 60. *Cheeky; or, The Amateur Actress.* MINNA TAYLOR. "I cannot paint myself properly, the rouge will come in patches like this."
No. 63. *Pleasing Doubt.* T. B. WIGMAN. W. FERUS, M.D. (log.). "Now I come to examine the Pharmacopœia, I fancy I've not given him the right prescription. How funny!"



No. 503. Hair-Cutting in the Olden Time. Indignant customer positively refusing to be shampoo'd. Solomon J. Solomon.
NOTE.—Why repeat the name? More economical to adopt the noun of multitude, "Solomons."



No. 291. "The Painter and his Model." W (ery) Q (urious) Orchardson, R.A.
"Yes, you can go; I've done with you, my dear.
Here comes the Model for the following year.
(To himself.) Luck in odd numbers—Anno Jubilee—
This is Divorce Court Series Number Three."
Orchards an' Pairs (latest edition).



No. 36. Apey Thought. F. Holl, R.A.



No. 465. "'Ear! 'Ear!" Sir J. E. Millais, R.A. Alas! poor 'Art-ington!

No. 67. "*Rayed with the yellows, past cure!*"—*Taming of Shrew*, Act III., sc. 2. N. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. NOTE.—Wonder if this artist ever suffers from "the blues"?

No. 994. "Mr. Stanley, I believe?" Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, M.A.

No. 680. EDWING LONG, R.A., "*pinks-it.*"
No. 320. *Concealment; or, The Last Button off his Waistcoat.* More's the PETTIE! R.A.!

No. 367. *John Dull, not John Bright.* W. DULL MORRIS.
No. 377. *The Pretty Pugilist.* HUBERT HERKOMER, A.

She has put on the gloves! Be on your guard!
It is a striking picture! I'm hit hard!

Impromptu by a Very Impressionablist.

No. 394. *An Orange Lodge.* A. MOORE. Encouraging Motto—"A. Moore omnia vincit."

No. 416. *Kyle-Akin to a Coloured Photograph.* BRETT, A.
No. 481. *Whiteley.* R. D. OLIVER. "They've kicked all the black-legs out, so there's a chance for me."

No. 525. *Sulks and Satins*. GREGORY, A.
 No. 589. "Warren's Blacking."
 No. 703. "All Sorts and Conditions of"
 —Colour. JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
 No. 716. Probably a Theatrical Puzzle
 Picture, symbolical of *Ruddygore* and Mrs.
 BROWN POTTER. HON. JOHN COLLIER.
 No. 970. "O Distempera, O Morris!"

SOMEBODY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Monday.—Visit to Madame TUSSAULT'S. Lecture "Upon the Right of the Liberty of the Subject," to be addressed to the occupants of the Chamber of Horrors.

Tuesday.—Inspection of the contents of the Tower. Speech on "Parliamentary Armour—how to be used for defence or attack," to be offered to the Knights of the Horse Armoury.

Wednesday.—Saunter through the Zoological Gardens. Oration "On the Brotherhood of the Great Human Family," to be delivered in the Monkey House.

Thursday.—Inspection of Olympia. *Impromptu* on "Politics going to the Dogs," to be knocked off in the Sportsman's Exhibition.

Friday.—Gathering at the Crystal Palace. Reflections "On Monarchs from the Earliest Times," to be spoken to the Sovereigns in the Screen of Kings and Queens.

Saturday.—Second visit to the American Exhibition—continued conversation with "Red Shirt" the Taciturn.

TWO THEATRES.

MADAME Favart has been revived at the Avenue Theatre. Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN is the life and the soul of the piece. There is scarcely a laugh in it from beginning to end, and yet, years ago, we believe it was a success with the same *prima donna*, VIOLET CAMERON, and M. MARIUS. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, though playing Favart, is "not in it," and does hardly anything with the part. But if Miss ST. JOHN, Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON, — with one clever dance, — pretty faces, and some bright music are sufficient attractions, then the motto of this house at present might well be, "a Fair Field and no Favart." Perhaps it is only a stop-gap until something Arthur-Robertsonian can be produced. *Robinson Crusoe* was idiotic, but ROBERTS was very funny in it, which he most certainly isn't as Favart. We are inclined to adapt *Caliban's* doggerel, and sing:—

"Ban, Ban, Ca-Caliban,
 Avenue Theatre, 'Ave a new—piece!"

At the Royalty Mr. EDWIN has produced a farce called *A Tragedy*, in which he himself is droll enough, and it will make people laugh till he gets something better.

Many of BUFFALO BILL'S Indians, or Cow-boys, we are not sure which, attended, it is reported, a Presbyterian place of worship on Sunday. This looks as if there is some Scotch element from the Great Macaw clan among them. This, however, is not so, as we believe that, after visiting the Lyceum, they one and all announced their wish to be considered as Irvingites. The Indians are delighted, as they say, "We have now been face to face with the Great Mys-terry."

MRS. RAM wants to know if "The Cookney Isles" are so called on account of the number of Londoners touring there? (N.B.—Her nephew is of opinion that the excellent lady was thinking of the "Orkney Isles.")

AT THE BILLERIES.



"RED SHIRT," CHIEF OF THE SEEYOU-AT-WEST-KENSINGTON INDIANS, RECEIVES A VISIT FROM "GRAND OLD WHITE COLLAR," ALIAS "STRONG WILL," CHIEF OF THE OPPER SISHUN HINDERUNS.

CHIEFS IN COUNCIL.

From Our Own Special Earl's Court Interpreter.

THE Distinguished Statesman and party had now arrived at the encampment, and it was explained to the illustrious Indian hero that the "Great White Chief" was waiting to receive him without. In another instant "Yellow Slippers," ferocious in his war-paint and feathers, had sprung to the door of his tent with a wild war-whoop, and, brandishing his gleaming tomahawk, signified, in the stinging accents of the Sioux dialect, his readiness to meet all comers. There was some commotion among those assembled outside, but it quickly subsided on the Trapper announcing, at the Distinguished Statesman's request, that the "Great White Father" had only come to have a little friendly talk over the peace pipe." Upon hearing this, the Indian, eyeing his supposed rival disdainfully, drew his blanket moodily around him, and waited for the conversation to commence.

"I had better put a poser to him, to open with," observed the Distinguished Statesman, thoughtfully. "Ask him what, in his opinion, will be the probable effects of the forthcoming Show on the financial prospects of the General Omnibus Company, and the Metropolitan District Railway respectively, and how he thinks the Shareholders of either undertaking will view the progress of the projected enterprise."

On this being translated to "Yellow Slippers," he only glared fiercely for a few minutes in the direction of the "Great White Father," and then shook his head.

"He does not understand," explained the Trapper.

"Dear me, that's awkward," rejoined the Distinguished Statesman, "for, wishing to impress him, I had arranged several complicated questions for his solution. Ha! but I have them hinted at here in the notes for my luncheon speech. Suppose you just read him this. I fancy it mayn't be very clear, for I haven't quite made up my own mind what it all means, and so, no doubt, it will probably puzzle him."

He handed a well-pencilled sheet of paper to the Trapper as he spoke. The latter proceeded forthwith to translate its contents to "Yellow Slippers," who, however, repeatedly shook his head at the various points, and gradually assumed an attitude of threatening defiance. Finally, on its conclusion, he instantly sprang to his feet, and again giving a wild war-whoop, expressed his desire to have done with palaver, and meet the "Great White Father" in combat in the arena, either with tomahawk or lasso, and there discuss with him, in a language he could understand, matters rather more within his ordinary comprehension.

Affairs assuming, therefore, a rather threatening aspect, and "Yellow Slippers" being understood still to express a wish that instead of meeting the "Great White Father," surrounded by pale faces, at West Kensington, he could only come across him alone on the deserted plains of the real Wild West, the Distinguished Statesman and party hastily withdrew, and retired to another part of the extensive grounds under the guidance of the courteous officials who accompanied them.

THE ARREST OF M. SCHNEBELÉ.—*Trop de zèle* evidently. Pop, bang, fizzle, and froth. So much the better. Let "the Pagny incident" be remembered historically as the "Sham-pagny incident."

WAITING VERIFICATION.

THE following letters, for the authenticity of which their unmistakable signatures may be regarded as an undisputed guarantee, having come, no matter how, into *Mr. Punch's* possession, he publishes them forthwith without further comment:—

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

THANK you for the pretty present of Primroses, which arrived quite safely, and with which I proceeded straightway to decorate my balcony most effectively. I join the League, believe me, with the greatest pleasure, and shall certainly, as you propose, instal a Habitation in East Mayo at the first possible opportunity. For the rest, take no account of my conduct in the House. I am obliged, for obvious reasons, to make some outward show on the other side. But that, you know, is only a ruse. When the Division comes, you will find, my dear Marquis, that you have not counted in vain on the unflinching support of

Yours devotedly,

John Dillon

MY DEAR SIR,

You evidently, in common with the rest of the British Public, have fallen into the trap artfully laid for you by the coloured posters, and are associating my advent in this country with the forthcoming performances of the *Wild West Show* about to be held at the American Exhibition shortly to be opened at Earl's Court. Please dispel the idea from your mind, for my mission over here, which is a double one, is of a very different sort. In the first place I am the accredited agent of the Government of the United States to settle the Fisheries Dispute with the British Cabinet. In the second, I am the first living representative of the part of *Mephistopheles* in my country, and I have come over here to show your HENRY IRVING how he ought to do it. My reputed connection with the Indians and Cowboys at Earl's Court, you may, therefore, regard as the wildest *canard*.—Yours faithfully,

Buffalo Bill

MY DEAR GENERAL,

THOUGH I have not, for reasons of policy, hitherto openly referred to the excellent movement you have originated and organised, I cannot longer refrain from assuring you, that it has my heartiest approval. Indeed, if you will send the drum and uniform down to Lambeth Palace, I will at once join your ranks, if only in the capacity of a humble Corporal. Only let me know when you have your next "drill" on down this way, and you shall soon find that you may, on your parade, count on no more boisterous demonstrative and indefatigable recruit than yours, sincerely, and enthusiastically,

G. Cantuar

DEAR HARCOURT,

AFTER mature and weighty consideration, I have determined to throw up the whole Irish game. The last arguments used by SALISBURY about the Crimes Bill strike me as conclusive. He makes out a strong, and, as I take it, an excellent case. You may, therefore, let CHAMBERLAIN and HARTINGTON know that I unflinchingly abandon in the future all former points of difference. Tell them I henceforth relegate "Home Rule" to the four winds. The news will not surprise them, as they know how little I am in the habit of being tenaciously wedded to my own views, and how ever open I am to the influence of the fair and valid arguments of those who happen to be politically opposed to me. Ever yours, with much conviction,

W. E. Gladstone

DEAR COCKALORUM,

If I had only known that you would have published my tripping little note in the shape of an advertisement, how much better I could have made it. As it was, I read it in print with infinite satisfaction and delight. The whole thing struck me as in such excellent taste. But mind, dear boy, the next time you want something of the kind you give me notice, and I promise you you shall have something veritably *hors de ligne*. Hoping you did enjoy the dinner.

Henry Irving

N.B.—As *Mr. Punch* thinks it very probable that the foregoing writers will deny their own signatures, he only has to ask them if

they can tell him *how they got there*. Having called in a Committee of Experts, he has of course satisfied himself that he knows what he is about, though he candidly admits, judging from a recent rather notorious experience, that this is not the same thing as satisfying everybody else.

THE LANE AND THE GARDEN.

Drury Lane.—The Rose Garden is open. The Temple of AUGUSTUS DEURIOPLANUS is occupied by CARL ROSA (Limited), and Mme. MARIE ROZE inaugurated the season—a short, but, we hope, a merry one—with *Carmen*. It is put on the Stage in a style worthy of the



Cull Rose, Sir?



Marie rose to the occasion as Carmen.

Augustan age, and the Year of Jubilee. For Wednesday (to-day) the new Opera, *Nordisa*, by Mr. CORDER, is announced. *Sursum Corder!* CARL ROSA, Limited! We anticipate success for this novelty. "Corder thou art, and shalt be more hereafter!"—which, we believe, is in *Macbeth*, but if in doubt, refer to AUGUSTUS DEURIOPLANUS.

Covent Garden.—That *Leila* and *Carmen* are by the same composer is difficult to realise; the latter being so full of catching melody that after a first hearing, anyone with half an ear comes away humming boldly, but incorrectly, the *Toréador contento*, and with a burning anxiety to recall something of the cigarette song,—while of the former not even a man with three correct ears for music could hum, or would think of humming, a bar of its music.

Mlle. ALMA FOHSTROM was a charming *Leila*, a sort of Veiled Prophetess the greatest interest in the piece being occasioned by the curiosity in the house to seize any moment when accident or design should lift the veil and show her face. It was like watching for the cuckoo to come out of its little door in the clock when the hour strikes. Mlle. ALMA sings and acts charmingly. M. LHERIE was a picturesque *Zurga*,—whatever *Zurga* may be, apparently King of the Fishermen.

The opening is bright, but this promise is not fulfilled. There is a fine duet for *Nadir* (plenty of evident jokes on his name, which, however, do not occur in the Opera), a very solemn and effective prayer to Brahma, and a lively and telling *finale* to the First Act. *Leila* appears to be very ill-used by the people who, after receiving her as a divinity "to watch over and protect them," immediately change their tone, and threaten her that if she falls in love she shall "never again see sunrise." She has, therefore, to get up early, and the others get up earlier, and everyone more or less falls in love with her, including three *Fakirs*—who do not sing the old *Jack Sheppard* chorus of "Nix my dolly, pals, *Faker way*"—with all their clean linen from the wash tied round their heads, and who are evidently suffering from violent chill in consequence, as they pass a considerable portion of their time with their hands over a sacred fire. If they were dressed as three Quakers, after the style of Mr. BARRINGTON and Miss JESSIE BOND in *Ruddygore*, the flame whereat they warm their hands might be the "Sacred Lamp"—not the Red one—"of Burlesque." In fact, in these *Fakirs*, with their linen and drapery—the Three Linen-Drapers—the interest may be said to be centred. They never tell their love for *Leila*, but they show it by deeds; for they take a pot-shot at *Nadir*, her lover, miss him, because the Linen-Drapers are not sportsmen, but bring him in prisoner, and help to drag *Leila* away from his embrace.

There is a fine *finale* to the Second Act, and an effective finish, but we should doubt whether popularity is in store for *Leila* and the *Linen-Drapers*, and whether any operative Manager will rub his hands with pleasure, and say to himself, "*Leila! Good Bizetness!*"

MEMOIRS OF COUNT BEUST BY BARON DE WORMS.—Like "Brave PERCY," Count BEUST is dead and "food for WORMS."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

A YOUNG Man with a marked tendency to mildness should (and generally does) select for recitation pieces



"Good is not the Word."

Should you feel up to it, you might prepare yourself by turning up the bottoms of your trousers, tying a silk wrapper round your neck, and wearing your dress-coat inside out—it is not the usual costume of a Costermonger, but it helps to give you confidence and assists the illusion. Try to be as vulgar as you can: no one will mind, if they see the vulgarity is only assumed.

With these preliminary hints we will proceed:—

So yer want me to tell yer about it? Well, yer don't seem a bad sort o' bloke.

(This is addressed to an imaginary Interviewer.)

Set down on the hedge o' my barrer; but mind yer don't tip up the moke!

("Moke," as you may be aware, is a donkey, in this case an imaginary animal, harnessed to an unseen barrow; these little details render the whole thing so much more dramatic and vivid.)

Yer kin stand me a drain when I'm done, if yer like—there's a public that's 'andy by;

For this 'ere's a yarn as I never can spin without I gets 'usky and dry.

(The least suggestion of pathos in this last line.)

I'm a rough kind o' cove, but it's bin my pride as I've led a regular life;

For I'm niver too tight of a Saturday night but what I kin wallop the wife.

I'm allus light'arted in liquor, and I fling about things pretty free; [spree!

But a 'ardworkin' man, at the end of the week,—well, he's fond of a bit of a

(If you intend to do this in Clapham or Brixton, write for alternative verses.)

So we lived werry 'appy together fur nigh upon fifteen year,

And our 'ome was a bloomin' 'umble 'ome, but the 'umblest 'ome kin be dear!

(Rough pathos; the epithet "bloomin'" is a little coarse (for Camberwell), but you can go round and apologise for it afterwards.)

And I got that sweet on the place, Sir, that—there—you may call it strange—

If yer'd offered me Buckinim Palace, I'm blowed if I think I'd change!

(Slap your knee here with suppressed feeling.)

But hall of a suddin my thoughts got turned the t'other way about;

I come upon one o' them Soshalist chaps, as stand at a corner and spout:

"O Feller-workers an' Friends," says he, "Society's rotten an' holler!

Think o' yer comfortless 'omes," he sez, "and yer lives as is spent in squoller!

Think o' the gorgeous gilded rooms as is howned by the bloated rich, [sich?

With their carpets, and sofas, and soft harm-cheers. Hev you got the likes o'

These Swells is a wasteful extravagant set, as yer'll see for yourselves when you hear

That they spends on soap in a single week what 'ud keep you a fortnight in beer!"

Well, he jawed away till he showed quite clear, what I'd never believed till then—

That the 'ome I 'ad bin so proud on was honly a 'orrible den!

'Ow could it hever be anything else but poverty-stricken and sordid,

When it didn't 'ave one o' them luxuries rare of which I had bin defrordid?

(Give this with passion, but convey the idea that it relates to a bygone state of mind.)

Fur many a day, as I thought this out, I'd take and cry like a child,

And the light seemed all blowed out o' my life, and its inernerent pleasures spiled!

And the longer I went on livin' the lower my sperrits sunk,

Till the Missus's eyes weren't black for a month, for I 'adn't the 'art to git drunk!

(This is another touch of Nature, but is not recommended for Peckham.)

I reelly believe if I 'adn't bin roused I was goin' to rack and to ruin,

But I felt I must make a heffort some'ow, so I give a copper a doin',

As had found my barrer a blockin' the way, and they took me afore the beak,

Who saw what I wanted was change of hair, and sent me to quod for a week.

(Pause here, to mark the beginning of a new era.)

Well, when I come out at the hend o' my time, I felt like a haltered cove;

As back, with a ohashened 'art, I sped to my battie at Lisson Grove,

And I clambered up by the crazy stair, and I softly hopened the door.

Then I started back. . . . *(This is your best dramatic effect. Work it up.)*

. . . There was nothink there the same as I'd seen it afore!

I couldn't think for the turn I got, and fur wonderin' "What did it mean?"

It made me shiver and shake for fright—fur the blessed floor was clean!

But I ventured in; and I rubbed my heyes; for darned if it didn't seem,

That either I couldn't be right in my 'ed, or was in some orrible dream!

(Pause; then continue, in a tone of concentrated horror.)

Fur the room was painted a light pea-green (which the same is a culler I 'ates!),

And, wherever you couldn't get at 'em, was 'anging up blue and white plates;

The mantelpiece had a petticut on, and up on the winder-sill

Was a mug o' voilets, as smelt that loud as they werry nigh made me ill!

The door was a dollop o' Japanese fans, and the cupboard was painted white,

And hover it some'un had sprinkled a job-lot o' spadgers in flight!

A thing as they calls a "dodo," on the walls was a runnin' round,

And my old gal was a settin' asleep in a ruebub-cullered gown!

(Try to realise here how excessively all this would be calculated to annoy a Costermonger.)

In my hown armcheer, as had got a coat of horiental red, And a big humberella was hupside down on the ceiling over her 'ed!

Well, I routed her up in a minnit and I sez: "You're a nice cup o' tea!

(Coarse again, but characteristic—risk it.)

This 'ere is a pretty state o' things for your 'usban' to come in and see!

D'yer think I'm a goin' to set in a place as is on'y fit for Tom-fools?

With yer wickerwork cheers, and yer plants in pots, and these 'ere little three-legged stools!"

"Why, BILL," she sez, "I should never ha' thought as you'd fly in a tearin' passion,

'Cause a kind old lady's took in her head to do us up in the fashion!

She thought it was jist what yer wanted so, and she never meant to insult yer,

For this 'ere is luxurious comfort, BILL,—it's what them aseties calls 'Culcher'!

See, these little 'hoccasional tables' is for arternoon tea and chat,

Or for, when a gentleman's callin', to put down his chimley pot 'at;

Them plates is considered 'so de-corative,' and so is the pots and pans,

But I can't recollect the partickler good of the humberella and fans."

"I dessay it's werry genteel," sez I, "but my notion o' comfort it ain't."

To live in a litter o' stuff like this would aggerawate a saint;

I fancy I sees myself fallin' about when I've taken an extry drop,

And a breakin' my shins like a bloomin' bull in a blessed Chiney shop.

I'll not have none of it, BETSY," I sez, and I chucked the lot of it out,

And my 'art it throbbd with a honest pride as I see it go up the spout!

(Give this with a spirited independence.)

For we all on us has our feelings, Sir, and mine was cruel hurt,

To think as a swell could ha' stooped so low as to rob a poor man of his dirt!

So I never anker for Culcher now, or henvy the 'arris-tourats;

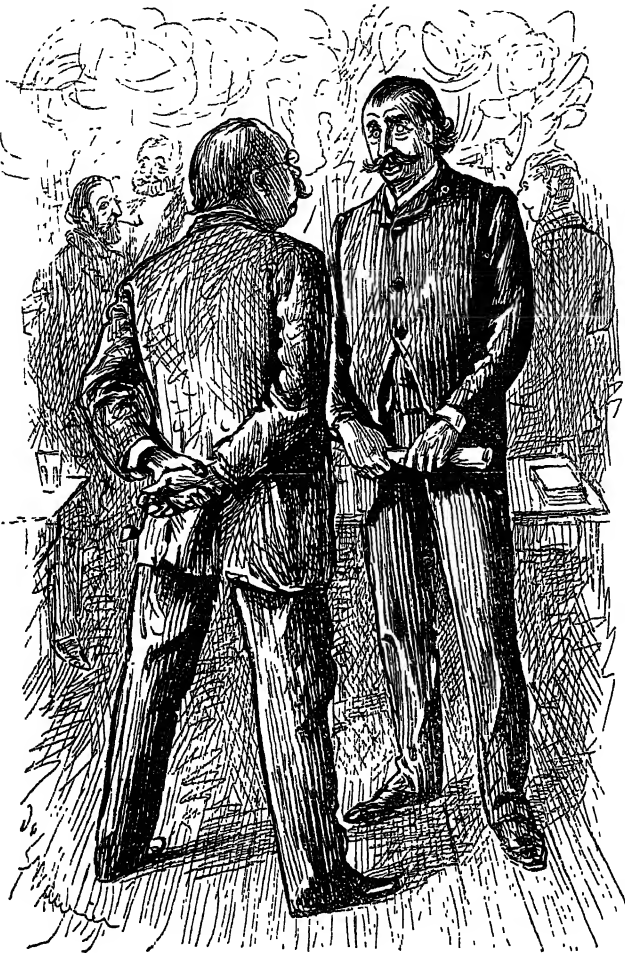
I'm cured for life o' the longing I 'ad for a roomful of brick-a-bats,

Of spadgers and pea-green paint you will find in the attio 'ardly a trace,

And when my old woman and me has words—there's allus plenty o' space!

That is all, but the author believes it will be found to bristle with opportunities for the beginner. There is an alternative ending, in which the Coster is refined and redeemed by the gentle influences of his new surround-

ings, but there really should be some limits to Naturalism.



AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Herr Professor. "YOU HAF A REMARKAPLY BOWERFUL FOICE, MY VRENT!"

Basso. "YES! DO YOU THINK IT WILL FILL ST. JAMES'S HALL?"

Herr Professor. "FILL ST. CHAMES'S HALL! ACH, MY VRENT, IT WILL NOT ONLY FILL ST. CHAMES'S HALL—IT WILL EMPTF IT!"

ALL ABOUT IT;

OR, FOLLY GATHERED AS IT FLIES.

Interior of a Suburban Railway Carriage. Well-Informed Passengers discovered discussing question of the hour.

First Well-Informed Passenger (concluding a lucid exposition of the situation). Well, that's why I say it's a clear question of Privilege, and, what's more, the House ought to have voted it so, as a matter of course.

Second Well-Informed Passenger (who has been reading the Times). Not at all, Sir. Not at all. The House was quite right. Besides there was no sort of precedent for it. If PARNELL wouldn't speak, the Times was quite right to go at DILLON. Look at all their revelations. Not a soul has answered one of them as yet. Not a soul, Sir.

Third Well-Informed Passenger (putting down the Daily News). No, I should think not. It is well known that the whole thing is a pack of lies from beginning to end. It ought all to have come before a Committee. That would have burst their wind-bag for them.

First Well-Informed Passenger. That's what GLADSTONE wanted to get at. And he would have done it, too.

Second Well-Informed Passenger. GLADSTONE! Why, he's the head and front of the whole thing. He's in the very thick of it. They're a party of thieves and cut-throats, Sir—that's what they are. Just read what the Times says of them.

Third Well-Informed Passenger. The Times, indeed! They ought to have had the Editor up at the Bar of the House, and have given him six months in the Clock Tower.

Second Well-Informed Passenger. Nonsense, Sir! The Times has behaved splendidly throughout the whole of this Irish business.

Third Well-Informed Passenger. Splendidly? Disgracefully! Why it's well known that all those lying sensational articles were written to order by a disreputable Irish Peer, who was only too glad to get the job.

First Well-Informed Passenger. Oh yes, I've heard that. But they would have got that all out before a Committee. GLADSTONE knew well what he was about.

Second Well-Informed Passenger. Pshaw, Sir! GLADSTONE? Why he doesn't know whether he's on his head or on his heels. And I tell you what, if that man ever gets into power again—

[Indulges in vague prophetic utterances, and is left disputing with First and Third Well-Informed Passengers over the future of England generally as Scene closes.]

ROSES IN BLOOM.

OLD NEGRO MELODY—"Lubly Rosa."

LIVELY ROSA, Season come,
Don't you hear the band go tum, tum, tum!

Refrain.

O ROZE! MARIE ROZE!
I wish I may be HARRIS'd if I don't love ROZE!

Recitative.

Here's handsome MARION BURTON, she is the belle
Who plays the Gipsy Queen, and, in *Faust*, Siebel.
"BURTON" suggests a "Basso;"—"Bass" were fitter,
If names meant aught,—as she's nor "pale" nor "bitter,"
But a contralto sweet, she is, we meant,
BURTON-on-Stage, not Burton-upon-Trent.

Refrain.

O ROZE! *Marguerite* ROZE!
Lucky EDWARD SCOVEL to play *Faust* to ROZE.

Here inspiration ceases—for a while. It was delightful to hear once again *The Bohemian Girl*, and *Carmen* was put on the stage in such style, with real horses and mules, that the most exacting "Torador" must have been more than "contento" with the stage arrangements made by AUGUSTUS DEURICOLANUS HISPANIENSIS. Yet when we saw the Bullfighter going to the arena, it did not occur to us that they were in Spain, but on their way to Goring. MARIE ROZE, in the gipsy scene, came in on horseback. Never was *Carmen* so well mounted. Mr. LESLIE CROTTY as *Marguerite's Valentine* (we're in another Opera now) was excellent, with a touch of SANTLEY about him, of which he may be proud. The grouping for the death of *Valentine* excellent. After every Act there were plenty of calls, and every one was at home. Mr. CELLI (evidently an abbreviation for Violoncelli or Vermicelli) was very good as 'Ophelies (why not abbreviate *Mephistopheles* in keeping with Vermicelli?), but some people who will make comparisons said, "not equal to FAURE." How unfair! How can one man, as a solo, be expected to be equal to FAURE, who was a quartette in himself? If anyone tells Mr. VERMI-OPHELES this in an unpleasant way, let him step out and give him "what Faure."

Chorus everyone—Chorus and Orchestra under M. GOOSENS first rate.

GOOSENS, GOOSENS, gander,
Orchestra don't wander.

But again inspiration stops, and we can only sing to the old negro melody:—

Lively ROSA, season come,
Lucky you have HARRIS for your chum, chum, chum!

Chorus.

O ROZE, when we goes
To Drury Lane, it's all *Couleur de Rose*!

Very "Extraordinary Tithes."

A CONTEMPORARY records a not clearly intelligible case of

"SEIZURE FOR TITHES.—Three ricks of hay at Shinfield, Berks, belonging to the Rev. BERNARD BODY, clergyman of the Church of England, were distrained upon yesterday by the Dean and Chapter of Hereford, for £50, tithes and expenses."

According to a popular Scottish proverb, "hawks winna' pick oot hawks' een." This adage is evidently at fault if there is no mistake in the statement that a Dean and Chapter of the Established Church distrained for tithes upon produce belonging to a clergyman of their own cloth. And the matter is less excusable as it cannot be said that it hurts no BODY.



NOTICE TO QUIT (?)

Colonist (to John Bull). "I SAY, I WISH YOU'D TELL HIM TO GO AWAY."

ELOQUENCE AND WISDOM.—The rejoicings recently performed at Brussels in celebration of the King's second birthday, included a nautical procession, commemorating an event in the career of **WILLIAM THE SILENT**. "Speech is silvern, and silence is golden" indeed; but the admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE will shrink from no comparison between **WILLIAM THE SILENT**, and **WILLIAM** quite the reverse. However, the Brussels function showed a pleasant way to liquidate a **BILL**.

PAT'S LATEST COMPLAINT.—High rents and falling prices have impoverished Irishmen; or so they say. Yet it is not in a purely economical sense, but in a political and journalistic one, that the Parnellites are now complaining of "**Hard Times**."

MOTTO FOR THE CHANNEL TUNNEL FANATICS.—"A little more than **WATKIN** and less than kind."

AT THE BIER OF BEER.

(By a Poet more Ale than Arty.)

WHAT is pure Beer? The beer that's brewed alone of malt and hops. To that is ALLSOPP'S limited—the beer brewed else all slops. Quassia, calumba, guinea-grains, beer-drinkers may condemn. Yet though those bitters match not hops, there's little harm in them.

But hops although the wise above all other herbs exalt, The element of all good beer essentially is malt. Of gentian mere infusion, to acknowledge truth compels, Much of your so-called bitter ale by many an X excels.

Malt in the fine old English beer could *Toby Phillipot* taste.

No longer now!—the beverage of a Briton is debased.

"Home-brewed" hath superseded been by vile and vapid "pale," There's none such stuff as "stingo," no, nor any "nut-brown ale."

Oh, for the sound malt liquor, and the brave strong beer of old, Like that near Covent Garden which was once at "OFFLEY'S" sold! Then was John Barleycorn your man, but now, alas, he's dead, And the farmer's flowing tankard from the roadside inn hath fled!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—Sir CHARLES FORSTER buzzing about House long before prayer-time. After prayers trotting round incessantly. Tried about half the Benches, including seat of Leader of Opposition. General impression that he had heard news of his hat. Several Members offered congratulations on happy event. Turned out to be misapprehension. Sir CHARLES about to make one of his rare public appearances as Chairman of Committee on Petitions. Happens only once or twice in history of a Parliament. A Private Bill disposed of, Sir CHARLES, amid impressive silence, addressed SPEAKER at considerable length. Seems there has been a little game going on in respect of Petitions presented in favour of Coal and Wine Dues. Names of all classes of distinguished persons forged. "W. H. SMITH, of the Strand," figures. So does "JOSEPH BIGGAR, Pork Merchant." Not less than seventeen horses, well known in the betting ring, represented as undertaking "ever to pray," if Honourable House will listen to Petition. Committee appointed to inquire into matter. Intend to move, as an Amendment, that the practice of presenting petitions to House be abolished. Is absolutely useless for practical purposes, and contributory to fraud.

Sitting devoted to Coercion Bill in Committee. Not without flashes of liveliness. Quite ablaze when, after midnight, W. REDMOND, rising with evident intention to embark on fresh course of incoherency, SMITH moved the Closure.

"Shutting the Committee up," CHANCE said, "as if he were putting up the shutters at one of his own bookstalls." NOLAN came back from Division Lobby aflame with wrath. Some young bloods of Conservative Party been jeering Opposition through glass door, where, years ago, they stood and howled at GLADSTONE. "Was that in order?" NOLAN asked. "Certainly not," said COURTNEY, and NOLAN collapsed. Nothing like having an authoritative opinion on points of order.

Business done.—More Coercion Debate.

Tuesday Night.—Walking along Terrace before prayers this afternoon came upon CHARLES LEWIS at remote end. Was leaning over Terrace wall tearing up something and throwing pieces in the rolling tide. Drawing nearer found it was an artichoke he was pulling to pieces leaf by leaf. "Put it on," he said casting a leaf in the river; "Don't," and he threw in another. "Put it on—Don't." So much engrossed did not observe my approach. Started when I playfully nipped his calf. "Gracious, Toby," he shouted, "you shouldn't do that sort of thing. Might have had me in the river."



"What are you playing at," I asked, "with your 'Put it on,' 'Don't.' Is that the way you always take your artichoke?"

"No," he said, "Fact is I'm going to repeat my old game of moving for printer of newspaper to appear at Bar for breach of privilege. Undecided whether to put on my white waistcoat or not. Remembered the girl in the garden, don't you know, so borrowed an artichoke out of kitchen and left settlement of question to fate. But you put me out. I've lost count, and, if you'll excuse me, I'll begin again."

Suppose the last leaf was "Don't," for when after questions LEWIS rose on Question of Privilege he wore black waistcoat. The *Times* it seems has been running a-muck at JOHN DILLON; wanting to know what has become of his grandmother; darkly hinting that DILLON could tell an' he would. LEWIS, inflamed with sudden indignation on behalf of Irish Member assailed, demands that printer of newspaper shall be brought to the Bar. Exultation in Irish camp. Consternation on Treasury Bench.

"I thought," SMITH growled, "that when we made him a Baronet we'd shut him up. Suppose he now wants to be a Baron."

LEWIS, accustomed to being howled at, bent his head to storm, and pursued his way. Read a letter he had sent to JOHN DILLON. Began "Sir CHARLES LEWIS presents his compliments to Mr. DILLON." Letter, two pages long, bristled with "Sir CHARLES LEWIS." At every repetition of title, made in unctuous tones, House went into convulsions of laughter. TIM HEALY brought up the white waistcoat of twelve years ago, and flaunted it in the new Barnett's face. A bad time for the B. B. K. Began to see that he had played into hands of enemy. The Parnellites took up his Motion, and vehemently clamoured that it should be carried without delay. His Conservative friends angry at being dragged through the mire. Not lacking in pluck, and not unaccustomed to be misunderstood by the House of Commons. But all this too much to bear. So when Division called, "the Hon. Barnett" slunk away, and was seen no more.

"Ah, Toby!" he said as he passed out, "things would have been different if I hadn't fooled with that artichoke, but had at once put on the white waistcoat."

Business done.—Debate on Privilege adjourned.

Wednesday.—"DE LISLE," said WILFRID LAWSON, back again from Southern climes, "reminds me of nothing so much as a jack-in-



De-Lisle-ah trying to shear the locks of the Parnellite Samson.

the-box. He is always popping up to say something disagreeable about the Parnellites; gets a crack on the head and is once more shut up in the box."

Up just now to report to the SPEAKER one of TANNER's gracious asides. Heard him, he tells the SPEAKER, call gentlemen opposite a set of cads—cads with an adjective.

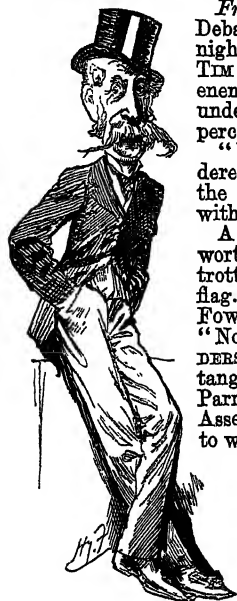
"My good man," said AKERS-DOUGLAS, "why should you go and do a thing like that. Haven't we enough of what TANNER says when on his legs without you reporting what you overhear him say when he's sitting down? Think it over." DE LISLE said he would, and presented the Conservative Whip with a copy of his Bill designed to cut off American Money Supplies for the Land League.

Business done.—More squabbling on Privilege Question.

Thursday.—GRANDOLPH had rather bad quarter of an hour to-night. BRADLAUGH resumed Debate on Privilege. Been making study of GRANDOLPH's speeches on precedent Privilege Questions. As usual, embarrassment of riches in choice of contradiction.

"GRANDOLPH," HARCOURT says, (and he's a judge,) "has great gift of saying what is convenient to-day without remembering yesterday or thinking of to-morrow."

BRADLAUGH did his work uncommonly well. Kept his temper when GRANDOLPH lost his, meeting all contradictions and denials with quotations from inexorable *Hansard*. The more GRANDOLPH wriggled the more self-possessed and incisive BRADLAUGH grew, and the more uproarious the merriment of House. General impression that GRANDOLPH had met something more than his match, and that BRADLAUGH had scored off long-standing account. Much more heated talk on the Privilege Question, but—
Business done.—None.



"Thinking it over."

Business done.—House decide attack of *Times* on Parnellites not Breach of Privilege.

COMMITTEE THAT MR. DILLON'S ENEMIES WOULD READILY VOTE FOR.—A *Hanging* Committee.

A DISMAL D.C.L.

PROFESSOR FREEMAN has been deploring the frivolity of our great "Seats of Learning." He says Oxford is a place where learning doesn't sit at all, but is simply sat on. It's given up to tennis, boating, cricket, flirtation, concerts, and a feeble imitation of London manners. If GOLDWIN SMITH, and HENRY WIN-GOLD LIVING both give a lecture the same night, off goes the University to listen to the Actor, not the Professor! Well, is not acting better than mere professing? No remedy in particular is proposed, except to boycott athletics. The great athletic events are considered quite recognised Academic periods, and Mr. FREEMAN would put a full stop to such periods. As for social meetings in the gardens attached to Colleges at Commem.-time, he isn't a garden party himself, he says, and he won't be a party to 'em. Concerts too, are frivolous, and will have to go, though these might have been thought to have some connection with sound learning.

Altogether the Professor at the (Oxford) breakfast-table is a very gloomy kind of Professor indeed—makes quite a "free breakfast-table" of it by his way of going on. If the other Professor, whose lecture was not properly attended and reported, agrees with him, he ought to change his name to SCOLDWIN SMITH. Some day, perhaps, he will figure as MACAULAY'S New Zealander, or Canadian, surveying the site of Oxford from a broken arch of Magdalen Bridge. Evidently Professor FREEMAN'S idea of the sort of exercise fitted for students and tutors at a University is to take a "constitutional" and discuss the exciting topic of the Anglo-Saxon Monarchy; a natural idea perhaps for a Constitutional Historian, and the author of the *Making of England*—which is shortly to be followed, we believe, by a companion volume entitled the *May-queen of England*. "Merry and Wise," is not the motto for this latest edition of the *Freeman's Journal*.



Sir C. Lewis's Idea of Capital Punishment for Journalists—an excellent position "Under the Clock" Tower.

MODEL MANCHESTER!

TAKE the best features of all the "Shows" of South Kensington, add to them a never-to-be-equalled collection of English modern pictures of unrivalled excellence, and serve up the whole with a display of taste, energy, liberality, and loyalty never to be surpassed, and the product is the Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester. Cockneys are not a little proud of their citizenship, but it is only just to say that their Lancashire cousins in the matter of Art have taught them their proper place—back seats. *Mr. Punch* takes off his hat, and bows to the Executive Committee in all their sections. Never before has been seen such grand specimens of Machinery, never again will be viewed so noble a display of English Art. At the opening ceremony London was principally represented by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess; and so greatly pleased were the aforesaid representatives, that they found one day insufficient for their private view, and consequently supplemented it with another. The occasion was a stupendous success. Everybody was present who could be there.



Mr. Punch is pleased with his Model.

The sun, no doubt receiving a hint from Apollo, left London early in the morning, to put in an appearance in Manchester later in the afternoon. Even in this there was evidence of the shine being taken out of the Birthplace of the Cockneys. Unlike the Laureate's play, the Promise of May was fully realised.

In selecting Sir JOSEPH LEE for their Chairman, the organisers of the gem of the Jubilee proved that they knew how to lay their hands upon a jewel. They brought a sure LEE to their bark, which, under his guidance, could never suffer from wreckage on a lee-shore, although leisure (and plenty of it) was certainly necessary for an adequate examination of all the treasures of their Argosy, with its cargo of better-than-golden grain. *Mr. Punch* frankly admits that his head teems with pleasant fancies that in Manchester were affairs of the sternest matter of fact. As he sits in his easy chair in 85, Fleet Street, a vision of the fairest work of the finest men rises before him. He sees once more, with the matured successes, the earliest triumphs of LEIGHTON, the pick of the basket, the flower of MILLAIS, the flame-coloured ideals of BURNE-JONES, the "hers" as well as the "hims" of WATTS, the graceful curves of TURNER, and the products of that undoubted Briton—RIVIERE. In black and white come the pencilled forms of TENNIEL, SAMBOURNE, KEANE, and the FURNISS, in the far-off Gainsborough Gallery. Every work had been seen before; but, for all that, the Collection could be accurately called—and no doubt the same idea occurred to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess, as they walked through the Gallery, accompanied by the Chairman of the Arts Committee—AGNEW one. Then *Mr. Punch* recalls the sheen of the Silk Section, the point of the Irish Lace-makers, the case (rather a hard one) of the Ship Canal, to say nothing (for little could be heard if it were said) of the din of the Machinery in Motion. Lastly *Mr. Punch's* imagination carries him back to "Old Manchester and Old Salford," which, truth to say, even in his reverie, seem more substantial than "Old London."

So as this is the year of Jubilee, the Sage of Fleet Street (who is less green than all the other Sages) gives an additional word of advice. He says to would-be Exhibition Manufacturers *not* "Go to Bath or to Jericho" (as a disagreeable Sage might be induced to exclaim in a moment of passing irritability) "but go to Manchester! If you really want a perfect article, a superb model, go to Manchester!" And to non-Exhibition-Manufacturers, and the public generally, he offers the same advice. In all sober seriousness (which is a very different thing to, and must not be confounded with, inebricate dignity) he repeats, "Go to Manchester!" And those who *do* go to Manchester, he will vouch for it, will not rest satisfied until they have seen every inch of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM hears that slides have been erected at several recent exhibitions for tobaccoists, in imitation of the Americans. She has cautioned her Niece against them; for although, as she says, tobaccoists may be a very respectable set of people, yet she cannot approve of their society exclusively.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Servant. "LADY GLITTER'S CARRIAGE!"

Son of the House (tenderly, as he hands her Ladyship out). "AH! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT ALL THE EVENING!"

WILD WEST-MINSTER!

AIR—"Do you ken John Peel?"

Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL in the nightly fray?
Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL at the break of day?
Do you think he won't wish himself far far away,
Ere the House rises early in the morning?

Chorus.

For the sound of the Pats keeps us each from our bed,
And the Tory horse bolts if you give him his head,
And the row of the Rads, by sly LABOUCHERE led,
At Wild West-minster sounds until morning.

Yes, I know ARTHUR PEEL, with his seat so true,
And he needs it indeed on that buck-jumping screw,
Which to fling ARTHUR PEEL has done all that it knew,
The bit and the bridle still scorning.

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL of the resolute will,
And the "hand" that is worthy of Buffalo BILL?
Do you think the buck-jumper would not like to spill
The cool hand on its back ere the morning?

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Yes, I know ARTHUR PEEL for a rough-riding body,
At handling a rogue almost equal to CODY,
And down like a hammer on noodle and noddie,
Though kept in the saddle till morning.

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL with his snaffle so strong,
Prepared for a contest that's dour and ding-dong,
For a rally that's sharp and a struggle that's long,
Which may last all the night until morning?

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL with the spur at his heel,
Which the stubbornest buck-jumper's bound for to feel,
And finch at the punishment dealt out by PEEL,
While Wild West-minster howls in the morning?

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Yes, I know ARTHUR PEEL as a chap who won't shirk;
But his mount of to-day is a tiger, a Turk,
And to break it to harness he'll have all his work,
Though he leathers and spurs night and morning.

Chorus.

For the sound of its snorts and the pad of its feet
Show this buck-jumping brute is a teaser to beat,
And PEEL will do well if he still keeps his seat
When Wild West-minster shuts some fine morning.

HIGH (COURT) JINKS.

THE London lawyers have invited a thousand of their country brethren to a great feast in the Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice, kindly lent (for this occasion only) by Lord Chancellor HALSBURY. It will be a case of the Town Mouse and the Country Mouse—"Mus in urbe," as TOMMY would say. But they mustn't be too frolicsome in *urbe*, or anywhere else. The London Solicitors have already subscribed £6000 towards the Bill of Costs. What costumes will the thousand lawyers wear at the dinner? Stuff gowns, to be sure. What a concourse of legal talent! And very gallantly the feasters have taken five hundred seats at the theatres for the Solicitors' ladies, so that while the lawyers stay (and dine) the ladies go to the play. Here is a conundrum, for this occasion, suggested by a discontented Barrister:—What is the difference between the attendants at the dinner, and members of the Junior Bar? The former will get fees for their waiting; the latter will wait for their fees.

N.B.—There is no truth in the report that, as a special method of celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, the London and Country Solicitors have unanimously agreed to charge no fees to clients for a whole twelvemonth.



WILD WEST-MINSTER!

OR, "BUCK-JUMPING" EXTRAORDINARY!!

ROBERT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER.

WELL, I must say as the Painters of the Royal Academy had about as respektabel a lot of folks to eat and drink of their hospitality on Saterdag week as I amost ever seed, outside the City. When you begins with four Royal Princes, and follers up with four Ambassadors, and a Lord Mare, and three or four Dooks, and Markisses and Earls by the skore, and Crowds of Artists, and sholes of Littery Men, he must be a prowd man indeed as doesn't feel honoured by being one among 'em. I regretted not to see no Aldermen, and I couldn't learn nohows how the mistake occurred. They allers adds a dignerty to such meetings, and their long xperience is allus valuable. The LORD MARE, with his usual good nature, said as it was the most distinguished assembly to be found in the Metrollypus, of coarse, when he said so, he shut his eyes to the glories of his own Manshun House.

Our great and prime Minister, as sumbody called him, kept us all in a roar, though why he complained of the table for groaning, I couldn't at all understand, though it was just a leetle rickety. He said as he was glad to see as his noble friend Lord JOHN MANNERS had been hanged in his proper place, at which they all laughed, tho I thort it rather a unkind remark, till I looked round and seed as he only meant his picter. His Lordship then, to my perfound astonishment, wentured to xeuse the failures of our Artists in making Stattys, by making fun of the full evening dress of the present time! and aoshally said as there was not a living man who would wentur to chissell such an atrocity, and if he did he wood go and commit suicide directly as it appeared in public! Considering as I sees this lovely costoom nearly ewery evening, and that it is coppied in ewery partickler from the full dress of an Hed Waiter, I wentures, with all becoming umility, to place my opinion in direct opposishun to that of his Lordship. Praps a yellor primrose in the button-hole wood reconcile him to the despised swaller tale.

I was glad to hear from so hi an authority, that the House of Lords by keeping regular hours and allowing nothink to hinterfere between them and their dinners, is enjoying a perfect state of saloobrity, while the pore House of Commons, as the result of neglecting this most important of all important dooties, and constantly swallering down their cheap and not nice meals in haste and discomfort, have become such a cantankerous, and quarrelsum, and abusive lot of Hem Peas as praps the world never saw before, and never hopes to see again.

The LORD MARE delited them all by telling 'em that in addition to the butiful Stattys in the Epygshun Hall, the Copperashun had lately opened a little art Gallery to which about 40,000 people had been, and that he hoped they shoold have a fine gallery some day when they had jest got a little more money, at which they all cheered away like fun. What a wonderful man the Chairman must be, and what a pity he isn't in the House of Commons. I shoold think he'd estonish a good many on 'em. Not content with having proposed no less than seven toastes, he aoshally wound up the hole perceedings with rather a longish lecture on painting, which he finished by boasting that they now had no less than four skools where pupils could learn to paint from living moddels. I looked ard at the Bishops, but as I didn't see a blush on their venerable features, I spose it's all right, otherwise—but I refranes.

I may add that it was a remarkable good dinner, and so indeed it may well be, considering as the pore Painters only gits one a year. ROBERT.

"UNDER CONSIDERATION."

RUMOUR having been more or less busy on the subject of the forthcoming official "honours," the following current *on dits* may be read with interest:—

It is reported that in high quarters it has been determined that a large addition shall be made to the House of Lords, and that the creation of at least three hundred new Peerages, may be regarded as the minimum of honour contemplated in this direction. Some difficulty has, however, been experienced in the selection of suitable recipients, and though it was originally proposed to confer titles on the Chairmen of the leading Railway and Insurance Companies, all the members of the London School Board *en bloc*, and a large number of Common Councilmen, some modification of this plan may possibly be expected.

Peerages are also talked of in connection with the names of Mr. HYNDMAN, Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE, and Mr. LABOUCHERE, to the last of whom a Dukedom will be offered, to which, in graceful recognition of his investigation into the subject, it is said that a substantial perpetual hereditary pension will be attached.

Baroneteies will be freely distributed to provincial Mayors and Aldermen, it having been decided that a contribution of not less than £5 to the local Celebration Fund (following a precedent set by JAMES THE FIRST) will entitle the donor to receive the honour.

The Order of the Garter will be materially enlarged, several entirely new Stalls being created expressly for the occasion, and of these, the names of Lord ALFRED PAGER and several other noble patrons of the Drama are mentioned as those of the probable occupiers.

The Order of the Bath will also be largely recruited from the official classes, it having already been decided, as a preliminary step, to raise to the dignity of Military Knights Commanders of the Second Class the Beadles of the Burlington and Lowther Arcades respectively.

In conclusion, it may be confidently stated that the salaries of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Lord Mayor of LONDON, Her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers and Judges, and the Heads of all Departments, will be doubled, while the LORD CHANCELLOR and the SPEAKER of the House of Commons will receive each a brand-new wig and set of robes, and the Chief Commissioner of Police a new cocked hat.

SUITED TO A T.—In spite of the prediction of the Critics, Mr. NOEL's Comedy, *Tea*, at the Criterion, was better than Milk-and-Water.

NORDISA.

AIR—"The Widdy Malone."

DID you hear of *Nordisa's* first night?

"Old Drury" choke full. A sight!
First Act bright,
And light.

The Second was dull,
But it wasn't a mull,
As an Avalanche put it all right,
We quite
Screamed *de Gus-tibus* HARRIS in fright!



Musical Tortoise-Shell Box, with moving figures worked by the Thane of Corder. Scene for "*Nordisa*." Naught easier! (*Oh!*)

The Third Act took place in a *serre*,
Plants rare!
The Avalanche had arrived there,
You stare?
And the storm being strong,
Took *Nordisa* along,
And carried her in 'twixt the pair
Who were
Being married! Oh my! what a scare!

Then *Oscar* (M'GUICKIN), in throes
Soon shows
His heart is less false than his nose
(*I knows*),
Miss BURNS becomes riled,
And this makes *Oscar* wild,
Reparation *Nordisa* he owes
For woes
He has caused, so he turns to propose.
Then enter old man with a crook,
Or hook,
He's hither "conducted by COOK,"
(*AINSLAY COOK*).

He says *Nordisa's* mother,
Was some swell or other.
Perhaps she's the heiress of SNOOK—
I'll look,
But I don't think this is in the book.
My sentiments I will express,
I guess:
Nordisa needs cutting, confess
If less
There were of Act Two,
Then to say would be true
Rosa's CORDER has scored a success,
Oh yes!
And in this we should all acquiesce.

SUMMARY OF THE WRECK COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.
—The Sea might be comparatively wreck-less were
Seamen not superlatively reckless.

GROSVENOR GEMS.



Nos. 148 and 147. These form evidently one picture, to be entitled, "Catching the Speaker's Eye."



No. 203. "Blisters!"



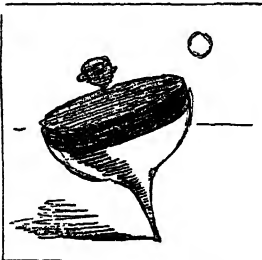
No. 75. The Ogress at the Stores. "Nice fresh Heads to-day, Ma'am!"



No. 191.
The Chair-woman of the Grosvenor Gallery.



No. 188. Melancholy marks them for her own. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone solemnly keeping Primrose Day.



No. 179. The Teetotum.

THE CRICKETER'S CAROL.

(By an Enthusiast.)

HOORAY! Cricket gossip once more fires the blood,
And the footballer flounders no more in the mud.
The turf is no longer all hummocks and holes,
And the wickets again take the place of the goals.
Once more come the rollers, once more moves the chalk,
Once more from the tent do the flannel-clad walk.
The trees are half leafless, the meadows are damp,
And one pine, at the stumps, for goloshes and gamp.
The umpire looks frigid, the longstop seems frozen,
Our very best bat can't score more than a dozen;
As yet though 'tis only the middle of May,
And this is our climate's peculiar way.
No matter! At least we're again in the field,
Which the zealots of "passing" and "dribbling" must yield.

The turf will get dry in a month, or say two,
And the sky, not our noses, be bonnily blue.
We can feel the old glorious heart-thrilling charm,
The Pavilion of striding from, bat under arm.
And hiding the tremor our bosom which moves,
By fumbling away at our pads or our gloves.
The Oracles fire off their critical bolts,
And the Marylebone Club plays the Middlesex Colts.
Great slogs! what is life worth unless one can see,
Once or twice in a week say, great W. G.
Knock up a square hundred, or READ at the stumps,
Give the Yorkshiremen gruel, and Lancashire jumps?
The Newspapers now will no longer be bores,
There is something to read every morning—the scores.
For DILLON I don't care a duck's egg, not I,
Or whether Brum JOE goes to Putney or Skye.
The G. O. M.'s gabble seems long-winded rot,
And if I understand Mr. SMITH, I'll be shot.
But oh! that account of the M. C. C. Match
Of SHREWSBURY's century, LOHMANN's great catch,
The skyer that THORNTON sent out of the ground,
And the way little ABEL "despatched 'em all round"!
By jingo it warms up one's heart in a way
That the East wind can't neutralise—even in May.
Oh! come along Summer, my soul's in a hurry
To see whether Notts will be wallowed by Surrey,
If Kent will pull up, or the Tykes take first place,
Or if Gloucester successes will gladden "old GRACE,"
Whether W. G. will this season be seen
Leviathan still, unsurpassed, ever green;
Whether STODDART again will play up to his form,
And LOHMANN for Surrey's worst foes make it warm;
Which of the two READS will see best of the fun,
Whether SHAW will go off, or young POUCHER come on.
All this, and much more, I am anxious to know.
We've at last, as I hope, said good-bye to the snow.
And though it is chilly and damp—in fact, May—
The fresh Cricket-Season has started. Hooray!!!

PROBABLE INVASION OF LONDON.

MR. PUNCH learns from the *City Press* that, at the Meeting of the Court of Common Council, a letter was read from the London Chamber of Commerce on the subject of the Defence of London in case of Invasion, followed by a letter from the Secretary of Lloyd's, offering, on behalf of the Committee, to present to the Corporation a Gun, recently recovered from H.M. ship *Lutine*, wrecked off the Coast of Holland in the year 1799. Thereupon a question was asked whether the said ancient Gun was to be considered as a first instalment towards the defence aforesaid; and elicited in reply "the loud laugh, that speaks the vacant mind."

Mr. Punch was not himself personally aware that there was any immediate danger of an invasion of London, except, indeed, by German Clerks, Bakers, and Waiters; but had he the knowledge, the fact that Her Most Gracious MAJESTY had in her loyal City a force of no less than three hundred well-matured Lieutenants, all entitled to carry swords, if not, indeed, to draw them, would have allayed his fears, until, indeed, he remembered that they were, by regulation, exempt from service abroad, *except in case of an Invasion*. But, doubtless, their civic patriotism would prevent them from taking advantage of any such thoughtful provision, so Mr. Punch's slumbers will not be disturbed by any thought of a foreign foe invading his sanctuary at 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

"MAY'S PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE" (Edition for 1887).—Debates on Crimes Bill, *de die in diem*.

SONG AND SHOUT.

"*Lohengrin* has been definitively withdrawn from the Eden Theatre in Paris."—*Daily News*.

POOR *Lohengrin*! What chance has Art's Swan-song
Against the blatant bellowing of the throng,
E'en in Art-loving Paris?
She prates of "*Art pour Art*," sweet Culture's joy,
But finds a shrieking sweep and butcher-boy
More than a match for Charis.

The *gamin's* clamorous chauvinism finds
Far readier echoes in Parisian minds
Than the bewitching song
That stole across the Rhine. That silvery strain,
Heard by the stranger waters of the Seine,
Fires the hysteric throng.

Parisians of the pavement, rowdy ring,
Is patriotism the Boeotian thing
Your stupid shouts proclaim it?
The hero virtue, shorn of manly sense,
Is slain by those who, fierce in its defence,
Degrade it and defame it.

O brainless Hate! A more enduring curse
Than despot's dungeon, or than Mammon's purse,
In your blind fury clings
To all earth's peoples, with a closer hold
Than the corrupting leprosy of gold,
Or plague of tyrant kings.

THOUGH the Captain of the *Victoria* urged in his defence the silence of the fog-horn, the Court very properly adjudged that if, instead of listening for the sounding of this, he had only attempted a little sounding on his own account, all might have been well. And this is sound judgment. It is certain that on receiving no communication from the shore, he ought himself to have lost no time in dropping it a line. This would at once have got to the bottom of the matter, and saved his vessel from that ultimate grounding on which the whole charge against him of defective seamanship is based.

DANCE FOR THE *TIMES*, TO BE INDULGED IN BY MR. WALTER, M.P.—"Covering the BUCKLE."



THE AMATEURS.

Suburban Roscius. "AH, I SAW YOU WERE AT OUR 'THEATRICALS' THE OTHER NIGHT. HOW DID YOU LIKE MY ASSUMPTION OF *HAMLET*?"

Candid Friend. "MY DEAR F'LLAR—GREAT'ST PIECE OF ASSUMPTION I EVER SAW I' M' LIFE!"

A MAY MEMORY.

NOTHING to do to-day. Now for a jolly ramble in the country! How delightful will be the peaceful quiet of the fields after the din of London! Buds just appearing! Spring's delights!

In the country—twenty miles from Town. Country a little damp. How the mud does stick to one's boots! Why can't they lay a pavement across a ploughed field? Should strike for that hill, only I see a huge ugly building erected on it. Probably it's an Asylum. All the hills round do seem to have Asylums or Orphanages, or something of the kind;—philanthropic, but spoils the picturesque effect.

There's a nasty looking man—two of them—just over that hedge. Glad I brought Fido (my dog) with me. Men are throwing stones at Fido. Why? The nasty-looking men turn out to be bird-snarers, and Fido is disturbing their nets. Wish he had broken them. They've got a row of tiny cages, with imprisoned larks hopping from side to side, and a lot of nets, with decoy birds tied by the leg underneath. And they say England is a country of kindness to animals!

Remember suddenly that there's some law about snaring birds. A "close time," when they *can't* be snared. Question is, *when* is the close time? Suppose I go up to these men and tell them they're acting illegally, I may possibly be mistaken, and I shall certainly get my head punched. Decide not to interfere with them—especially as they are now swearing at me for standing so near, and there's no policeman anywhere within two miles.

Pass hurriedly on. If people who are idiots enough to like having wild birds in cages, were to see them being snared, would they—Hullo! What's that noise? It's certainly some animal snorting, or *roaring*! Can it be the panther I read about, which escaped from a menagerie? Or was that in France? Wish I had a better memory.

No, it's not a panther—it's a herd of bulls. They've seen Fido, and are making straight for him! This is becoming alarming. Rather wish I was safe back in the London streets. Don't get nasty bird-snarers and horrid bulls there.

Undignified to retreat, but obliged to do it. Never ran so fast in my life. See a stile at end of field, and make for it. Hear one bull snorting just behind me. Believe he's mad! Oh, *why* doesn't WARREN muzzle the bulls? Would be much greater success than his attempts to muzzle the dogs. Why do they let bulls feed in fields where there's a public footpath? What a lot of thoughts can be compressed into a few minutes when one's flying for one's life across a ploughed field! Find myself wondering, supposing I'm killed by this beastly bull, whether my Executors will bring an action against the bull's owner—also what sort of an obituary notice that snob GUBBINS, who is always so unfair to me, will put in his newspaper. Fling myself wildly at the stile. Assisted over by the bull. Lie very much shattered, on other side.

A brute of a bailiff, or gamekeeper, or somebody, comes up—tells me I'm trespassing! Refer him to the bull for all explanations. Ask him why savage wild beasts are allowed to roam where there's a right of way? He replies, "There ain't no right of way," and says the bulls are put to terrify poachers. But I'm not a poacher, I tell him. Bailiff doesn't say anything, but looks at Fido, and begins whistling a tune. Annoying. Have finally to give bailiff—or is he a gamekeeper?—half-a-crown to show me nearest way to Station, to which I manage to crawl with my hat battered, coat torn, body bruised all over, and nerves ruined. Catch me taking a country walk again!

Privilege.

WHAT Privilege is or is not no one cares,
The casuists all by Party zeal are led.
But oh! their dreary bout of splitting hairs,
Gives me a splitting head!

CONUNDRUM FOR THE S. E. R.—Which is the easiest way for a Shareholder to spell *Ultra vires*?—With a KAY!

THE LATEST FASHION IN PARLIAMENTARY CARDS.

Colonel Sanderson, M.P.,

At Home,

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

PISTOLS AND COFFEE
7 TO 8 A.M.

R.S.V.P.

(Specimen.)

"GIVE US BOLD ADVERTISEMENT."

SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the last few weeks, under the title of "Strange True Stories of To-day," an evening paper has been publishing a tale of a very dreadful character. Whether the appearance of this painful narrative (into which are introduced real names of living persons and apparently faithful records of actual events) will be of substantial service to the cause of morality is a question that is being mooted in more quarters than one. However, its production suggests yet another mode of treatment, which, if followed, would be of advantage to somebody. To further explain our meaning we append a specimen of the kind of story that might be compiled under the auspices of those we may appropriately term the lovers of useful publicity.

THE CAB ACCIDENT IN THE OLD KENT ROAD.

CHAPTER XIII.—Among the London Lawyers.

THUS far we have traced the career of the unfortunate BILL BROWN—unfortunate chiefly in being the driver of a hackney carriage—in the streets of London. Now we see the battle transferred to another arena, in which the combatants no longer engage in hand-to-hand encounters, in strange oaths, in startling asseverations, but where the combat is waged by legal champions in Courts of Justice. BILL BROWN was charged before the LORD MAYOR.

BILL BROWN did not know what to do, or where to turn. Therefore he was afraid of the LORD MAYOR. Some good genius sent him to the — Restaurant. Here he obtained a most excellent dinner for three-and-sixpence, consisting of two soups, two fishes, two *entrées*, two joints, sweets, vegetables, and cheese. The wine, too, was admirable, and, although not able to purchase any himself, he was informed by connoisseurs that — brand of dry champagne, at 48s. a dozen, was equal to Perrier Jouet of '74. Leaving the — Restaurant, BILL, now thoroughly refreshed by the excellent meal of which he had partaken, walked along the Strand, looking listlessly into the shop-windows. He noticed the watches in —'s, those marvellous time-keepers that are the wonders of the world. Then he turned his eyes in the direction of those excellent riding-habits that only the skilful cutters of Messrs. — & Co. can turn out; and lastly, Cabman-like, he had a good long stare at the artistic stationery of —, which can be obtained at a discount of ten per cent. if paid for on delivery.

CHAPTER XIV.—Adding Insult to Injury.

BILL BROWN was asked to plead in his own defence! What could he do? He had no defence. Still, he was an Englishman, and, as an Englishman, was proud of the entertainment at the — Theatre, where he heard — and — with an exquisite delight that baffles description. So he kept an eloquent silence, which might have meant anything. In that silence was contained secret allusions to the benefits to be obtained from — hair-oil, and — cure for toothache. He did not speak, because his heart was too full, and he was thinking of the days when on the street-boardings he had seen the "Moonlight Plate-Powder" and the "Hottentot Cigarettes." So he kept his counsel, and was silent. He felt that if he called a spade a spade he would have to admit that — coffee was the best, that — coals lasted longer than any other, that there was nothing to equal — composite candles. So he was silent, and was committed for trial.

[To be continued. Applications for appearances in the story to be made to the Manager of the Mutual Advantage Department. Terms easy.]

Elementary Teachers.

THUNDER, lightning, rain, and hail,
Storm and tempest, frost and East wind of rheumatic ail
Feelingly will let you know;

Cutting, biting as it blows,
Through the tiniest chinks and holes!
Lessons taught by scanty clothes,
Poverty and want of coals!

SPRING SONG.

(By Lightly Turner.)

THE weight that crushed the
shrinking buds
Is lifted from the earth,
The soft South wind sets free the
floods
That fill the land with mirth.
Sweet April melts in happy tears,
As maiden pride breaks down;
And, more than I have loved for
years,
This year I love Miss BROWN.

With shining eyes of azure-grey
She looks you through and
through,
Until you know not what you say,
And care not what you do.
On lip and brow the laughter
lurks
To dazzle and surprise,
As when the urchin's mirror jerks
The sunlight in one's eyes.

We know not why, we know not
how,
The long-familiar charm
Should prompt at last the fatal
vow,
And curve the dallying arm,
Why nestling love springs up,
full-fledged,
And flouts the chilling frown—
I only know that I am pledged
For ever to Miss BROWN.

Yet ruth restrains the bounding
joy
And curbs the flying pen,
In thinking how this must annoy
A lot of other men.
For why should others' visions die
And other hopes sink down
To mere domestic calm, while I
Monopolise Miss BROWN?

And can I then forget those eyes
Beneath the clustering curls—
Those lambent glances of surprise
At praise of other girls!
Or that supremacy of grace
I notice more and more,
The lucid candour of her face
When corner'd by a bore.

No! while the sweet world meets
the dawn
Still earlier, day by day,
And writes in daisies on the lawn
What poets cannot say;
While baby birds in every nest
The feathered patience crown,
Still, with Spring's early promise
blest,
I'll only love Miss BROWN.

But when the solemn feet of
night
Are wet with August dew,
When the stars beat so large with
light,
And fall adown the blue;
When the white rose's gracious
lips
Are delicately wet,
And the star-gazing lover trips
Across the tennis-net,—

When, like a skylark, soars the
glass,
And through the shaded room
The fragrant drought of trodden
grass
Blends with the rose's bloom;
When on the sunny lawn she
gleams
In white pellucid gown,
It will have gone the way of
dreams—
My passion for Miss BROWN.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—MR. HENRY IRVING has recently been de-lighting the town with his finished (alas! in more senses than one, as the bill has had to be changed to admit of other revivals) performance of *Mathias*. With the instinct of a true Artist, the sequel he added to the *Bells* was a *Jingle*.

MOTTO FOR A MAY WELCOME.—"With all my Art!"

AMERICAN DRINKS.

Considerably Mixed by D. Crambo, Junior.



Prairie 'Oyster.



Maiden Blush.



Pick Me Up.



Gin Smash.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

NAUTICAL Recitations are always deservedly popular, and *Mr. Punch's* Poet has accordingly constructed one upon the lines of a very stirring and celebrated model which is possibly not unknown to his pupils. Here is the very distant imitation:—

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "PUFFIN."

Tell you a story, Children? Well, gather around my knee,
And I'll see if I cannot thrill you (though you're torpid after your tea)
With a moving tale of a shipwreck, and—should you refrain from sleep,
For the cake was a little bit heavy—I flatter myself you'll weep!
You all know Kensington Gardens, and some of you, I'll be bound,
Have stood by the level margin of the Pond that's entitled "Round!"
'Tis a pleasant place on a Summer day, when the air is laden with balm,

And the snowy sails are reflected clear in a mirror of flawless calm.
Well! it isn't like that in the Winter, when the Gardens are shut at four,
And a wind is lashing the water, and driving the ducks ashore,
Ah! the Pond can look black and cruel then, with its waves running inches high,
And a peril lurks for the tautest yacht that pocket-money can buy!
Yet in weather like this, with a howling blast and a sky of ominous gloom,
Did the good ship *Puffin* put out to sea, as if trying to tempt her doom!
She was a model-steamer, on the latest approved design,
And her powerful 10-snail engines were propelled by spirits of wine.

A smarter crew (they were sixpence each!) never shipped on a model bark,
While the Captain, "Nuremberg NOAH," had been in command of an Ark;
A fine old salt of the olden school, he had stuck to his wooden ship,
But he lately had been promoted—and this was his trial trip. [Rather tender here.]

Off went the *Puffin* when steam was up, with her crew and commander brave,
And her screw was whizzing behind her as she breasted the foaming wave.
Danger? Each sixpenny sailor smiled at the notion of that!

But the face of the skipper looked thoughtful from under his broad-brimmed hat.
Was he thinking then of his children three, of JAPHET, and HAM, and SHEM?
Or his elephants (both with a trunk unglued!) was he sad at the thought of them?

Or the door at the end of his own old ark—did it give him a passing pain?
To reflect that its unreal knocker might never greet him again?

Nay, Children, I cannot answer—he had passed inquiry beyond,
He was far away on the billowy waste of the wild and heaving Pond;

Battling there with the angry crests of the waves, that were rolling in,
And seeking to overwhelm and swamp his staggering vessel of tin!
Suddenly, speed she slackened, and seemed of her task to tire!

Aye, for the seas she had shipped of late had extinguished her engine fire!
And the Park-keeper, watching her, shook his head in manner unfeeling cried,
"Will be nothing short of a miracle now, if she reaches the opposite side!"
Think of it, Children, the tiny ship, tossed in the boiling froth,
Drifting about at the wild caprice of the elements' fitful wrath!
No screw-propeller could serve her then, for the flame that fed it was out,
And the invalids gazed from their snug bath-chairs, and almost forgot the
"Help for the gallant vessel, she is overborne by the blast!"

She is shipping water by spoonfuls now—and, see, she is sinking fast!"
"Hi!" cried one of her owners, to a spaniel liver and black;
"Good dog, into the water, quick!"—(pause, then disgustedly)—but the Park-keeper held it back!

Yes, spite of indignant pleading from the eager excited crowd,
He quoted some pedant's bye-law: "In the water no dogs allowed."
Shame on the regulations that would hinder an honest dog
From plunging in to assist the ship that was rolling, a helpless log!

"Stand by all, for she'll ride it out—though she's left to do it alone!"
She was drifting in, she was close at hand, when—down she went like a stone!
A few feet more, and they had her safe—and now it was all too late,
For the *Puffin* had foundered in sight of land, by a stroke of ironical Fate!

But the other owner was standing by, and, tossing her tangled locks,
Down she sat on the nearest seat, and took off her shoes and socks!
"One kiss, Brother!" she murmured, "one clutch of your strong right hand,
And I'll paddle out to the *Puffin*, and bring her in safe to land!"
What can a barefooted child do? More than the pampered cur

Whose chicken-fed soul was shrinking, afraid from the bank to stir!
More than a baffled spaniel, aye, and more than the pug-dog pet
That wrinkled his ebony muzzle and whined if his paws were wet!

"Come back!" cried the tall Park-keeper—but she merely answered, "I won't!"

As into the water she waded, though the invalids whimpered, "Don't!"

Ah! but the Pond struck chilly, and the mud at the bottom was thick,
But in she paddled and probed it with the point of a borrowed stick!
"Don't let go of me, darling—keep hold of my fingers
And I'll have it out in a minute or two . . . I haven't got up to it quite!"

A minute more, and the sunken ship we'll save to the surface bring,

(With a softer expression)—Yes, and the sixpenny sailors, too, that we lashed to the funnel with string!"

Up to the knees in the water, ETHEL and Brother RALPH
Groped till they found the *Puffin* and her sailors, soppy—but safe!

All the dear little sailors—but . . . Children, I can't go on!

For poor old wooden-faced NOAH—(gulp)—well—how can I say it?—was gone!

(With deep pity.) He must have fallen over out of that Away in the dim grey offing to rise and fall like a float,
Till the colour fled from his face and form, as it might at an infant's suck,

And he sank to rest in his sailor's tomb—the maw of a hungry duck!

You are weeping? I cannot wonder—mine is a pathetic style.

Weep for him, Children, freely,—but, when you have finished, smile

(Give heroic burst for finish) With joy for his comrades, rescued as by a Prospero's wand,
And the *Puffin*, snatched from the slimy depths of the Round but treacherous Pond!

SENTRIES are most charitable persons. They are always presenting alms.

In re Bell-Cox.

RE-BELL COX
Is under locks,
Suffering awhile.

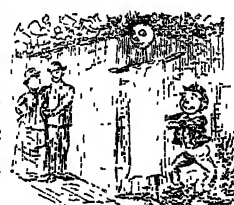
Punch this says,
Which cuts both ways,
"Do not Bishop rile!"

PENCIL TIPS FOR THE DERBY.

(By Dumb Crambo, Junior.)



The Dauby and the Hoax.



Probable Starters.



"The Bar-on" the Bar-'un.
(The Favourite.)



"Cayenne Pepper."
(Taken and off)



"Enterprise."



Taking Third Place on the Rails.

ROOSTERS DURING AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

A New Political Song to an o'd Popular Tune. AIR—"The Young Cock cackles as the Old Cock crows."



It's a well established fact, upon which most roosters act,
 (And from which Gladstonian "items" do not vary)
 That Leaders, if they've grit, to their followers transmit,
 A type that almost seems heredi-ta-ry.
 If he crows until he's hoarse, the old Chanticleer, of course,
 That cockerel would be at once decided,

Who did not follow too with a Cock-a-doodle-doo!
 By the precedent parental strictly guided.

Chorus.

It may pass into a proverb, for St. Stephen's surely knows,
 That it's done with perfect openness and not "beneath the rose."

We are nearly driven wild,
By the shine of sire and child,
For all the young Cocks cackle as the Old Cock crows.
Flapping wings and lifted bills are the horriest of ills,
When the bills and wings are going it eternally.
And the roosters who would choose forty winks can't get
a snooze,
Though the barn-yard chorus wants it most infernally.
To his task the Old Cock sticks; 'tis the law of Politics,
Where big BILL leads the little BILLS must follow,
Though Sir W-LL--M's crow is bad, and well-nigh drives
He thinks he's musical as an Apollo. [one mad,

Chorus.

For you see it is the system, as the whole world knows,
That the Cock-a-doodle Chorus night or day must
never close.

Echoed loud by every rival?

(Just to witness his survival)

[crows.

For young Cocks are bound to cackle as the Old Cock

The young Irish Chanticleer has a crow that's shrill and
But he sounds it forth with noisy ostentation. [drear.
And the Old Cock finds it fun, though that Grand Old
Bird is one

From whom some might expect expostulation.

Cock CH-PL-N cannot rest, feeling called on to protest,
And to stand—and crow—in all the "deadly breaches"
Of the Cock-a-doodle fight which goes on all day and
night,

For the mad Cock-chorus stick to it like leeches.

Chorus.

For it is a growing practice, as a sick world knows,
That the dismal dunghill conflict should go on with-
out a close.

In every cockerel face

You the parent passion trace,

[crows.

For young Cocks are bound to cackle as the Old Cock

It is a frantic whim, and a gloomy fate and grim,
The poor hens can't get their slumbers, though so despe-
rately sleepy, [droll
Partlett SM-TH upon the whole seems the drowsiest; it is
To watch her winks and wobbles, and her gapes and
gasps so creepy. [knack,

Partlett fancies she's a crack, but has hardly got the
She is weak, though rosy-gilled; yet might be
excused for shrinking

At this wild hullabaloo, this mad Cock-a-doodle-doo,
That from noon till early morning is still going it like
winking.

Chorus.

For you see it is a shindy that disdains to close,
And if England doesn't stop it, what 'twill get to,
goodness knows,

The war of wing and beak

Grows wilder week by week,

For young Cocks are bound to cackle whilst the Old
Cock crows.

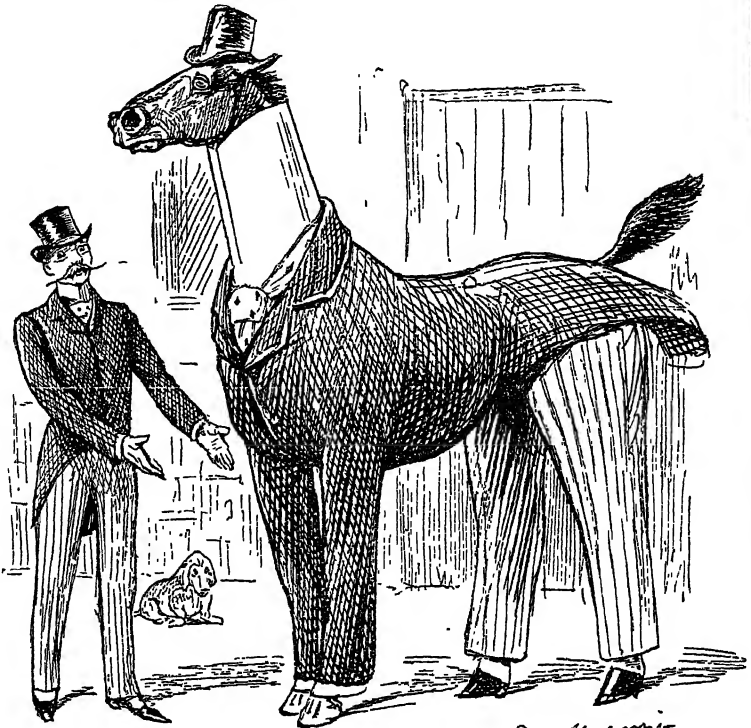
COURT CIRCULAR. — Chess-board directions for the
Week. "White Queen" to keep on moving.

MAY FAIR NURSERY RHYMES

For the Children of "Smart People."

DING-A-DONG, ding-a-dong, what do I care!
I'll sing you a nice little song of May Fair—
Five hundred people invited to meet
In a wee little house, in a wee little street—
Five hundred people all huddled together,
Discussing the faults of their friends and the weather—
One little pianist strumming an air,
No one to listen and no one to care—
One little lady attempting to sing,
Tears in the eyes of that poor little thing:
Up gets a man, sings, "Two lovely black eyes!"—
You might hear a pin drop—"Oh! what a surprise!"
For that is the music they like in May Fair.
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong, what do I care!

SUBJECT FOR A HISTORICAL CARTOON TO BE HUNG IN
THE WAR OFFICE.—Heads of Departments throwing off
the Hood!



Q. E. D.

OUR ARTIST TRIES TO ILLUSTRATE THE ABSURDITY OF OUR PRESENT COSTUME,
—INDEED THE ABSURDITY OF CONCEALING THE NATIVE BEAUTY OF OUR FORM
UNDER ANY COSTUME WHATEVER,—BY EXHIBITING HIS HORSE CLOTHED AS A
MODERN MASHER.

ALL OF A PIECE.

MR. A. W. DUBOURG'S *Vittoria Contarini*, produced at a *Matinée* at the
Princess's Theatre last week, deserves a better fate than a solitary perform-
ance in London. "An interesting story, told in vigorous English," is not a
description that can be applied to every piece that attracts the attention of the
British public, either for a "morning" or "a run," but is certainly appro-
priate to the latest Play of the surviving joint-author of *New Men and Old*
Acres. The Venetian scenery was all that could be desired, but the dresses
were eccentric. Baron Falkenberg, head of the Austrian Police, for instance,
appeared in his own office (where a disguise seemed superfluous) in the
British undress uniform of a Royal Engineer, tempered with breeches appa-
rently borrowed from a Major in the Line. The Officers of the Third Regiment
of Croats, too, evidently had a *penchant* for the dress-belts of a Yeomanry corps.
The Italian aristocrats, not to be outdone in Anglomaniya by their enemies,
affected patrol jackets that would have been appropriate in the barracks-
yards of a Militia battalion, and a regiment of the Royal Dragoon Guards.
But, after all, these were slight blemishes, and only perceivable to the trained
eye of (say) a Volunteer Rifleman. The acting was not of the highest order
of excellence, although both Mr. GLEN WYNN and Miss ADELA MEASOR distin-
guished themselves. To be hypercritical, the pronunciation of the surname of
the heroine by some of the players fostered the notion that our worthy friend
'AREY had suddenly joined the ranks of the Italian nobility. This, too, was
not a serious drawback to the success of a performance which, considered as
a whole, was at once interesting and commendable.

More Latino and More Latin.

(Copied straight from a Fellow-Etonian's Copy of Verses.)

LORD RANDOLPHUS CHURCHILL.

Ille,—Cucurrit-imago-heu-nos Ecclesia-collis—*

Dedit officium subito comitesque reliquit,

Cur fecit nemo scit, sed, mirabile dictu,

Non periére modo comites—gaudent eum abesse.

* Hoc est nomen ejus Latine joculariter translatum, quod vocavimus "ludus super verba."

A PUZZLER FOR PALMISTS.—Amateur Palmistry is now a Society fad.
Wherever one goes, enthusiastic believers in the fantastic pseudo-science are
earnestly scrutinising each other's "lines." *Punch* suggests a practical service
which the palmists might render to a puzzled world. Let them "read" the Old
Parliamentary Hand!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—House of Commons adjourned, by common consent of majority, to Wild West, where BUFFALO BILL took the Chair at Half-past Four. The old place, consequently, almost empty. Amongst absentees, ARTHUR BALFOUR. Affection of Irish Members for Chief Secretary unbounded and uncontrollable. Always wanting to know where he is. Insist on his being on Treasury Bench, so that loving eyes may rest upon him. TIM HEALY gave expression to this feeling with impatient voice and manner. Threatened to move Adjournment next time Chief Secretary absent at question-hour. Presently BALFOUR came in, blushing like young girl at this somewhat embarrassing manifestation of personal affection. In his absence KING-HARMAN buffeted on all sides. Begins to think that, on the whole, he was happier below the Gangway, where he was able occasionally to invite TANNER to "come outside." Now has to observe an air of official civility even when the amorous TIM, fretful at the absence of Chief Secretary, protests against being left to the mercy of "this Orangeman."

Later, W. H. SMITH had a turn. Proposes on Thursday to give precedence to Vote for £17,000 to be spent in preparing Westminster Abbey for Jubilee Service. That stern economist, GRANDOLPH, from his watch-tower behind the Treasury Bench, moved to indignation. What! Give up precious time to debate for Abbey services when Motion for referring Army and Navy Estimates to Parliamentary Committee stands aside? SMITH, nervously holding on to the table, meekly explains that he was fully aware of importance of matter referred to by noble friend. But he also attached importance to the principle of not spending money before it was sanctioned by House. Conservatives cheered these moral sentiments; soothing influence of moral rectitude spread itself over Treasury Bench. Then came Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, with horribly inconvenient question. Nothing to say against principle enunciated by Leader of House, but who was paying the cost of work already going forward at Westminster Abbey? Awkward question this, which "Old Morality," as MAT HARRIS calls the respected Leader of House, answered only by gazing reflectively at the ceiling. After this, Coercion Bill in Committee, through which TIM HEALY rampaged like a tameless buffalo.

Business done.—Very little.

Tuesday, 6 A. M.—Home with the morning milk. Spent rather lively night. Began shortly after midnight with Motion to Report Progress. BRADLAUGH in his place. Waiting to move the Second Reading of Oaths Bill, which DE LISLE in moment of absence of mind omitted to block. House singularly full. Even HARTINGTON yawning on Front Bench. At Two o'clock fresh Motion to Report Progress. SMITH, waking himself up, resisted. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, proposing to offer few observations, yelled at for space of two minutes. This nothing to what followed. Our Chief who, in spite of all that has gone before, had come down determined to stand by SMITH, now rose slowly, deliberately, and with evident intention of settling whole matter. Hardly had he drawn himself to full height, and fixed eyeglass, than there went up to high heaven a yell that woke sleepers in distant ante-room, and brought them in, pale and anxious. A grand sight to see Our Chief stand, with folded arms, looking down on tumultuous throng. "Like Beachy Head, when south-west gale is tumbling up the Channel," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, looking sideways with admiration at the massive figure.

"Mr. CHAPLIN! Mr. CHAPLIN!" COURTNEY cried, through the uproar.

But Committee would not have CHAPLIN. For fully five minutes tumult raged. COURTNEY began to look dangerous. Somebody would be suspended. Besides, five minutes' bellowing at Three o'clock in the morning a little exhausting. Storm fell. Turbulent tide raced past, with sullen undertone of anger, and there stood Beachy Head, with eyeglass and folded arms, master of the situation.

Successive divisions on Motion to Report Progress. Quarter to

Three. Long-pending crisis came. SMITH moved the Clôture. Irish Members unutterably shocked. "Shame! Shame!" they cried. Clôture, nevertheless, carried, division showing not less than 419 Members present.



Waiting for a Hearing.

in dinner dress. Almost time to go home. But there was BRADLAUGH and his Oaths Bill to settle. Another wrangle; a couple of divisions; the debate adjourned, and so home to bed at a Quarter to Six.

Thursday.—Bill authorising Duke of CONNAUGHT to return for Jubilee business, came on early. DILLWYN moved rejection. WILFRID LAWSON for once appeared on side of Royalty. Couldn't quite understand how anyone providentially abroad could want to come home for Jubilee. But if Duke felt that desire, let him come. India could get on without him, and he'd be another Duke for the people at home to stare at. GEORGE CAMPBELL made speech of considerable length, protesting against waste of time. W. H. SMITH plaintively urged House to consent unanimously. Fixing his eye on Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, appealed to feelings of a parent for sympathy with desire of QUEEN to have children around her on interesting occasion. "That's all very well," said Sage, not entirely unmoved. "What we object to is, not leave to Duke to come home, but the prospect that, after enjoying his holiday, he will be going back again." Second Reading of Bill carried by 318 votes against 45.

CONYBEARE proposed to Raike up charges against POSTMASTER-GENERAL. Meant to go to his locker for notes of his speech during Debate on Motion to refer Army and Navy Estimates to Select Committee. Motion unexpectedly agreed to without debate. CONYBEARE called up; presented pitiable spectacle. Usual fluney quite deserted him. House looked on in marvel as he stumbled along. At last made clean breast of it. Would the House kindly allow him to go to his locker and get papers? The House, on the whole, thought not. Idea of conniving at CONYBEARE's making another speech too much for its gravity. Roared with laughter, and, after wriggling round for a few minutes, CONYBEARE sat down. *Business done.*—Miscellaneous.



"I'll call again!"

House of Lords, Friday Night.—Too much disposition here to

snub DENMAN. Don't howl at him when he rises to speak, as Commons might. But when he offers to impart counsel, warning, or reproof, there is general uplifting of eyebrows, a curling of lips, a concatenation of deprecatory, but well-bred coughs, and other unmistakable indications of pained surprise at his interposition. KIMBERLEY, himself brilliant and acceptable speaker, been known to leave the House when DENMAN has risen. "I'll call again," he says, seizing his umbrella, cocking his hat on one side, and striding forth.

DENMAN, however, not such a Peer as he looks. To-night brought in most useful Bill. Proposes to limit length of speeches in debate. Hopes, if measure is carried, monopoly of speech-making among Ministerial and ex-Ministerial Peers will be broken up, and chance given for young, earnest, and ambitious fellows like himself, to get an occasional turn.

Business done.—DENMAN's Bill read First Time. In Commons, Coercion Bill.

WISE MEN IN THE EAST.



Wealth and Poverty; or, Two points of the the Compass—West by East.

LONDON Managers of Exhibitions and Directors of "Shows" in general are so anxious nowadays to save the Press unnecessary trouble, that they take the greatest pains to give the fullest information about the Institutions in which they are interested. This has evidently been the case with the Powers that Be (represented apparently by Mr. E. R. ROBSON) of the People's Palace for East London, who have obligingly placed at our disposal a lithographed description of the Institution, and a pamphlet on the same subject, profusely illustrated, and appropriately bound in paper of a verdant tint. These documents have been sent without an invitation to visit the Palace itself, so we cannot do better than quote from them, although secondary evidence, as a rule, is inadmissible when anything better can be got. Perhaps the

Powers that Be consider that nothing better *can* be got—and they may be right.

It appears that the Queen's Hall, opened on Saturday last by HER MAJESTY, is "merely a fragment;" but in revenge, "is the central feature, and the only one likely to be ornate or interesting to architects." From this we take it, that on the face of it, the Queen's Hall must as "the central feature," be the nose, and are consequently glad to learn that it is likely to be ornate and interesting to architects.

We further learn that this nose is "eventually to be approached through a Social Room on the South End." What "a Social Room on its South End" may be, we cannot conjecture, but it is evidently something decidedly useful if not ornamental, as it is eventually to introduce the Nose of the Palace to the Eyes of the Public.

The Nose is to have on its other sides (so we learn) many other buildings, so that when the whole is completed, "the outside will be entirely concealed." "Hence," say the Powers that Be, in the accents of conviction, "the plain exterior."

"Three entrances," we further learn from the documents to which we have referred, "are enclosed by a temporary porch." This arrangement, one would have fancied, would have prevented the People (either with or without cards of invitation) from obtaining admission. But that everything may be quite safe, we understand that "there are other doors for egress provided at the East and West sides and North end of the Hall, so that it could be emptied in a very short time." A suggestion that would have greater value were it not highly probable that, owing to the enclosed entrances, as we have pointed out, the Hall is seldom likely to have anyone in it.

We are further told that "the orchestra recess is elliptical in form and half domed, so as to throw out the sound." What this sound threatened with ejection is, we can only guess, and therefore may conjecture it to be the street noises that have found, or may find, an entrance through the open windows. We hazard this suggestion with some confidence, as we learn that "the magnificent organ,"

although built, has not been erected "whilst the dust created by the workmen continues."

One of the pleasantest features of the building (because testifying to the philanthropy of its founders) is the gallery in which "about 240 people are provided for." But even in this portion (or perhaps "fragment" would be the better word) of the structure the wish for universal exclusion which distinguishes the undertaking is again apparent, as we are told that the front of this gallery will be politely "bowed out for acoustic reasons."

We learn, too, with much satisfaction, that "the statues of twenty-two Queens, supported on carved pedestals," are "placed in standing posture," as we feel that it would have been a decided mistake (although the effect would have had the charm of novelty) to have erected these Royal effigies balancing themselves on their heads. It is added, that "the Queens have been selected from those who have been useful to their country, or in sympathy with their people," the alternative proving that some of these chosen Dames, although "not useful" have echoed the prevailing fashion of the period, and thus merited the distinction bestowed upon them. It is interesting to learn that "the whole of the Statues are worthy of attention as works of Art." From a "short history of the twenty-two Queens," we gather, amongst other facts of great value, that "OSBURGA of England (about A.D. 860)," gave her son ALFRED "a book at a time when printing had not yet been introduced, and books were therefore scarce;" that MARGARET of Scotland "purified the rough nobles among whom she lived;" that MARGARET of Denmark "tempered her ambition with the tact that made her beloved;" that ANNE of Brittany, by "prudence and judgment, saved her country from disastrous wars;" and lastly, that ANNE of England "was almost the first Sovereign of England who had no desire for despotic power, being more remarkable for her domestic virtues than for her skill in governing."

It is interesting to know that "the space underneath the floor is utilised for the storage of the chairs, and other purposes incident to the daily use of the hall," as the last half of the sentence satisfactorily accounts for the night receptacle of the charwoman's broom and the washing-tub of the sleeping housemaid.

It is also as pleasant to find that "the whole effect is that of a bright sunny light diffused over the interior, which is maintained throughout by the artistic decorations, gilding, and colour," as it is comforting to read that "the Hall is heated by means of hot water, the pipes passing in panels underneath the floor, the warmth being admitted through iron gratings." It is, however, extremely difficult to understand how the Powers that Be could ever have thought of such clever things!

But perhaps the greatest puzzle of the whole description is the concluding paragraph, which, narrating how the "glazing to roof" is on an improved system, abruptly finishes as follows:—"No putty being required Clerk of Works Mr. SORLEY"—Stay! we are going too far; apparently this last item of information was not intended for publication, as it seems to have been addressed exclusively to a solitary individual!

Pot and Kettle.

SURE Criticism's latest curiosity
Is SWINBURNE charging GLADSTONE with "verbosity."
To cap it, WEG, master of verbal mist,
Should call the angry Bard "a casuist."
When both would be allowed, by all who heard,
Equally right, and equally absurd.

"The Great 'Globe' Itself!"

"LEGISLATION," says the *Globe*, "when imperfectly supported by public opinion is simply the best possible definition of Tyranny." Well, that seems a liberal, not to say Liberal, admission. Applying it, then, to Ireland—but no! that way madness lies. Only the "best possible definition" seems rather an awkwardly double-edged sort of a journalistic tool to play with rashly; does it not?

EXTREMES MEET.

MAY and December cannot dwell together?
Pooh! pooh! They can, and do—in British weather!

APOLOGY FOR SECOND THOUGHTS (by one who, from constantly studying the subject, has become slightly mixed).—What if the ex-Premier some six years ago, when at the head of affairs, made charges against the Parnellites which he has since disavowed? Every Statesman while in office, is apt to make strong statements which he sees occasion to contradict afterwards as soon as he "finds himself out!"

THE LATEST CRY OF "WOLFF!"—The Evacuation of Egypt.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—A VOCATION!

Eva. "I SUPPOSE THOSE EXTREMELY NICE-LOOKING YOUNG MEN ARE THE STUDENTS, OR HOUSE-SURGEONS, OR SOMETHING!"

Maud. "NO DOUBT. DO YOU KNOW, EVA, I FEEL I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO BE A HOSPITAL-NURSE!"

Eva. "HOW STRANGE! WHY THE VERY SAME IDEA HAS JUST OCCURRED TO ME!"

MAC-SMITH IN THE WITCHES' CAVE.

(Shakspeare Adapted to Circumstances.)

SCENE—A Dark Cave. In the middle a Cauldron boiling.

First Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
Something Tory this way comes;
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MAC-SMITH.

Mac-Smith. Here now, you secret Separatist hags,
What is't you do?

All. A deed we will not name.

Mac-Smith. I conjure you, by what you once profess'd,
(Whate'er you now are come to) answer me;
Though you've unloosed the mob, and let it fight
'Gainst Church and Land; although the yesty Rads
Confound and swallow legislation up;
Though Order be dislodged, and Law struck down;
Though pitch is poured upon poor maidens' heads;
Though Leaguers, fangless here, to Canada slope
To shake that State's foundations; though the measures
We fain would 'stablish tumble altogether
Because Obstruction rages, answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak!

Second Witch. Demand!

Third Witch. We'll answer!

First Witch. Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths
Or from our Master's?

Mac-Smith. Call him: let me see him!

Meseems he's none too ready to appear,
Nor prompt to answer when the challenge sounds.

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another
More potent yet than he.

[Thunder. An Apparition of a Grand Old Man arises.

App. MAC-SMITH! MAC-SMITH! MAC-SMITH!

Mac-Smith. Had I three names I'd answer to them all.

App. MAC-SMITH! MAC-SMITH! MAC-SMITH! Beware MAC-GLADSTONE!

Beware the Thane of Flint! Dismiss me:—enough!

[Descends.]

Mac-Smith. Whate'er thou art for thy good caution thanks;
The very man I fear:—but one word more,
That rebel head is down, his Home Rule bantling,
Scarce lived the lease of nature, paid his breath,
To Tories and to Unionists. And yet
I would know one thing: tell me (if your art
Can tell so much) shall his bad issue ever,
Split up this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more!

Mac-Smith. I will be satisfied: Tell, tell me when
Our Bill shall pass, in spite of brute obstruction,
And myriad Amendments. Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

First Witch. Show! [Hibernian Hullabaloo.]

Second Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart.

[Hundreds of Amendments appear, and pass in disorder: the last with a glass in his hand.]

Mac-Smith. Great Heavens! The second is so like the first,
A third is like the second. Filthy hags,
Why do you show me this? A fourth? Start, eyes!—
What!—will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh?—I'll see no more.
And yet another comes, and bears a glass
Which shows me myriads more; and some I see
Which may take weeks—or months—to foil, or carry.
Horrible sight! I see to whom 'tis due,
For the League-bolstering Babblers smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. I'll look no more! [Exit hastily.]

SOMETHING LIKE A CELL.—The reported alterations at Millbank.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 21, 1887.



MAC-SMITH IN THE WITCHES' CAVE.

"WHAT!—WILL THE LINE STRETCH OUT TILL THE CRACK OF DOOM?"—*Macbeth*, Act iv., So. 1.

A MAY MEETING.

Mr. Punch. Well, Mr. NIBBS, you were not at the opening of the Buffalo Billeries and the Show of Indians?

Mr. Nibbs. No, Sir; I was then crossing the Billow-ries between Dover and Calais. The only "Injuns" that interested me at the moment were those in the "Injun-room" of the *Victoria*—a marvellously comfortable vessel—propelling her at sufficient speed for us to accomplish the crossing in one hour and ten minutes.

Mr. Punch. A good passage?

Mr. Nibbs. An excellent passage, going and returning; for, had it not been, I should have been the Chief of the Pale Faces on board the Jubilee vessel *Victoria*.

Mr. Punch. And what did you see in Paris?

Mr. Nibbs. Chiefly the American President M'NEILE WHISTLER, wearing such an ultra-Parisian hat as, if he brings it back with safety, and wears it about town, will make him the observed of all the most observant.

Mr. Punch. I shall not be surprised if this arrangement in black—this decorative tile which you describe—does not revive the now almost forgotten slang question, the sport of a bye-gone day, "Who's your hatter?" It is not a very remarkable Salon this year.

Mr. Nibbs. No; but I was much struck by the general excellence of the portraits and of the landscapes. You have seen it, Sir?

Mr. Punch. I see everything. It was refreshing to meet with only one *Tentation de Saint Antoine*, and only one *Salomé*, with the Baptist's head in a dish. This *Salomé* appears to be a very self-possessed young lady of about fourteen or fifteen years old.

Mr. Nibbs. But, Sir! the surgical subjects and the nudities! I would have given a trifle to have had Mr. HORSLEY as my companion in one of the rooms.

Mr. Punch. His wrath would have been re-newed.

Mr. Nibbs. Indeed it would, and, in many cases, justly. Of course I visited the principal theatres.

Mr. Punch. I hope you saw *Françillon*.

Mr. Nibbs. I did, Sir. I should very much like to hear your opinion of it as a piece and as a performance.

Mr. Punch. M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS, has written stronger plays. *Françillon* is a *comédie de mœurs*. The characters represented are those moving in the "High-Life" of Paris. An Englishman not "in it" must take M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS' word for the fact that an ordinary phase of Parisian society is truly represented in this comedy.

Mr. Nibbs. Just so, Sir. In London we have absolutely no equivalent for the masked balls at the Opera, nor for the suppers in the *cabinets particuliers* of the Maison d'Or, which are matters of every night experience in Paris. The story of *Françillon* is not possible in London, save under such exceptional circumstances as could only appear probable to a very limited section of an exceptionally fast community.

Mr. Punch. So much for the local colouring of the plot which is slight as a wire and as strong. The piece is worked out to the end through the development of character by dialogue, for which process our English audiences have no patience.

Mr. Nibbs. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Mr. Punch. Yes. An English audience is for ever crying out, "Get on! get on! Cut the talk and come to the action." *Facta non verba* is the practical motto of an English *Polonius*-like audience.

Mr. Nibbs. It is *Hamlet's* "Come to Hecuba," and Ducrow's "Cut the cackle, and bring in the 'osses," put into practice by those who have paid for the right to do so.

Mr. Punch. Yet we must remember that the *School for Scandal* still delights, and will ever continue to do so. But, on the other hand, BULWER LYTTON's *Money* is now a very dull affair, and that was accepted as a *comédie de mœurs* in its day. We have yet to see the experiment of a *Françillon* tried on our English stage, which shall give such a picture of London society as shall be generally recognisable.

Mr. Nibbs. As to the acting, I suppose, Sir, you were delighted with the ladies—BARTER and PIERSON.

Mr. Punch. Mlle. BARTER is admirable as *Françillon*, the best acting I've seen since DESCLEÈS as the original *Frou-Frou*. Madame PIERSON was excellent too, but you probably saw another actress in the part, as PIERSON has not been playing lately.

Mr. Nibbs. Mlle. REICHEMBERG as the *ingénue*—



"Latest from Paris."

Mr. Punch. Very nice, but, like all French *ingénues*, so much too palpably ingenuous as to suggest to an Englishman that he is in the presence of a very sly young person, who is only awaiting her opportunity to show how much she really knows of everything of which the French Podsnaps suppose her to be ignorant.

Mr. Nibbs. I thought all the men good, especially TRUFFIER, as the Parisian Masher, and THIRON, as the rather prosy Marquis.

Mr. Punch. Yes, all act admirably, in spite, and not in consequence, of the senseless stage-management which seems to be traditional at the Français.

Mr. Nibbs. I am glad you do not approve of the *mise-en-scène*.

Mr. Punch. It is simply ridiculous. I take one example, which will appeal to everybody. The time is Winter: there is a fireplace, to which most of the characters go, at some time or other. Now this fireplace is on the stage right, about what we should call in England "the second entrance," and the chair and sofa, on the side near the audience, are arranged with their backs at right angles to the fireplace, so that the characters occupying these seats are placed in the absurdly unnatural and idiotic position of sitting sideways, with their backs to the fire, for the sake of having their faces to the audience! And then the chairs, sofas, and tables, essential to the "stage-business," are all in a line, so that, when an important dialogue has to take place, five out of seven are seated in a row, like Christy Minstrels, with the aristocratic Marquis in the centre, to announce the title of the next song and chorus.

Mr. Nibbs. And yet our English actors are told they have so much to learn from the Théâtre Français!

Mr. Punch. There is always something for the wise to learn, and, as the French actors can frequently give us a lesson in some specialities, so they constantly and very forcibly show us what we ought to avoid. By the way, I hope you saw—

Mr. Nibbs. The Palais Royal and the Cluny, Sir. The latter screamingly absurd. Do you remember when *Clotilde*—

Mr. Punch. Yes, perfectly. Very droll, but not eminently successful, I believe. *Au plaisir!* [Exeunt.]

VERY HUMBLE PETITIONERS.

How curious that Mr. GLADSTONE should have signed his name five times over in a Petition for the total suppression of all newspapers and public meetings in Ireland!

Yes, and here's Lord SALISBURY's autograph in a Petition demanding the immediate disestablishment of the Church in England, Scotland and Wales.

Perhaps this person who signs himself as "CECIL," residing at "Hatfield," occupation "none," may not be the Prime Minister, after all.

Can Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT be contemplating some gigantic forgery;—a facsimile letter from Lord HARTINGTON to TIM HEALY, perhaps, expressing enthusiastic approval of the dynamite policy, as a set-off to the Parnell Letter? The fact that his signature occurs exactly twenty times over in this "Petition from Thames Bargees in favour of establishing floating Grog-shops on the River," and each time in a different handwriting, certainly lends some colour to the idea.

It is of course highly interesting to know that twelve of the children of Mrs. BROWN of Larkhall Rise are able to write, but it is doubtful if their opinions on the bimetallic controversy are entitled to much weight, or are worthy of having any currency given to them.

This surely must be a Bogus Petition, purporting to come from "Five hundred ridiculously under-rented Tenants on the Bedford Estate," praying for a lot of new gates to be put up all over Bloomsbury, "in order to facilitate traffic and further add to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants of this great Metropolis."

Ought not the Petition from the "Psychical Research Society," asking for pecuniary aid from Government in unearthing ghosts and investigating haunted houses, to be called a "Bogey" Petition?

These Advertisements in the Newspapers—"Wanted, Canvassers for Signatures to Parliamentary Petitions, willing to accept low remuneration. Experts in Handwriting preferred. Good character not essential. Send specimens of twenty different signatures, &c."—surely would come under the title of breaches of Privilege.

The style of calligraphy in this address from all the young gentlemen who are being educated at Mr. RODWELL's Academy, asking for an extra summer Jubilee Holiday, seems rather too advanced to be the genuine work of school-boys. Can Mr. RODWELL himself have had anything to do with it?

Halloa! How does the name of "F. LONDON, Fulham Palace, S.W." get into the Petition praying that Parliament will put a veto on "this ridiculous and unnecessary scheme for a Church House?"

From the execrable scrawl which disfigures the Shoreditch Petition for throwing the expenses of the maintenance of Hyde Park exclusively on ratepayers of the East of London, it seems probable that the Collector contracted to obtain signatures at a rate nearer a shilling than ten shillings per hundred. Perhaps a reduction (of genuineness) was allowed on taking a quantity.



"LANDED!"

Tommy (Bride's little Brother, after the ceremony). "DID IT HURT—THE HOOK?"
Bridegroom ("Never did like that Boy!"). "HURT—THE HOOK? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DEAR?"

Tommy. "'CAUSE 'MA SAID LIZZY 'D FISHED FOR YER A LONG TIME, BUT SHE 'D HOOKED YER AT LAST!"

A GOOD EVENING.—Though Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA has given distant parts of the world the advantage of his powers as a Lecturer, we Londoners have scarcely had a taste of his quality in this direction till the other evening, at St. James's Hall, when he told us what he heard and saw in New Zealand and Australia, for the benefit of the Royal Hospital for Women and Children. And a very considerable benefit it proved, not only to the excellent Institution alluded to, but to the crowded house who were fortunate enough to listen to the Lecturer. But after all we are inclined to think that "lecture" is too formal a title to associate with the easy, colloquial, gossiping chat, within which Mr. SALA manages to weave a mass of solid information, pleasantly varied with graphic illustration and quaint humour. Never for an instant dull, he thoroughly held his audience from the beginning of his narrative to the end. It is to be hoped Mr. SALA will again appear upon the platform before long and give us more of his varied experiences at home as well as abroad.

THE QUEEN AT THE WILD WEST.

THE SONG OF PUNCHIWATHA.

WOULD you hear how Colonel CODY
 Gave his wondrous exhibition,
 Of his Indians on the war-path,
 In the sight of Queen VICTORIA:
 Listen to this simple story
 From the mouth of PUNCHIWATHA.

When she reached the Exhibition,
 Lo! a box near the arena
 Was prepared for her reception:
 WHITLEY too and Colonel RUSSELL
 And the wily TOWNSEND PERCY
 As an escort to the lady,
 To the Empress of the North Land.
 Then the Indians and the Cowboys,
 And the wonderful Vanqueros,
 Raced and charged and whirled before her,
 Stopped the coach, and wheeled and circled,
 Like some birds of brilliant plumage
 Round a carcass on the mountains.
 Balls of glass were thrown and shattered
 By the clever Colonel CODY,
 Like WABE—no the magician;
 Ladies, too, there wielded rifles
 Even as the strong man KWA-SIND.

To the QUEEN came OGILA-SA,
 Sioux Chief, and bowed before her;
 He across the Big-Sea-Water
 Came to see the Queen and Empress,
 And will tell the wondrous story
 Oft times in the Wild West wigwams,
 In the days of the Hereafter.

To the QUEEN too, the papooses,
 Dusky little Indian babies,
 Were presented, and she touched them
 Gently with a royal finger;
 That the squaws, the happy mothers,
 Might go back upon Kee-way-din,
 On the Home-Wind o'er the water,
 To the land of the Ojibways,
 To the land of the Dacotahs,
 To the Mountains of the Prairie,
 Singing gaily all the praises
 Of the gentle Queen and Empress,
 And the wonders of the North Land.

THE VERY PLACE.—Why did the QUEEN
 go for a private view to B. B.'s in Wild
 West Kensington, when HER MAJESTY could
 have commanded the buck-jumping riders
 to have given their show at Buckingham
 Palace? Then the QUEEN, in bestowing
largesse on the tame Wild Indians and
 Cowboys, could Shakspearingly have said,
 "So much for buck-jumping—'em."

"THE BUSINESS OF THE NATION."

WHAT is "The business of the Nation?"
 Endless row, roundaboutation,
 Mutual spite and oburgation,
 Egotistic self-inflation,
 Partisan disintegration,
 Venomous vilification,
 Pettifogging aggravation,
 General exasperation,
 Universal degradation,—
 That's "The business of the Nation,"
 As 'tis done in Parliament.
 Is't not time the lot were sent,—
 Ere BULL's brain is dazed to dizziness,—
 Each and all, about *their* business?

THE Parisians expect that WAGNER's
Lohengrin, will be revived at some more
 propitious time. Its postponement might
 have been fairly anticipated, as no one could
 reasonably have expected to hear in the
 present time "the Music of the Future."

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.



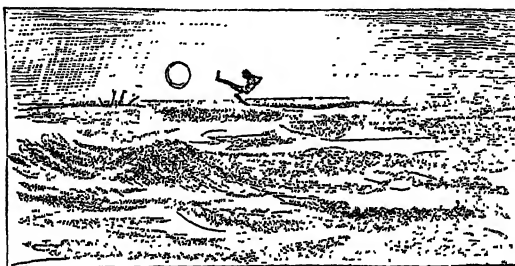
No. 298. "Outside, please!"



No. 426. "I don't like London. So dirty!"



No. 919. Walking off with Somebody Else's Hat.

No. 910. Big and Late.
No. 909. Small and Early.No. 534. After Six Lessons.
Lady Amateur imitating
Eminent Tragedian.

No. 907. Football at Sea.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—The French Government seem annoyed because England declines to celebrate the Centenary of the Revolution of 1789, by officially recognising the Paris Exhibition. This is unreasonable. It would be most difficult to despatch appropriate exhibits. It would be unfair to deprive the British public of the satisfaction they derive from staring at the axe in the Tower; and, for the rest, the "Chamber of Horrors" is private property!



No. 1029. Chokee; or, Very Tight.

REASONS FOR AND AGAINST HOME RULE.

I.—AS COLLECTED FROM "SEPARATIST" SOURCES.

HOME Rule is the only sensible and safe solution of the Irish Question, for such reasons as these:—

Because the Act of Union was a "scoundrelly" Act, and ought to be repealed.

Because Home Rule does not involve a Repeal of the Union.

Because it does.

Because Ireland will *never* be satisfied to remain united with England.

Because Home Rule will make Ireland perfectly content to remain united with England.

Because Home Rule will make the power of the Parnellites beneficent, by burdening it with responsibility.

Because Home Rule will deprive the Parnellites of power entirely.

Because religious questions are at the bottom of the whole Irish difficulty, and Home Rule will settle them.

Because religious questions have nothing whatever to do with the Irish difficulty.

Because Home Rule will make Ireland practically independent, and alter the whole state of affairs.

Because Home Rule will leave Ireland really subordinate, and make very little alteration, after all.

II.—AS GATHERED FROM THE SPEECHES OF UNIONIST ORATORS.

Home Rule is not to be thought of, for the following amongst other reasons:—

Because Irishmen, like the poor, "in a lump are bad."

Because their desire for Home Rule is only the disingenuous disguise of a desire for separation, dictated by "a deep and undying

hatred" of England, and a vindictive longing to cause her degradation and downfall.

Because this deep and undying hatred is the spontaneous and incurable impulse of the evil hearts of the vast majority of Irishmen.

Because it is also a factitious feeling forced upon them by the cruel terrorism of a small minority.

Because the majority of Irishmen are desperately disloyal, and therefore will be satisfied with nothing short of separation.

Because also the majority of Irishmen are really content with English rule, and do not desire separation at all.

Because the National League is enthusiastically supported by the Irish majority, which shows what an unmitigated bad lot they must be.

Because the National League is also a merciless 'tyranny, whose yoke the Irish majority would be only too happy to throw off, if it could.

Because the Irish are Celts.

Because the Irish are not Celts.

Because the presence of the Irish Representatives at St. Stephen's is leading to the degradation of Parliament and the disintegration of the Empire.

Because in order to avoid the degradation of Parliament and the disintegration of the Empire, it is absolutely essential to keep the Irish Representatives at St. Stephen's.

Because it is our business and our duty to maintain and treat Ireland as an equal and integral portion of the British Empire.

Because it is our business and our duty to prove to Ireland that we can and will rule her.

Note to Both Sets.—Many of these reasons are contradictory and even mutually exclusive, but, *taken altogether*, as they must and shall be, they exclude, of course, the very possibility of any "reasons" on the other side!—Q.E.D.

"DOLLIES 'ILL.

(Fancy Picture by D. Crambo.)



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE KINDLY NURSING THE DOLLIES OF DOLLIS HILL. SEVERAL DOLLIES ON THE MEND.

TABLE TALK;

Or, Catching them at their Meals.

THE *Daily News* in a recent issue having, under the sensational heading,

"MR. GLADSTONE AT LUNCHEON,"

furnished its readers with some remarks volunteered by the veteran Statesman at a purely private entertainment prepared for him, the other day, by Dr. PARKER, an attempt has been made on the same lines to catch the passing remarks hazarded by other distinguished Statesmen over their occasional meals. The following is the result:—

LORD SALISBURY AT TEA.

Yesterday Lord SALISBURY looked in at Grosvenor Square, where a small but select circle were assembled for five o'clock tea. The noble Marquis seemed in excellent spirits, and joined freely in the general conversation, giving his opinions on the leading pictures of the Academy, the physical characteristics of the Colonial Delegates, BUFFALO BILL, and other topics of the hour with much *verve* and readiness. Eventually, dropping into the Crimes Bill, he held forth on its details with considerable fervour for about an hour and three quarters, during the course of which he effectually cleared the room of all the guests, being left, ultimately, to finish his peroration on the rug to his hostess alone. Owing to his Lordship's mouth being repeatedly full of muffin, it was not always easy to catch the exact drift of what he was saying, but he was understood to express a general determination on the part of the Government to persist in their present course. After partaking of an extra cup of tea and one more round of hot buttered toast, the noble Marquis, who seemed highly gratified with the success of his visit, cordially thanking his hostess for her kind and attentive reception, gracefully withdrew.

MR. W. H. SMITH AT SUPPER.

MR. W. H. SMITH after quitting the House of Commons last night strolled down to the Carlton and ordered supper. The room at that advanced hour being comparatively deserted, the Hon. Gentleman, who had come from the debate in a very communicative vein, for lack of better audience addressed several remarks to the waiter who was attending on him, on the leading questions of the hour, eventually finishing up with a powerful oration on the Clôture. Subsequently ordering some hot whiskey-and-water he continued the subject at a still more impassioned level, and though gradually getting a little indistinct would no doubt have continued his declamation, had not the waiter, turning out the gas as a hint, pointed suggestively to the coming daylight that was already invading the apartment. This appeared to recall the Hon. Gentleman to himself, who laughingly observing that he seemed to have been having an "all night sitting," carefully descended the stairs, and hailing a Hansom, much to the relief of the hall-porter, disappeared in the dawn that was now breaking on Pall Mall.

The Series, of course, might be indefinitely continued, and by way of contrast to the foregoing:—

MR. BRIGHT AT BREAKFAST

would furnish good material. The veteran Radical could to some purpose contrast the views he once held and the application of which supplied the "cheap" table at which he is seated, with those he has more recently assumed. Then again,

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AFTER DINNER.

seems to promise some lively experiences, being suggestive, as it is, of a general abandon of utterance more than equal to anything ventured upon by the Grand Old Home Rulist in his post-prandial effort above referred to. To descend even to more domestic circumstances,

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN BED OVER HIS GRUEL.

would not make a bad line. There is something strikingly suitable about the situation. The rather lugubrious explanation of his present position that could be furnished under such conditions by the eminent Radical to the attendant bringing him the comforting basin should be good and appropriate reading, being, as it is, eminently suggestive of political influenza. Indeed, the idea of catching the utterances of big men at their meals is an undeniably happy thought, and we look hopefully to its further development.

ROBERT AT THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

AFTER my jovial recklesshuns of last year's Collinderies, it wasn't likely as I should lose much time afore I visited the Amerrycan Exhibishun, jest to see what our rayther bragging Cozens had got for to show us. But I'm sorry to say that I thinks as they've bin in rayther too great an urry to open, for the hole place, instead of being finished, looks as if it had bin begun jest about the week afore last. Wot it will be wen its finished we shall see all in good time, but wot it is now, or rayther wot it was last Toosday week, is wot I must confine myself to.

Entering from the Earl's Court Stashun, the fust thing I seed was a Cattle Show, and they suttently was the poorest-looking lot of animals as ever had the imperance to go in for a prize. They was all a lying down, looking cold and hungry, and sum on 'em was that dirty and ragged-looking, and had sitch ruff heads, that I spose as they must have had a werry bad journey from Amerrikey, and hadn't had time to be washed and tidied up a bit, poor things!

The Bilding is diwided into 4 haveanews and 10 streets, and as each of the former is jest about 1000 feet long, as a werry civil native told me, and each of the streets more nor 100, "to walk the lot," as he sed, "is jest exactly a mile! and that, Stranger, licks all creation in Exhibishuns."

Feeling much obliged by his infirmation, but not liking to be called a Stranger, I natrally asked him to take a drink, to which he most kindly consented. With my great xperience of Colonial drinks last year, I thort as I was about up to heverythink in that line, but I suttently was estonished to hear him ask a werry nice looking young lady all drest in red, and with a Amerrycan flag for a apron, for a "Xhibition Buzzom Caresser!" But she gave it him without a blush, so I pluet up my currage and asked for one two, and werry good it was, but I dowt if I shall tell Mrs. ROBERT of the suckumstance, it mite do more harm than good.

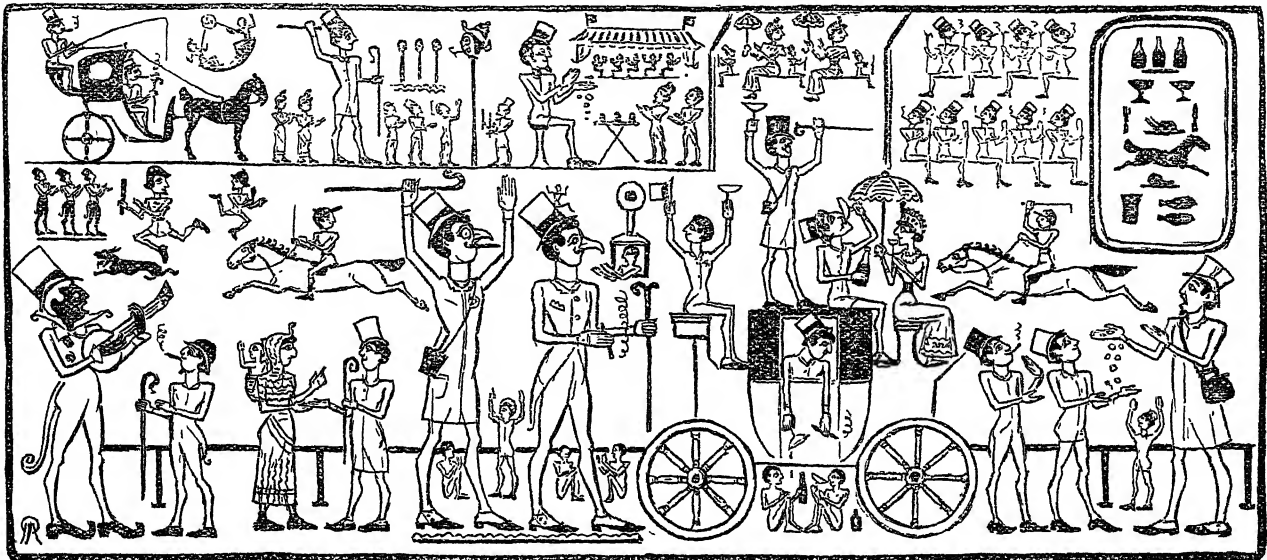
I don't think werry much of the Xibition part of the Show, some of it is werry much like our own Lowther Arcade but bigger. The largest Shop of all is full of heartyfishal Teeth in all their grinding and grinning warieties, and is enuff to give you a good twinge as you passes by 'em. But another shop is werry interesting. Ony fancy about 16 hundred silver watches all a hanging up together and all a going together and being xactly 20 minutes past 1. I took the liberty of asking the werry pretty young Lady as sold 'em, all about the winding of 'em hup ewery day, witch she told me is done ewery morning and took a long time to do, but just then a stoopid feller of my acquaintance came behind me and said in my ear, "Oh, Mr. ROBERT!" when I declare I started like a guilty thing and warked quickly away tho as innoercent as a pair of sucking doves. A gentleman pressed me werry much to buy a cheap filter, but I couldn't see much difference between the two waters, tho I willingly confesses as I aint much of a judge of the harticle in question, thinking it werry poor thin cold stuff. The shop-keepers was all werry free and active with their stationary and gave it away freely. Two or three elderly ladies amost filled their black bags with samples. Among other things we was all asked to "take one" out of a basket of little packets, so I took one, but afterwards found to my great estonishment that it was a bottel of pills, of which I didn't "take one." No thankee, not for ROBERT. Nobody wants pills as lives like a gentleman, unless he's bin and injured his constitiooshun with hard work, witch I was never such a fool as to do.

There's several picter rooms and some really staggering picters. There's one as is amost filled with a werry big pea-green wave as has determined to turn hissself over and has then altered his mind and stopt half way, the like of which I suttently never seed afore for culler. I spose as the Amerrycains is rayther a sollem peeple, and that may account for the number of picters of corpses a lying about in all manner of persitions, but they seems scarcely adapted for dining-rooms.

I was treated with a good deal of respect by the natives, and one gentleman, who was called "Kernel," promised to introjuice me to Bufferlow BILL the next time I went.

ROBERT.

⚡ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



EL DAR-BÉ.

HIEROGLYPH EXCAVATED FROM AMONG THE TUFFITE REMAINS. SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT SOME ANNUAL SPORTS IN HONOUR, PROBABLY, OF HOSS-IRIS.

"MORE LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"

Mr. Nibbs. The Red Lamp is still alight, Sir!

Mr. Punch. I saw it last week at the Comedy Theatre. By the way, it isn't a red lamp, but a red shade.

Mr. Nibbs. You were pleased with it?

Mr. Punch. With much of the acting?—Yes. With the piece?—No. There is scarcely a line worth remembering, the attempts at Sardou-like epigram are irritatingly feeble, and after the First Act my head ached badly with trying to make out what it was all about.

Mr. Nibbs. A Nihilist plot.

Mr. Punch. Exactly; and during the four Acts I most thoroughly sympathized with that old noodle, *Demetrius*—capitally made up, and excellently played, by *Mr. BEER-BOHM-TREE*—who is perpetually trying to discover what the plot is, and never succeeds. This was my position exactly.

Mr. Nibbs. Perhaps if the part of the *Princess* had been more interesting—

Mr. Punch. *Rem acu tetigit.* If the story had been of a young woman whose lover was a Chief of the Nihilists,—if in his absence she, for reasons which a dramatist or a novelist would be a very inexperienced hand

if he could not invent, had married an old general devoted to the Czar,—if this lover turned up again, and, in fact, if the Nihilistic Prince had been a lover instead of a brother, then there would have been the material for such a strong dramatic interest as does not exist now.

Mr. Nibbs. I see, Sir. I think that when there was a chance of the mine being exploded in the Third Act, the situation was exciting.

Mr. Punch. It was inartistically handled; the excitement ought to have been intense, whereas it was only a gentle momentary thrill. For myself, I found it impossible to care what became of anybody in the piece; nobody interested me; not *Mr. SUGDEN*'s commonplace and wearisome Yankee, who began so well; nor the Ollendorffian maid; nor *Mr. BROOKFIELD*, admirably made up and acting nothing to perfection; nor *Mr. PATEMAN*, the Russo-Irishman, who calls *Prince Alexis* "Prince Alexus," and from whom, *bedad*, one expects a whoop and a jig; nor the young gentleman who has long speeches about Nihilism—that is, about nothing—in which *Mr. WILSON BARRETT* would revel, and who, by the way, has caught something of the tone of that eminent elocutionist; nor *Miss MARION TERRY*, who has a poor part indeed.

Mr. Nibbs. Quite true, Sir; I could have quitted them at any moment without a pang—and yet the finish is exciting.

Mr. Punch. Well—yes—the finish is the best part of it. As for the mine which never explodes, the only persons deserving a "blowing up" are the author and the management. I should say the best name for it would be *Much Ado About Nihilism*.

Mr. Nibbs. The people in the stalls about me liked it, and found it very interesting.

Mr. Punch. Did they? I sincerely envy them. If the public patronise this play, it will only be for the sake of seeing *Mr. BEER-BOHM-TREE*.

Mr. Nibbs. I noticed that there was a charming want of unanimity in the pronunciation of his name.

Mr. Punch. Yes, some called him "Demaytrius," some "Dimitrus," some "Demeetroos," and poor "Kertch," was "Kirsch" and "Keersch" and "Ketch" without the JACK.

Mr. Nibbs. *LADY MONCKTON* seemed to work uncommonly hard.

Mr. Punch. Seemed! nay, she did: very hard. I have already mentioned the fault of this part, and the fault of this part is the blunder of the piece, which, however, unlike the mine, seems to be going off pretty well. Let us go and see *Nadia*, at the Alhambra. [Exeunt.]

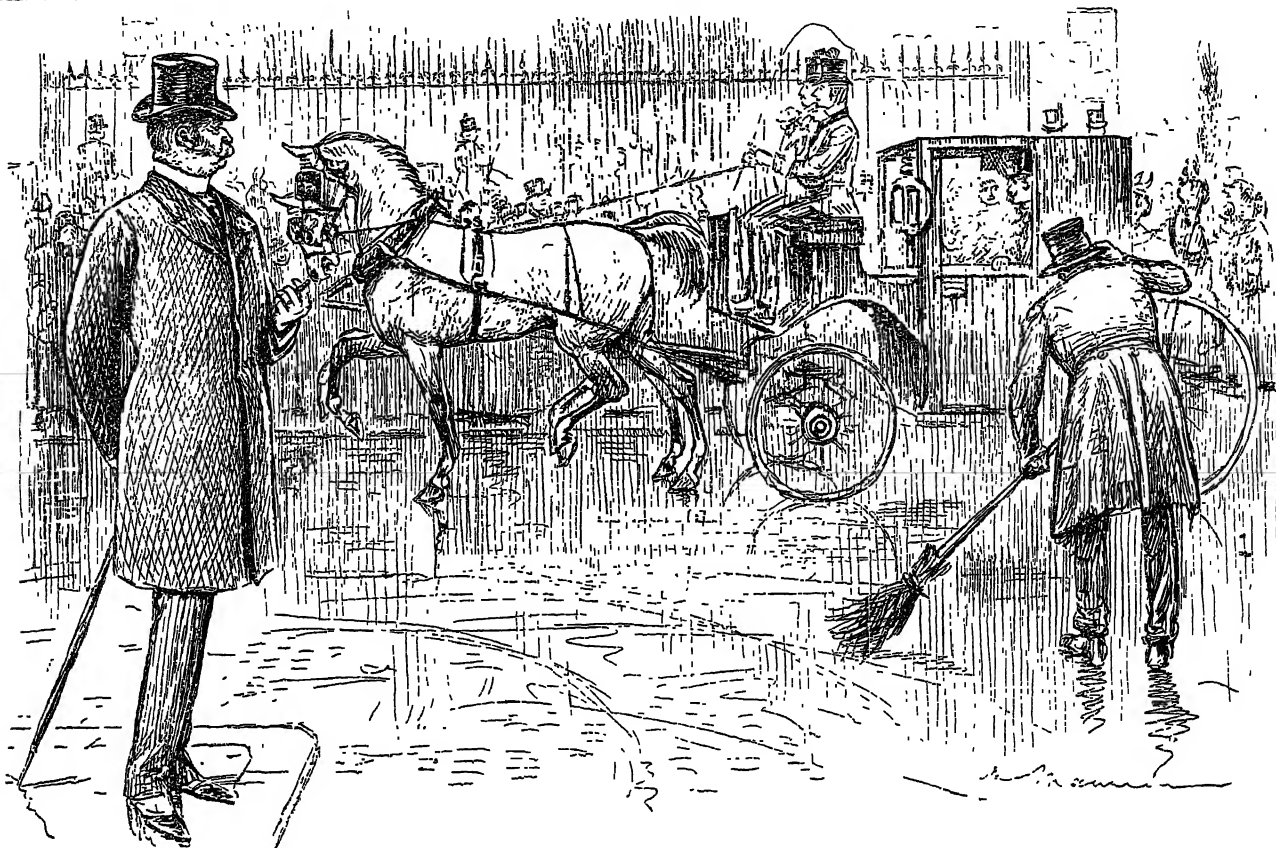
THE Terrace Gardens, Richmond Hill, were opened on Saturday by H.R.H. the Duchess of TECK and His All Serene Highness the Duke. They were presented with "The Silver Key" which opens most locks, whether on the Thames or off it. Sir WHITTAKER and Lady ELLIS entertained the Princess MARY, who is now The Lass of Richmond Hill. His Highness Richmond Hill looked uncommonly well, though the weather was not all that could have been wished by the most exacting in the month of May.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."—What has become of the "Jubilee Medieval Tournament" which was to have been held at Olympia in June? Couldn't it be decided who should be the Queen of Beauty? Surely, there are plenty of Knights about, and a joust between two of the most recently created—Sir ISAACS and Sir KIRBY—would have been exciting. Why this collapse?

"CHEZ Paddy," by Baron E. DE MAUDAT GRANCEY, is an interesting work by an observant and thoughtful Frenchman. The style is easy and vivacious. By the sound of the title to English ears, "Shay Paddy" suggests "An Irish Car."

In keeping with the Fitness of Things, the Crown Diamonds ought to have been shown in the Rue Auber.

"A COIGN OF VANTAGE" (to Economic Tipplers, but not to the Tipped).—The Double Florin.



NEW ILLUSTRATIONS TO OLD SAYINGS.

James Chesterfield Bloater, Esq. (a confirmed Bachelor). "THERE, BUT FOR THE GRACE OF HEAVEN, GOES JAMES CHESTERFIELD BLOATER!"
[He is alluding, not to the Crossing-Sweeper, but to the proud and happy Bridegroom!]

HOW THE R.H.A. WAS SAVED.

(A Story for the Royal Horse Marines.)

"It is cruel that I should have none of the Royal Horse Artillery with me!" exclaimed the British General, as he examined the position of the enemy. "Not only would a few batteries have been of great service to me, but it is unfair that the R.H.A. should be deprived of the glory of victory. However, since the recent reductions, we are all in the same boat—the Royal Horse Artillery is reduced to skeleton proportions! The more's the pity!"

A young Captain belonging to a garrison battery heard these remarks and respectfully saluting, ventured to address the Officer Commanding.

"General," said he, "I will undertake with your permission to protect the interests of the mounted branch of the service. By the end of the day, you shall admit that honour is due to the R.H.A."

"I trust so, Sir," replied the General. He spoke rather shortly, because he did not care to be addressed so familiarly by a subordinate. The battle commenced. The Infantry skirmished and charged, the Cavalry outposted and bore down in masses. The engagement extended over miles of country. To the General's astonishment the guns seemed to be everywhere. He knew that his Artillery were only pieces of position, and yet they appeared to get over the ground as if they were light ordnance harnessed to racers. He could not make it out. It was a hard fight. The Infantry were cut to pieces, the Cavalry shot down by hundreds, but, thanks to the guns, he pulled through at last. When the enemy were in full retreat, he sent for the Commander of the Artillery. The young Captain he had already seen appeared and respectfully saluted him.

"So, Sir," cried the General, "it is to you and your men that I owe, in great part, this glorious victory. I congratulate you, Sir, upon your share in the day's doings. The greatest credit is due to the Royal Artillery."

The young Captain tried to speak, in protest, but not a word could be heard.

"I am not surprised to learn that you are hoarse, Sir," said the General, sternly—he was a great Martinet. "You and your men served your guns with a good deal of unnecessary shouting. Still,

you managed admirably. How did you get your guns into so many positions?"

The Captain, who had found a piece of chalk, wrote on a sabretache, "I cannot speak—I am so hoarse. I got the guns into so many positions by harnessing my men to the pieces, and treating them like horses."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Officer Commanding. "Capital! Well, great credit attaches to the Royal Artillery. What? You protest! Why?" Then the young Captain wrote with his chalk these generous words:—"We—my men and I—have been shouting all day long, that we might become hoarse. We are hoarse!"

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed the General, wiping away a tear. "You have done this that the glory might belong to the Royal Hoarse Artillery." And they had.

NOTES AND VOTES.

THE Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage certainly put forth an excellent programme at their last Saturday's Concert at Prince's Hall, and must have been gratified at the favourable reception accorded to their efforts by the numerous and fashionable audience that attended on the occasion. Where everything was so good, it is perhaps invidious to select, but a special word of praise is due to Miss HILDA WILSON and to Miss DAMIAN for their respective rendering of Mr. COWEN's two charming songs, "*Absence*," and "*Tears*," as also to Miss AGNES LARKCOM, who, accompanied by the Composer, Herr WILHELM GANZ, gave the pretty ballad, "*Sing, sweet Bird*" with much effect. Capital, too, was the playing of Miss AGNES ZIMMERMAN, while Mr. MAYBRICK was entirely in his element with his effective "*A Little Hero*." Altogether, the Central Committee's Concert may be said to have come off with flying colours, the which they need not be ashamed to fasten to the mast of Woman's Suffrage, a task for which they might possibly requisition the services of Mr. SYDNEY NAYLOR, who acted most efficiently as one of the Conductors.

WHAT BACKERS OF THE DERBY FAVOURITE HOPE THE REST OF THE FIELD WILL DO.—"*Follow The Baron*."



THE FRENCH CRISIS.

Madame La République. "HERR GERMANY HAS REFUSED, AND MRS. ENGLAND DECLINES MY INVITATION FOR 1889. SHALL I PUT IT OFF?"
General B-l-ng-r. "1889? AH! NO; LEAVE IT AS IT IS. A GOOD DEAL MAY HAPPEN BEFORE THAT DATE!"

The Usual Thing.

MAKING excuse as of affairs of State,
 Down straight to Epsom MUGGINS, M.P., scampered;
 And his excuse for being home so late
 Was that his business had been (Derby) "hampered."

AN EASTERN IDEA. — The Architectural style of the People's Palace ought to be "BESANTINE."

THE DOUBLE FLORIN. — Call this a Jubilee coin! This; a stingy substitute for the old Crown!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 16.—ARTHUR BALFOUR enjoyed to-night a pretty wild half-hour. House in Committee of Supply. Chief Secretary's salary before Committee for approval. JOHN DILLON blandly, but firmly, moved to reduce the amount by £1,000. Opportunity taken by Irish Members to "go for" CHIEF SECRETARY.



Seems he gives them too little of his company. Strolls in after questions are over, sits on his back, and languidly asks KING-HARMAN how he's getting on? As a rule, KING-HARMAN has got on very badly. BALFOUR hands over to him difficult duty of answering Irish questions. Irish Members howl at him through-out; make delicate inquiries as to his relations with his tenants; hint that he's been grinding them down for years; and triumphantly recite return of Commissioners showing peremptory and considerable reduction of rent enforced upon him. Parnellites a little tired of monotony of KING-HARMAN.

"It's like toodjour perdricks," says GILLHOOLY, thrusting hands into his pockets, and staring gloomily across the House.

Having buffetted KING-HARMAN till they're worn out, hunger and thirst for blood of ARTHUR BALFOUR. All very well attacks of Irish Members; it is their nature to when CHIEF SECRETARY in question. More serious when CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN gets up, and joins his protest against the self-effacement of CHIEF SECRETARY. Points out that FORSTER, TREVELYAN, JOHN MORLEY (and might have added himself), when successively Chief Secretaries, did not delegate work at question-time to other hands. SMITH came to rescue of his colleague, but was knocked over by HENRY FOWLER. Then KING-HARMAN valiantly butted the assailants, and was set upon in full cry.

Committee thoroughly excited. Controversy might have lasted till morning, but BALFOUR, with unwonted adroitness, incidentally mentioned that he would in due course have to bring in a Bill authorising payment of the salary of KING-HARMAN. This had remarkable effect. Irish Members foresaw opportunity of going over the matter again. Foolish to spoil good sport by wearisomely prolonging bout. So Committee divided, and BALFOUR's salary preserved intact by majority of two to one.

Business done at Twenty-five Minutes past Three in the morning.

Tuesday.—KING-HARMAN visibly fading under sympathetic gaze. A deathlike pallor displacing his ancient ruddiness; a haggard look about the eyes; a stoop at the shoulder; and a growing lassitude of manner.

"I wish I'd never done it, TOBY, dear boy," he said, in a hollow whisper. "I was happy enough below the Gangway, where I could howl at TIM HEALY, and shake my fist at TANNER. Now I daren't open my mouth, except to answer a question; and if I so much as insert my forefinger in the collar of GILLHOOLY, and lift him up, they'd move the Adjournment, in order to discuss a matter of urgent public importance. To be sure, there was some talk of a salary. But I haven't got a penny yet; and when a Bill is introduced to authorise salary there'll be an all-night sitting."

Cause of KING-HARMAN's added distress, discovery of a little incident that took place at Margate. A week or two ago KING-HARMAN taking rest from State cares in the congenial company of Licensed Victuallers in hotel at Margate. Closing-hour approached. Company must needs break up. General consternation. Law inexorable; Chief Constable in room to see it enforced. Happy thought struck KING-HARMAN.

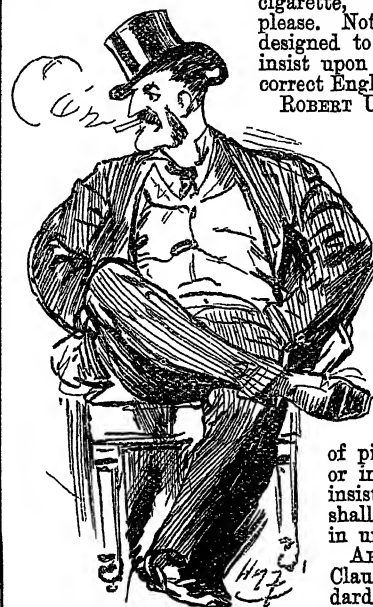
"Gentlemen," he said, "from this moment consider yourselves my guests."

Stood drinks all round. Cloud lifted; hilarity set in; Licensed Victuallers spent happiest evening of their life; voted KING-HARMAN a jolly good fellow. WILFRED LAWSON wants to know whether this story is true. STUART WORTLEY admits it, and Ministers prouder than ever of their new colleague.

Coercion debate on again. HARCOURT moved what was hailed as important Amendment. But Members held off till Division-bell rang. At one moment only five Members on Ministerial Benches. Attempt made to Count Out. TIM HEALY proof against prevailing depression. More than ever like Miss Miggs in her ejaculatory mood. State Ball to-night, and many Members thither bound. "Go to the Ball," TIM snarled across the House, when Member in evening dress arose to continue discussion. "I see the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY is on the pounce," he observed, later, when SMITH, according to his wont, sat on edge of Bench, and looked as if he were

going to move Closure. Accused Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL of being ready to "sling his wig" at him. By these and many other idiomatic expressions, helped to keep debate going till far into night. Business done.—More conversation around Coercion Bill.

Wednesday.—"Well!" said ROBERT UNIACKE PENROSE FITZGERALD, sinking into a chair, crossing his legs, and lighting a cigarette, "these fellows are hard to please. Not content with a Bill specially designed to put them into prison, they insist upon the clauses being drafted in correct English."



R-b-n-s-n Cr-s-e, M.P.

ROBERT UNIACKE one of most retiring men in House. When at home, near Cork, lives on an island, like Robinson Crusoe. Would like to be there now, but kept in Town by Whips. So retires to corner of smoking-room, and makes his moan.

His complaint not without foundation. Positively Irish Members raising debate on literary style of first paragraph, second clause Coercion Bill! TIM HEALY, as he once told House, doesn't care a row of pins whether he is in prison or in the House of Commons; still insists if he is to go to prison it shall be under a statute framed in unexceptionable English.

ARTHUR BALFOUR pleads that Clause comes up to ordinary standard of legal English. "It is good enough English," he urged, "for an Act of Parliament."

Irish Members inexorable. Insist to the length of taking division, in which the purists of style are beaten.

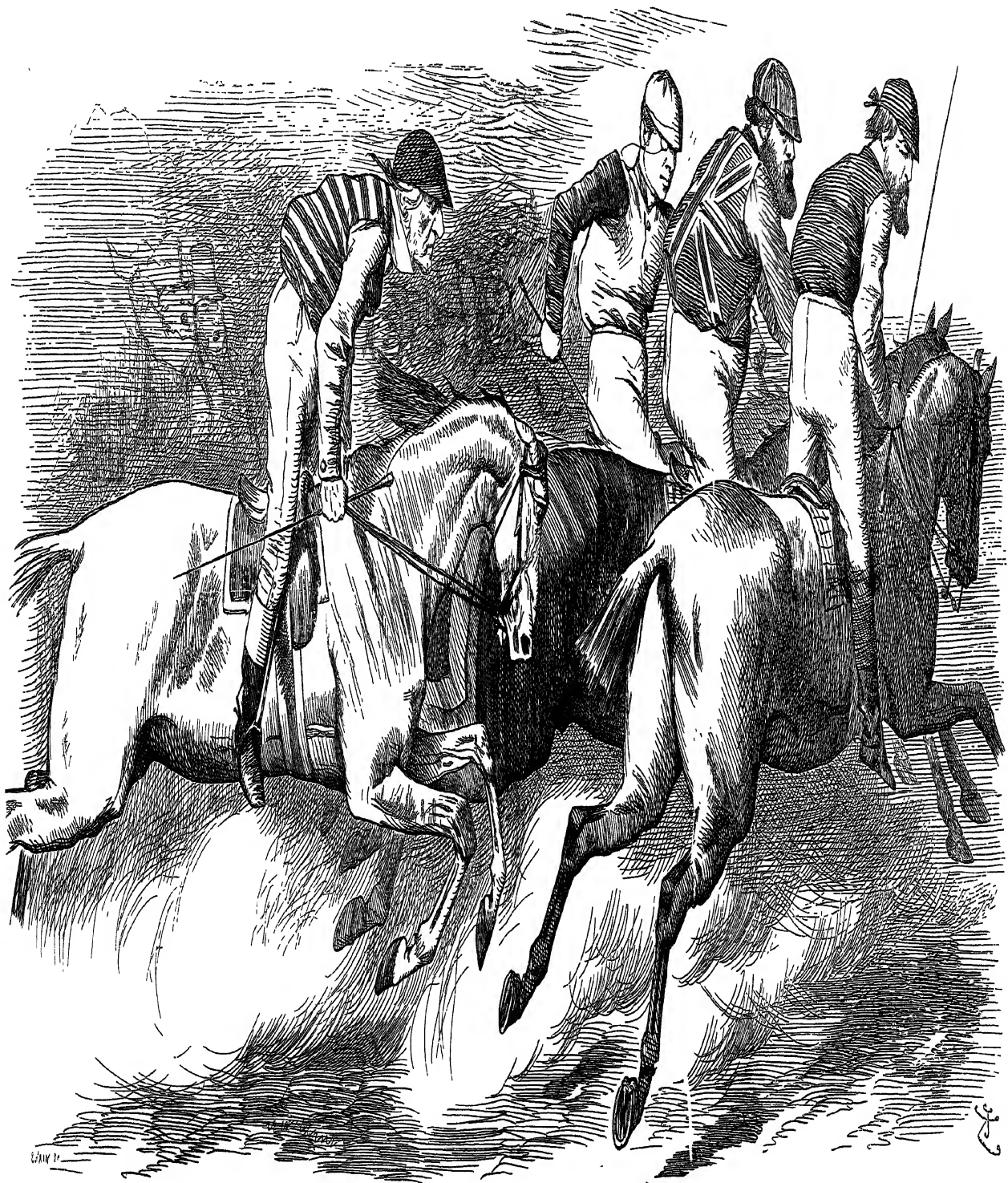
Clause discussed all through afternoon. SMITH again "on the pounce." Divisions showed not enough Ministerialists present to carry Closure. Whips threw messengers out in all directions. Principal object of Ministers to-day is to have two hundred Members on the premises. Slowly they came in, and it was Four o'Clock before SMITH felt himself in position to "pounce." Once successfully done, however, position assured. Pounced again at Twenty Minutes to Six, with curious results. According to Standing Order, debate must on Wednesdays close at Quarter to Six, House rising at or before Six o'Clock. Division on Closure brought proceedings close upon Six o'Clock. House had agreed that question should be put. Could it be put at this hour? COURTNEY said Yes. So second Division took place, and House, for the first time in recollection of oldest inhabitant, sat till Ten Minutes after Six on a Wednesday afternoon. Business done.—Very little.

Friday Morning.—House getting so accustomed to Closure, might have been thought nothing would astonish it. But SMITH managed to surprise it last night. Questions over, Sage of Queen Anne's Gate interposed, and, with assistance of some hundred Members, managed to launch debate on Zululand. In good old times this would have lasted all night. Looked as if it would certainly last over dinner-hour. Under-Secretary for the Colonies followed the Sage, and made usual kind of speech. Then came GEORGE CAMPBELL and OSBORNE MORGAN. CLARK next rose to his feet, and proceeded to give Scotch accent to debate. As OSBORNE MORGAN sat down, watchful eyes from opposite Benches observed Old Morality advancing nearer and nearer edge of Bench. A hushed whisper passed from mouth to mouth in Irish Camp.

"He's going to pounce!"

And pounce he did before CLARK had finished his first sentence. Angry cries from Irish Camp. Division challenged. Closure carried; by Seven o'Clock decks cleared for resumption of discussion on Coercion Bill. Things went on till One o'Clock this morning. Then Supply promptly turned into Irish debate. So we sat and wrangled till dawn. Business done.—Hardly any.

FROM all accounts, it appears that Her MAJESTY need not have gone to West Kensington to witness a war-dance of Wild Indians, as the Dowagers of her own Buckingham Palace, in their paint and feathers, could have provided her with a much fiercer and more savage entertainment on the spot, on a recent occasion. Duelling will come in fashion for ladies if this sort of thing is allowed, and a Drawing-Room will be worse than the House in debate on the Irish Crimes Bill.



“SHUT IN!!”

THE OLD JOCKEY (*sotto voce*), “HANG IT ALL! I CAN’T GET THROUGH!”

GL-DST-NE on “HOME RULE”

CH-MB-RL-N on “RADICAL UNIONIST”

S-L-SB-RY on “GOVERNMENT”

H-BT-NGT-N on “LIBERAL UNIONIST”



BAD LANGUAGE.

Miss Betsy Primme. "HE REALLY IS SUCH AN UGLY-LOOKING DEVIL, YOU KNOW." *The Vicar*. "WELL, HE IS!"
 Hostess (who overhears). "MY GOODNESS, GRACIOUS ME!"
 [They were only discussing the *Mephistopheles* of a Provincial Dramatic Company.]

"SHUT IN!"

A DERBY DILEMMA.

Grand Old Jockey, loquitor :-

HUMPH! A capital mount, and, what's more, my own choice.
 A last win, on its back, my old heart would rejoice,

Now I draw to the end of my tether.

My record is good, it must soon be made up.

Ah! how often we've pulled off a plate or a cup,
 Myself and a good horse together?

Eheu! The old days, the excitement, the pace!
 The jocks I have rivalled in many a race!

The starts, and the blood-stirring finishes!

Have I lost in *finesse*? Am I failing in force?

By Jove! there's a rapture for rider and horse
 The age very little diminishes.

The beat of the hoofs, and the pulse of the stride,
 The lash of the wind, the quick gasp at one's side,

The spectators' tumultuous shouting—

These, known from of old, have a charm for me still;

The old eager hope, the old passionate thrill,

Still move me, yes, that is past doubting.

And now? Well, I've scarcely a popular mount,

At least so they say, though I fancy they count

The least little bit prematurely,

The Ring's *cognoscenti*. How often before

Have I saddled in face of a dissident roar,

And won at the finish securely!

They didn't much fancy my crack *Irish Church*,
 They muttered that luck left Old WILL in the lurch
 When *Land Bill* the Second he stuck to.

Well, well, we shall see. I then rode against BEN,
 Now I'll tackle less skilful and resolute men,
 In defiance of liking and luck too.

Ah! BEN was a Jock! What a seat, what a hand!
 What an eye for an opening! Yes, it was grand

To fight out a finish with DIZZY.

BOB CECIL, BILL SMITH? Why, they're not in the hunt.
 If once with *Home Rule* I can forge to the front,
 Once more the old Jock will be busy.

But can I? The field has been running all wrong,
 And to make a straight dash through the clustering throng
 Is a task that might puzzle a topper;
 Going round loses time, and that game often fails;
 I don't want to be driven on to the rails,
 At the risk of a crush or a cropper.

SMITH's right in the road, stolid HARTY close by;
 I fear I shall not "split" the pair if I try,

And a smasher would follow misjudging.

Then JOE—a raw hand with more rattle than stay.

Great SCOTT, if he'd only get out of the way!—

But you won't catch young Brummagem budging.

Shut in! Yes, by Jingo! They're all in the swim.

Were it BILL SMITH alone, I would soon settle him,

But the other two back him—confound 'em!

Home Rule's full of running, the post is in view,

But they're all in a cluster, I cannot get through,

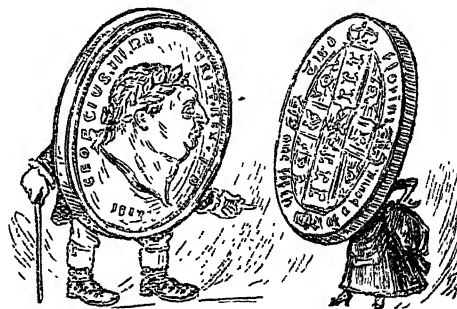
And I fear there's not time to go round 'em!

AT THE LYCEUM.—No, no, not WARNER at the Lyceum, but *Werner*, a light-hearted Play, by BYRON,—not H. J., playwright, but Lord BYRON, poet. It is, or was, originally, in five Acts. But Mr. F. A. MARSHALL has been at work at it, and it may be in ten Acts by this time—or it may be in three. "It may be for years, or it may be for ever"—but, anyhow, it is going to be played on the afternoon of Wednesday June 1, with HENRY IRVING and ELLEN TERRY and a brilliant cast for the benefit of Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON. Sad that charity should be required for authors—but it is always the same story, and probably always will be, to the end of the Literary and Dramatic chapter; and there will always be friendly hands ready to do their utmost to aid distress. "The poor we have always with us," and the charitable too, thank Heaven, and indeed where would be the charity if it weren't for the poverty? "There's a providence in it all," said Mr. Weller, Junior, "O course there is, SAMMY" replied his father, "or what would become o' the undertakers?" Apart from the special object of this occasion, the performance will be one of the greatest interest.

Epigram on a Party Hack.

WHENEVER, however his Party gets in,
 He's sure to be entered for every good race;
 And, though Premier honours he never will win,
 He may always be backed for a Place!

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.—To the numerous protesters against the meddlesome "New Thames Bye-Laws" it is pleasantly suggested that they shall try them for a year or two, and see how they work. In fact, our only comfort under the infliction of these "Bye-Laws" is a certain faintly hopeful looking forward to "By-and-by Laws," which may be more enduring when they come.



THE NEW DOUBLE FLORIN.

George. "Call yourself a Coin—bah! Why, I can see a Double Flaw in you already!"

A BOOK-MAKER'S MANUAL.—Sir J. LUBBOCK has republished a series of Letters to the *Times*, entitled *The Races of the British Empire*. Is LUBBOCK among the (Racing) Prophets?

THE LATEST BETTING.—Against Decimal Coinage, 10 to 1.



"THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE"!

Mamma (to her Daughter, who had just entered). "MABEL, DEAR, COME AND SIT WITH ME. WE'VE HAD ENOUGH WAGNER FOR THIS MORNING. I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF IT."

Mabel. 'M'A, DEAR, I HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHING THE PIANO. IT'S NURSE AND BABY!"

STARTERS. (FROM UNPUBLISHED LIST.)

LORD SALISBURY'S Ultimate Triumph, by Hammering Away out of Majority.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule Cry, by Wild Manœuvres out of Office.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S Radical Unionist, by Disappointed Statesman out of Pique.

LORD HARTINGTON'S Tory Support, by Liberal Principles out of Gear.

MR. HEALY'S Lively Debate, by Frequent Interruptions out of Order.

THE SPEAKER'S Shattered Constitution, by All Night Sittings out of Bed.

MR. W. H. SMITH'S Closure, by Weary House out of Patience.

SIR W. HARCOURT'S Acrimonious Opposition, by Amiable Politician out of Temper.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Sir George Trevelyan's Consistency, by Selected Quotations out of his own Speeches.

BUFFALO BILL'S Earl's Court Success, by Big Circus Effects out of The Common.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S Continued War Soare, by General BOULANGER'S Supposed Preparations out of Sight.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S Canadian Victory, by MR. O'BRIEN'S Ill-judged Attack out of Spite.

SIR H. D. WOLFE'S Egyptian Fiasco, by Recent Negotiations Carried On out of Hearing.

THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES' Literary Flourish, by MR. PARNELL'S Silence out of Cautious Discretion.

M. GOULET'S Graceful Retirement, by Inexperienced Statesman out of His Element.

JOHN BULL'S Swelling Jubilee Fund, by Subscriptions of Grumbling British Taxpayer out of Pocket.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

(Adapted from Herrick.)

"THERE is nothing in the pit-brow work, nor in the costume necessitated, that tells against modesty. It makes fine, healthy, strapping women—not exactly after the pattern of *Fenella* or *Miranda*—but women who are the fit mates for the men whose wives and mothers they are."—Mrs. Lynn Linton on the "Pit-Brow Women."

A FINE frank roughness in the dress,
Is better than *La Mode's* excess;
Flannel about the shoulders thrown,
A stayless bodice and loose zone;
Stout clogs or highlows and a pair
Of coarse hose much the worse for wear;
A kerchief-cap, and trailed thereby,
Wild locks that flow confusedly;
A dual garb deserving note,
As more—or less—than petticoat;
A leathern shoe-string in whose tie
The slattern speaks to every eye,
Do more bewitch me, for my part,
Than Regent Street with all its Art.

THERE is no sort of truth in the report that after the London Season, Mrs. BROWN POTTER is going to join Mrs. BERNARD BEERE'S troupe, and that their party of touring comedians is to be known as the "POTTER-BEERE Company."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that an elderly lady of her acquaintance has bothered her so for Jubilee subscriptions that she now describes her as quite like the parallel of the Impertinent Widow.

DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS.

DURING the six weeks' season of Italian Opera at Drury Lane under the direction of AUGUSTUS IMPERATOR, the Last Act of *The Huguenots* is to be given in its entirety. Everybody is requested to remain in their seats till the fall of the curtain, which follows the fall of *Marcel*, *Raoul*, and *Valentine*. Old Opera-goers will remain out of sheer curiosity, for who of the *habitués* ever remained in the theatre, *consule* COSTA, after MARIO and GRISI had sung the great dust, and the former had leapt out of the window? The ladies heard firearms going off, and used to think that the best thing they could do was to imitate the firearms, and go off too. So the Last Act of *The Huguenots* was all "go-bang," and no one cared how it ended, as they could look in the book when they got home, and imagine the rest.

Imperator Jubilator DRURIOLANUS promises us a brisk season, commencing June 13, and the Jubilee Public will avail themselves of the popular operas at popular prices. By the way, as CARL ROSA and AUGUSTUS have set this good example, why not follow it up at all shows with popular entertainments at popular prices? And why limit it to shows in this Jubilee Year? Why not a Popular Free Gratis Day or two at Burlington House? And why shouldn't tailors, dressmakers, butchers, bakers, &c., give us Jubilee clothes, costumes, butcheries, and bakeries at popular Jubilee prices? Why pay anything in Jubilee Year?

A MATTER OF (DERBY) COURSE.—The Dog.

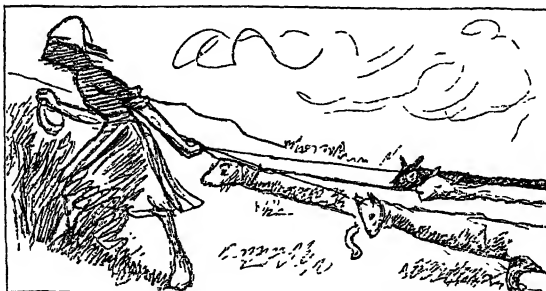


No. 39.
An Early Caller. "Sweep! Sweep!"

It was easier last week to purchase French Regalia in Paris than it was to buy a real Havannah Regalia there.

RULES FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
JUNE 21. — Orders not admitted after 2'30. No Bonnets allowed in the Stalls.

GROSVENOR GEMS.



No. 49.
Necks of Mutton produced by the new Sheep Stretching process.



No. 151. New Locomotive Machine for going straight across country as the crow flies.



No. 31. His Hobby.

A GENEROUS EXCHANGE.

A GENIAL host wrote to a friend, "You give me a date, and I'll give you a dinner."

THE TWO GREAT RACES.

(From Our Own Special Tout.)

I HAVE just left my old friends TATTENHAM CORNER and ANCASTER MILE, and they both agree with me in saying that this year's Derby and Oaks will be two events not likely to be forgotten for many a day by the majority of sporting men and of amateurs also. It would be unfair to non-subscribers were I to name in plain bold language the winners, and so I write only for the initiated who will appreciate every word at its real value. To them then I put the question, Who forgets the old proverb that *a Baird in the hand is worth two to one in the bush*? A Taylor may make a scarlet *Whistle Jacket* fit. The telegram last week about the scratching of *Whistle Jacket* was a hoax for the Derby, as our old sporting friend JOE MILLER says. What Sporting Novelist wrote *Bound to Win*? There's something Hawley-Smartleyish about one of the horses, isn't there? Think it over: I am writing with a dash of the "Attie" qualification, as the Mayor of Garrett would have observed, and my information must be taken *cum grano*, that is with a pinch of Epsom salts.

Timothy to the Rescue, was a piece by H. J. BYRON. Did it have a long run? O Timothy! O more ease! If *Timothy* were obstreperous, wouldn't BUFFALO BILL exclaim, "What! Tim-buck-too!!" Which *jeu de mots* I present to Mr. D. CRAMBO. Does anyone want a piece of intelligence? Well, for a piece would you go to Waugh? Perhaps so, I say nothing.

The Derby Day of 1887 will not be barren of results, for, mind you, he WOOD if he could. I know a gentleman who has taken a small house near Epsom, and is singing daily "in my cottage near C. WOOD,"—and he whistles the rest, not being acquainted with the correct words. *Porcelain* is very valuable just now, and the rage for crockery is not on the decline. Brown Pottery was not much run after at the Haymarket it is true; but this is not for the Haymarket stakes, nor for Newmarket, but for the Oaks. *Porcelain*! and not a crack!

Merry Hampton is a better name than *'Appy Ampton*. But a word in your ear, is *Merry Hampton* caught? Aha! Think this out, and, if you don't love gold too much, you're pretty sure to make your money, and perhaps you'll have a *rêve d'or* for the Oaks, though it will be well to bear in mind that "dreams go by contraries," which you'll remember too late if you've *raved o'er* any horse that doesn't win, or get placed.

Place aux Dames means that, on Derby Day, strong language is for once allowable if you've been heavily let in when you thought you were on a good thing. ANSON is as Anson does, at least so says *Lady Muncaster*; and, before parting—I trust none of us will have to part—I quaff a pint of Porter to Freedom. *Vive la Liberté!*

Last Look Round. Tuesday.

I have looked as round as possible, and see every reason for altering many of the remarks made above, but haven't time to do it; from

which it will be clearly gathered by the *cognoscenti* that I have no doubt as to the winners of the Derby and the Oaks in my own mind; and I only trust that those who don't run, but do read, may avail themselves of the tips which I have bestowed with no lavish hand, and, when the sovs. come in their thousands and tens of thousands into the pockets of my readers, they will send a handsome per-centage. —French pennies not taken, but double florins at six to the pound negotiable,—to their honest tipster, "*The Tout*" à tous, LARGESSE.

A Balfour Ballad.

AIR—"The Young May Moon."

MOST Irish questions are about
A Peeler, a Pauper, or Carman, O!
They're quite beneath me,
As Chief Se-cre-ta-ree—

I hand 'em all o'er to KING-HARMAN, O!

CRUMMLES AGAIN!

THE *Daily News* of Friday last gave an account of the reception of Mr. WILSON BARRETT by a "large crowd of professional friends and admirers." By the way, what a pleasant and lucrative calling must be that of a "professional admirer." And for our part we should prefer a real friend to a "professional friend." However, this is a matter of taste. Mr. BARRETT was "escorted to the Midland Hotel," and here Mrs. BERNARD BEEBE greeted him gracefully, and handed to him "a beautiful wreath."

Then Mr. BARRETT replied, that all this came upon him "almost as a surprise." Note the "almost." The professional admirers lost an opportunity here of striking up, "*O what a surprise!*" but perhaps they did not like to interrupt Mr. BARRETT, who went on to tell them how "that morning, for the first time for many months, he caught sight of the green fields of Old England,"—well, of course, not much to be seen of them in America—"and it seemed to him that these words were about as welcome to him as were (*sic*) a draught of water to the traveller"—the commercial traveller?—"in the desert." "Draught of water" indeed! had he not been so taken by surprise, he would have said, "draught of BEER." Then he repeated that he "had been so taken by surprise, and did not yet exactly know how it had all come about." Did he mean, "*What* they had all come about"? However, it is too much to inquire the meaning of words uttered by a BARRETT à surprise. Yet his *naïveté* is charming. Mr. Crummles wondered "how these things get into the papers," but that eminent provincial Manager, if now alive, wouldn't be "in it," with our astonished BARRETT. The deponent doesn't say what Mr. BARRETT did with the wreath. Did he put it round his hat, or into it, and so quietly home? Perhaps there are some more little surprises in store for the ingenuous youth.

VERY ORIGINAL GREEK AT OXFORD.

(By an Untutored Correspondent.)

I WAS on a visit to the Junior Warden of No Bodies College, when my eye was caught by an announcement of the second night of a play at the New Theatre. It was *Alcestis*. Though I have not had a classical education, yet I have had a very fair theatrical one, and I remembered the title years ago at, I think, the Haymarket. I procured a stall. The house was crowded, and I could not obtain a programme or a book of the play, and so I was dependent on my neighbour, a very pleasant young Undergraduate, for my information, which, in the shape of notes taken at the time, I now send to you.



Classic Costume revived at Oxford.

8.30.—We are looking at a most original act-drop, painted expressly (so my neighbour tells me) by Professor HERKOMER. "A sonnet has been written on it," said my informant,—though, for the life of me, as I had no opera-glasses, I couldn't see it,—"by Mr. COURTENAY, a new fellow." My informant speaks of the Author of the Sonnet as old boys do of a young chap just come up. I mention this because it is really an encouraging sign. For "a new fellow" to have written a sonnet on Professor HERKOMER's "drop," proves him to be of considerable promise. The drop, my young friend thinks, might possibly be a drop too much in any but a Classical Theatre, and he explains that the bold and beautiful figure seated on a gigantic soap-bubble is intended to represent an ideal form of mural decoration as known to the advertising ancient Greeks, on whom to gaze long and lovingly on this would have had a soapyrific effect. "At least," adds my youthful but well-informed companion, "so it appears." I fancy, from the twinkle in his eye, that he intends a pun somewhere, but at this moment three strokes of the hammer, as in French Theatres, give the signal to take up the drop; and as the lights are lowered, my young friend's twinkle, like "all worldly shapes" in the poem, is "lost in gloom."

The Play.—A House on a raised platform on the principle of a show in a fair. Country landscape in the distance. In front of the stage is a property stone table on which is a dessert of apples, oranges, (no bills of the play) bananas, and grapes, with a spirit-lamp to keep the coffee hot when it comes, or for lighting cigarettes. *Apollo* (I know he is *Apollo*, having seen him frequently in classical burlesques) enters and speaks. My young friend asks me "if I understand what he's saying." I reply, "Perfectly." "It's Greek," says my young friend, looking at me with an expression implying a vote of want of confidence in my statement. I listen to it for a few seconds, as if I were catching a tune, and then reply, "He is not very distinct, but it does sound like Greek to me." This is strictly true. I follow it at a more respectful distance than I should an Opera in German.

My young friend further whispers to me, that the piece was, when first written, an exact model of the old Classic Greek Farce, but that the Vice-Chancellor had refused to license it, unless it was considerably altered and cut down. The result seems to have been, that most of the fun has been taken out of it, which however, I think, could not originally have been screamingly humorous.

"Did the new fellow you mentioned just now write it?" I ask. My youthful informant pauses a second or so,—he cannot have a very good memory—and he answers "No, it was another fellow." He forgets his name at the moment, but is sure it is something like Mr. HUGH RIPPLES; and, do I know him? No I do not. Is he an Oxford man? "Oh, yes," replies my young friend with certainty. "He's an Undergraduate here." Really! Now this is encouraging. That an Undergraduate, Mr. HUGH RIPPLES, should have written a play in Greek, is an excellent sign of the revival of learning. I regret my want of a classical education, and contemplate going to Oxford as a student. Never too old to learn. I do not blame Mr. HUGH RIPPLES for having introduced many English words which every now and then caught my ear—and indeed they were pointed out to me by my neighbour—because, after all, as a first attempt, it is most creditable.

Apollo talks. My young friend nudges me whenever there is a *double entendre* in Greek, and laughs behind his hand. "Rather strong that," he whispers occasionally. I reply in an undertone, as if I were with difficulty stifling my laughter, "Hush! be quiet!"—but this only makes him laugh the more. The audience, I notice, scarcely smile once. Being in Greek, perhaps the ladies don't understand the "hits" in the dialogue. I don't, but this I keep to myself. Then steam arises (an anachronism, of course, but "sym-

bolical of progress," as my friend assures me), and an old woman in grey muslin, with a knife, appears. "It's the Demon of SOCRATES," my companion tells me. Very good. *Apollo* and the *Demon* have a dialogue, during which my companion is perpetually nudging me, so I suppose it's full of good jokes which I don't exactly catch. Again I pretend to be restraining my laughter, and beg him to be decorous. Off trips *Apollo*, and the *Demon* goes through some pantomimic action, then goes through a door, and disappears. Enter a lot of melancholy young-old men—with very evident beards of every description. They gather round the dessert and the cigarette spirit-lamp. No one touches so much as a grape. Then on the raised platform appears a classically costumed gentleman. My young friend tells me that he is the show proprietor, and is called by a very appropriate name, "*Admittus*." The showman, *Admittus*, tells the young-old men what is to be seen inside, in a speech, which my companion (who knows the play by heart) tells me is "immensely witty." His audience do not seem to appreciate it, but evidently there is no great attraction, as the young-elders show no sign of even wishing to "Walk up, walk up!" but, instead, stay outside, and commence singing an Irish dirge as they once more group themselves about the dessert and the cigarette spirit-lamp.

Enter a lady on the platform, evidently very ill. "This," whispers my informant, "is *Alcestis*." Of course I remember her name perfectly, many years ago. She is in great pain, and *Admittus*, the showman, suggests something about "toddy." But whether she is to take it, or whether she has taken too much of it already, I cannot clearly make out, and don't like to bother my young friend with too many questions. He whispers to me that it is this part of the piece which the VICE-CHANCELLOR has spoilt by cutting, and that, therefore, it is rather heavy. It certainly is.

Then come on two very pretty children, named, as I gather from what I can catch of the words, "Tommy" and "Kitty." Subsequently I find I am wrong, and that "Kitty" is "Sukey."

Admittus talks about a "Se-gar," which is also an anachronism pardonable in a young Author's first work, but in keeping with the spirit-lamp and dessert. Then *Alcestis* gets worse, and cries, "Ow! ow! ow!" and *Admittus*, whose mind seems to run upon nothing but eating and drinking, offers her "ducks and gun-ai-ky," which, my young friend tells me, is very old Attic for green peas cooked in a certain way. I catch the plot now; she is suffering from having eaten "ducks and gun-ai-ky," and having tried to correct the effects with "toddy" and a "se-gar." *Admittus* addresses her tenderly as "Molly." I thought her name was *Alcestis*. "Her family name is *Alcestis*," my companion whispers, apparently annoyed at my tone of momentary doubt. "She is *Molly Alcestis*." I beg pardon. I see perfectly. "Molly" the *petit nom*. Well, Molly expires. Everyone is broken-hearted, and one of the leaders of the Chorus, addressed by *Admittus* as "Mr. Martin," leads a walk round the dessert and cigarette-lamp.

Enter *Hercules*, with all the strength in his legs, which are enormous (and were probably provided by the costumier), but with no "power to his elbow," as his arms are comparatively very slight, which accounts for his not doing the usual strong-man business of lifting weights, &c. He belongs to the Show, and goes in with *Admittus*, who has upbraided him for not being there at the commencement of the performance. The young-old men then break out into a classic hunting chorus, with a refrain that sounds like "Tiddy ti! who cares?" They finish with a "walk round," and *exceunt*, leaving the dessert untouched and the spirit-lamp still burning. This ends the First Part.

My young friend bids me good-night, as he has to go to supper, and has seen it all before. I thank him heartily for his assistance, and post this to you.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.—Dean KITCHIN, so the *St. James's Gazette* informed us last week, has announced that on certain days he will himself, *in propria persona*, show visitors over Winchester Cathedral. "No Fees!" Will his example be followed by Lord SALISBURY, or the LORD CHANCELLOR, personally conducting country cousins over the House of Lords, while the SPEAKER will do the same for "Strangers" in the House of Commons, illustrating every object of interest with "the SPEAKER's commentary" on it? It is quite a "new departure." Dean KITCHIN, telling the same stories over and over again, may be known as a "Winchester Repeater;" but, at all events, for the benefit of tourists, a most useful *Servus Servorum* will be found in this KITCHIN. During the Dean's special Show Service, the Organist might play variations on "*In Verduce clad*," with new words for the choir, commencing "As Verger clad."

DUET FOR SIR REGINALD HANSON, BART., AND SIR ROBERT CARDEN, BART.—"Barty, Barty!"

A SPOTLESS CAREER.—That of an unsuccessful Tipster. (Must be, if he has never "spotted a winner.")

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.



Apropos de Bottes.

than the following, which we will call

APROPOS DE BOTTES.

In a bow-window on the Esplanade BELINDA with her BERTRAM breakfasted; But while with outward calm the tea she made, within was all uncertainty and dread: What though the toast was crisp, the eggs new-laid, when, in its envelope of dull brick-red, The missive that had forced her heart to flutter, lay, yet unopened, by the bread-and-butter? *(Pause, until the curiosity of your audience is thoroughly aroused—then continue with deeper intensity.)*

Fleet is pursuing Fate when most she limps! So BERTRAM, having put away his ham, Upon his letters cast a careless glimpse, selecting first the ruthless telegram [lamb!] Which tore him from felicity and shrimps. He muttered words which sounded like "My The while he in despair the carpet stamped on, "My own," he cried, "I must leave Littlehampton!"

(Second pause. Turn your head slowly round to left, and then to right again; assume a look of petrified despair: hand pressed to side, as if in pain; level tone.)

Her face she turned all piteously drawn, and gazed upon him apprehensively, With eyes dilating, like a startled fawn; one crystal tear fell flashing in her tea, Nor did she heed the appetising prawn, nor amber marmalade from far Dundee; [City!] "BERTRAM," she gasped, "leave me not thus, in pity—they cannot really want you in the *(This entreaty very tragic. If your hands are not liable to grow red under influence of emotion, clasp them.)*

But he—"Alack that I must answer yes! Who could foretell the dream would end so soon? Or deem the envious cloud of busi-ness would drift across our radiant honeymoon? But I must catch the Ten o'Clock express, which gets me up to London Bridge by noon! Nay, sweetest one, give not the reins to sorrow—I shall be back ere dinner-time to-morrow!"

[With a fictitious cheerfulness.]

And hearing, she forebore to make a fuss, but sought, with packing, her despair to drug; Then, seated in the Hotel omnibus, she strapped with dainty hands his railway rug; Till at the Littlehampton terminus they parted, with one last hysteric hug, And he, his manifest emotion choking, entered a first-class carriage labelled "Smoking." *(Pause again; then cast your eyes down, and continue in a tone of chastened melancholy.)*

Now, feeling that her well of joy is dried, her lotus-tree all withered to its roots, Back to her lonely lodgings she has hied—and here a pang through all her being shoots!

(Bend forward here with outstretched arms, and smile of infinite tenderness.)

For—basking on the hearthrug, side by side—she finds her best beloved BERTRAM's boots; His patent leathers he had gone to Town in—so this must be the pair he'd travelled down in! *(Gently.)* There is a pathos in the mute appeal of objects that have shared a bygone bliss; And even these dumb boots are down at heel—seeming their absent master now to miss! Which, as BELINDA notes, she fain must kneel, and cheer them with a sympathetic kiss, But now a carmine tide o'erflows her neck fast—the maid comes in to clear away the breakfast! Anon a fantasy BELINDA thrills, and both the boots she on the table sets:

Full lovingly each vacancy she fills, with freshly gathered sweet March violets, And heavy-headed saffron daffodils—nor necessary moisture she forgets. [such chalices?] "To sigh," she whispers, "for your native valley, cease—for when were flowers honoured by And she forgets the grim Teutonic bands: and she forgets the donkeys on the green: And she forgets the sea-gull haunted sands: and she forgets the fashions in *The Queen*: Seated before those boots with folded hands, she feels no yearning for a change of scene. Content to linger by her flowers fragrant, and yield herself to recollections vagrant.

(Hands behind you for this last stanza, head slightly to left, eyes half closed, speak with a dreamy musical lingering intonation.)

And all day long she keeps them in her sight, and murmurs to them tender little phrases, Imagining they comprehend her quite—conduct that her old landlord much amazes, Who overhears her bidding them "good-night," *(kiss your fingers here)* and open-mouthed upon the threshold gazes, [Raise both hands.]

Holding, perchance, that such proceedings can well entitle her to residence at Hanwell. BELINDA seeks her couch—but ere she sinks into the brief oblivion of sleep.

Her dewy eyes shine brighter as she thinks how those stout boots will o'er her slumber keep, A ward as unremitting as the lynx; then trembles—for the silence grows more deep, And now (O, portent passing understanding!) she hears them creaking towards the second landing!

(Raise your index finger here, and imbue the last line with a weird suggestiveness.)

So in the morning early she descends—to find her flowers scattered far and faded— [shaded, And the boots—gone! Her perfect head she bends, her fair low brow with sweet distress is Marvelling much what evil this portends—can BERTRAM, too, have perished—just when they did? *(In a hushed awe-stricken whisper.)*

And were his boots, as Death secured this last trophy, tramping upstairs to break the sad catastrophe?

Nor may she know whither those twain have fled, having achieved their automatic climb, Or whether BERTRAM now be lying dead—the victim of some secret midnight crime! She can but hide her grief-distracted head, and blame the leaden-footed lounge of Time.

About the Supernatural no man knew all— So much she's learned from many a Christmas annual!

In restless dread the worst she must await, Hearing on every breeze her BERTRAM's knell!

(Start, and point off in tone of fullest alarm.)

Hark! is there not a clanging at the gate? A feverish ringing at the front-door bell? Lo! 'tis her BERTRAM! Wondrous to relate, He looks most unromantically well!

Finding his Club a dreary place to stay at, he Had spent the previous evening at the Gaiety! But, ah! BELINDA's mind not yet at ease is— Specks will appear upon the fairest fruits! She dare not speak (for BERTRAM such a tease is)—

But she has learnt that those were not his boots! [sneezes]

And every time she hears the landlord's She blushes to remember past pursuits.

Keen self-reproach recurs with each cadenza — Wet feet alone could cause that influenza!

[Shake your head, and sigh compassionately, then bow, and retire in graceful pre-occupation. If you are recalled, — DON'T GO!]

"The 'Roses' that Bloom, tra la!"

LOHENGRIN went well here, and MARIE ROZE was a better *Elsa* than probably any-

body else, Sir, at present.

Mr. GOOSSENS conducted in first-rate style. He was deservedly applauded. Poor Lohengrin got too much

"Goosins" in Paris.

The Roses appeared early, and are leaving us. Too short a season.

Marie rose to receive Mr. Punch.

The Roses appeared early, and are leaving us. Too short a season.

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Marie rose to receive Mr. Punch.

The Roses appeared early, and are leaving us. Too short a season.

BOHEMIAN BALLAD

Of the Society-Variety-Artists.

(BY BEN TROYATO JONSON.)

You meaner beauties of the night, That poorly satisfy the eye,

(Perhaps it would not be polite The ladies' names to specify.)

Where are you when my love is nigh?

Ye wallflowers that first appear,

That first appear and latest go,

Striking the surging crowd with fear

At your insipid anxious row,

What wonder that you find it slow?

Ye chanterers of the drawing-room,

That warble ballads of the day

So that you well deserve the doom

Of the weak heroes of your lay,

Wait till my love comes round your way!

For when my mistress shall appear

In the new playhouse I've designed,

A serio-tragi-comic Queen,

With all the latest fads combined,

Out of all sails she'll take the wind.

A CLASSICAL critic remarked of an amateur Actor who was not particularly successful in his delineation, "*Laudatur ab his*,"—but I don't say how the last word ought to be spelt."

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.



Mr. Punch. "BRAVO, MR. LAWSON! SUCCESS TO YOU! GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE PLAYING YOUR ORGAN TO THE TUNE OF A THOUSAND POUNDS TO BEGIN WITH. THE PUBLIC WILL PUT IN THEIR MONEY, AND THE CHILDREN WILL—PLAY, IN HYDE PARK."

Midst volleying cheers from street to steeple,
They opened a Palace for toiling people;
All the flags were out, and the bands were
played,
To greet the advance of the cavalcade,
For the QUEEN and PRINCE from East to West,
Were borne wherever the crowds liked best.

The Court had its pomp, and the City its feast,
And the rich West smiled on the starving
East;
The Lords and Commons, each woman and man,
Had all their own beautiful Jubilee plan,
When at last the face of the Nation smiled,
For Charity thought of the London Child!

Oh! men who toil, and women who weep,
The cry of the London Child strikes deep!
Do you ever reflect in the hurrying street,
On their pavement games 'neath the horses'
feet!
Do you ever descend from carriage or cars,
And peep just once through the prison-bars,

That are circled around this city of sin,
And fasten the poor little children in!
How little they share, as the world goes round,
In the green of the grass of our garden ground!
The London birds as they upward fly,
Have a larger portion of God's blue sky!

Ah! men so tender, and women so true,
These pitiful faces pierce you through!
Like spectre-forms from the grave they rise,
And tempt the tears from the calmest eyes!
When sunshine softens our winter's moan,
We are off and away!—but the Child alone,
Alone in the alley, alone in the court,
With their dismal day, and their sunless sport.
The music maddens them—off they steal—
The procession is passing! so down they kneel,
At the feet of the crowd, where they cringe and creep,
And dream of a Queen in their feverish sleep,
At Charity's call give an answering cheer,
"No Child shall forget the Queen's Jubilee Year!"

Go tell it abroad! let them all understand,
This message of love from the heart of the land,
Let it soothe the sad pillow with vision of song,
That the sick Child in Hospital soon may be strong!
Let it echo in cheers, as they rush down the stair,
From the school where they toil, to the light of the air;
Let them dream it at night, and shout it at play,
That the Park of the People is theirs for a day!
Then Fashion will yield, that the children may pass,
To feast on the green, and to romp on the grass,
The earth will spring gladly to tramp of young feet,
When the revels of old, all our youngsters repeat!
May the day be the brightest that ever was seen!
When the cheer of our children is raised for their
QUEEN!

"FIRST-RATE RECEIPTS."—Such an announcement is always satisfactory to the receiver. Everybody can participate in such receipts by laying out one shilling on a little book by "CORDON-BLEU," called *Economical French Cookery for Ladies*. There's no speculation about it. It's a certainty. The Authoress "*ne fait pas une bonne farce*" with her readers, though she does with some of her dishes. "Plates" and "Cuts" will be supplied by the readers. The book is treated with as light a touch as a Cook should employ in making good pastry, and will be substantially useful to the Household Brigade generally.



SNOB-SNUBBING.

The Vicar's Wife. "AND SO YOU FIND OUR SUBURB A PLEASANT CHANGE AFTER LONDON, MR. SNOGGINS?"

Snoggins. "YA-AS—PRETTY LITTLE PLACE—A—CAN'T SAY I CARE VERY MUCH FOR SUBURBAN SOCIETY, YOU KNOW!"

The Vicar's Wife. "AH—YOU FIND THEM A LITTLE HIGH AND MIGHTY, I SUPPOSE!"
[Disgust of Snoggins, who thinks himself no end of a Swell!]

MR. PUNCH'S OWN TIPSTER RIGHT AGAIN!

ALWAYS Right. What did I say last week about *Merry Hampton* and *Réve d'Or*? I refer you to FACTS. I said of *Merry Hampton* "is *Merry Hampton* caught?" And how clear was my decision about *Réve d'Or*. I quaffed a pint of porter to *Freedom*, and it was the third horse I named for the Oaks. Send in your fivers, pay the per-centage on your winnings! Put in your sovs. and the oracle will work! No French pennies taken for the Grand Prix! Look out for my Ascot tip, and don't forget your own "*Tout à vous*. LARGESSE.

SOMETHING LIKE BYE-LAWS!

It is said—with what truth remains to be seen—that the Thames Conservators, not content with their absurd Bye-Laws in respect to House-Boats and Steam-Launches, have under their serious consideration the desirability of strictly enforcing the following equally sensible and equally necessary regulations:—

Bye-Law No. 1437. From and after the 1st day of April next, no Swans shall be allowed to swim in the River Thames unless properly attired, and no Bathing shall be allowed under any circumstances whatever, unless the person bathing be clothed by Mr. MACINTOSH from head to foot.

Bye-Law No. 1438. No Coal-Barge shall be allowed to navigate the Thames above Teddington Lock, unless supplied with a properly authenticated certificate that the said Barge has been thoroughly cleansed with soap and water before entering the River. Any coals falling overboard to be carefully dredged for, on pain of imprisonment. The use of soap on a House-Boat or Steam-Launch is strictly prohibited, except in the case of Barristers of seven years' standing.

Bye-Law No. 1439. No field or meadow within a quarter of a mile from the river, as the King-fisher flies, shall ever be manured, unless a guarantee be given that no rain shall be allowed to fall on such field or meadow within a lunar month of its being so manured.

Any infraction of this Bye-Law to be punished with six months' hard labour on somebody else's land, and a fine of £10 per acre to the nearest Cricket Club.

Bye-Law No. 1440. That no Fish of any description, except minnows under age, shall be allowed, under any pretence whatever, to be in the River Thames during the close season.

Bye-Law No. 1441. No one shall be allowed under any circumstances to wash his hands or face in the River, except when passing over a Weir. The Look-keepers are ordered to see this regulation strictly carried out. Whenever Cattle are permitted to drink of the River, a Notice-Board must be placed, bearing the following device in white letters on a black ground, and not less than four inches by three in diameter:—"One Minute for Refreshment."

Bye-Law No. 1442. All oars, sculls, and poles intended to be used in the River to be carefully washed with soap and warm water before being allowed to be so used. No sculls to be of more than the ordinary thickness, or they will be treated as being infractions of the patent rights of certain influential persons.

Bye-Law No. 1443. No Water Bats are allowed to enter the River between sunset and sunrise, unless in the enjoyment of robust health, and under no circumstances whatsoever are Bats sufficiently small to enter the pipes of the Water Companies to be permitted to remain in the River more than one calendar week.

The Conservators having given their whole minds to the calm consideration of these important Bye-Laws, can scarcely consider it possible that they can ever require alteration or amendment; but should that be the case, such proposed alterations or amendments will have to be submitted first to the Board of Inland Revenue, then to the Court of Chancery, and finally to the QUEEN in Council, which will not occupy more than about two years, or cost more than a few thousand pounds, so the remedy will be as simple as it is inexpensive.

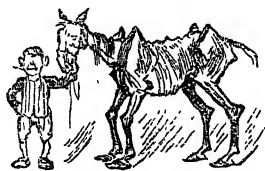
N.B.—It is proposed, after every heavy shower during the approaching season, to pour a pipe of Rose-water and a butt of Eau de Cologne into the River, at Silly Bridge, to assist in its purification.

RACY SKETCHES.

By D. Crambo, Junior.



The Course was somewhat heavy.



A Horse showing some notable Racing Points.



Sire (Sigher)



and Dam!



Maiden Allowance.



Settling at the Clubs.



An objection on the ground of "Boring."



Winning by a Clever Head.

A PUZZLER.—Abbreviated Advertisements are economical, if not always intelligible to the uninitiated. Here is one, extracted from the *Guardian* :—

A SS.-CURE, or S. C., by expd. Pt. Young, active. Cath. mus. Married. Oxon pref., but not essen. Address, &c.

We thought at first that it was a new cure by donkey-riding, but have been informed, by a reader of mysteries, "Ass." stands for "Assistant," "Cure" for "Curate," and so on. But at first sight it is not "language understood of the people."

MOTTO FOR THE ROUVIER CABINET.—"*Pas aujourd'hui, Boulanger.*" *Anglicè*—"Not to-day, Baker."

WHAT is to be gathered from the CROWN PRINCE'S illness, now that he is on the royal road to perfect recovery? Why,—"*Morell*."—MACKENZIE.

THE *City Press* informed us, about ten days ago, that Dr. E. TURTLE PIROTT, D.C.L., had been unanimously elected Master of the Turners' Company. With such a name why isn't he perpetual Lord Mayor?

A "WISE" APPOINTMENT.—The Attorney-General of South Wales. The Colonists have already got Wisdom in their Councils. The Government has been werry well ad-wised.

THE LATEST THING IN ORGANISATION;

Or, the Ordnance Department remodelled.

SCENE—Interior of the War Office, with the Council of the Master-General of the Ordnance sitting.

Master-General (after looking round). Now I think I have got a pretty fair representative Committee together. I really do. Most gratifying.

Post-Laureate (complacently). Yes. I think on the whole you may take it that we are "men of the highest eminence and authority," as recommended by the Royal Commission. Also that you are a General of the greatest celebrity. Quite what they want. And that reminds me of the lines of my *Promise of May*, which run as follow—

President of the Royal Academy. Pardon me, my Lord, but—*Carambo!* this is too much! Surely we are here not to quote poetry, but to consider stores. Yea, to lay down a standard about them. If you will allow me, I will sketch my notion of some potatoes—

Archbishop of Canterbury. They would be too waxy, Sir FREDERICK! I do not use the word in the schoolboy sense of "angry," but rather as to their texture. That reminds me in my scholastic days I—

Editor of the "Times." Quite so. But we might take it as read. I rather fancy that our present object is, or should be, to consider the character of "soup."

Lord Chancellor. "Soup!" When I was at the Bar "soup" used to mean—

Mr. George Crossmith. Yes, I explained that, either in *Trial by Jury* or *Iolanthe*.

Post-Laureate. *Iolanthe!* Surely that was my piece—

Mr. Henry Irving (putting on his pince-nez leisurely). No, my dear TENNYSON, you are thinking of *The Cup*.

Speaker of the House of Commons (mechanically). Are we not wandering from the subject?

First Lord of the Treasury (promptly—after waking abruptly from his sleep). Certainly! I am sorry to say that I fear it is my duty to move that the question be now put.

Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn (querulously). What question?

The Lord Mayor (smiling). He is thinking of the Jubilee. But about this soup—why not have turtle? It is not so much more expensive than anything else, and—

Chairman of the Army and Navy Stores (producing a Prospectus). That depends upon where you buy it.

Mr. Whiteley (sarcastically). Hear, hear!

Master-General (waking up). Order, order! I fear, My Lords and Gentlemen, we do not seem to be approaching a conclusion.

Duke of Cambridge (with hauteur). Yes, because my opinion isn't consulted!

Secretary of State for War (angrily). Nor mine! Oh yes, I know what you would say. You would quote from the Report of the Commission, and observe, "you are sensible of the difficulty of arranging your relations with us." Well, we are both dumb!

President of the Royal College of Physicians (blandly). That seems to me wrong, not only physically, but morally. You and H.R.H. are as much men of "eminence and authority" as ourselves.

Captain of the Oxford Eleven (lighting a cigarette). Why, certainly!

Librarian of the British Museum (with conviction). And are equally able to judge of the quality of soups as any one else.

Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company (glad of a chance of speaking). Exactly.

Headmaster of Westminster School (pompously). I don't approve of soup myself. I don't approve of anything. I—

Master-General (again interrupting). All this is most interesting, but do you know I do not think we are progressing.

Mr. Augustus Harris (pondering). "Do you know" comes from the *Private Secretary*, and is very funny. This, by the way. But now as to my Italian Opera Season—

Lord Chief Justice (in silvery tones). I cannot help fancying that we are wandering from the subject. Now this reminds me of a story I heard in America—

Buffalo Bill (not too cordially). I beg pardon for interrupting, but I feel very proud of being allowed to join this Committee. I do, indeed. It's very gratifying. That is so?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger (to Master-General). Please, my Lord, news has just arrived that war is declared between England and Timbuctoo!

Master-General (jumping). What! I am sure you will forgive me, but as I am the Only General in England, if not the world, I must hurry off to the front! This kind of thing may do very well in times of peace, but now that we have a row, the "Ordnance" must shift for itself. Ta-ta, I am off!

(Committee adjourned sine die.)

[Exit hurriedly.]

THE BURNT BUILDER DOES NOT DREAD THE FIRE.—The Commune did a vast amount of evil in Paris, and Communists were guilty of wanton destruction. If they had destroyed all the Theatres, and if, which is more important, Architects could have been found to construct new ones with comfortable seats, wide staircases, and many means of easy ingress and egress, something might have been forgiven to the Commune. But let us look at home. How many of our Theatres, which are comfortable enough as far as seats go, will stand the test of a panic? And how about the Churches?

WITH THE INDIANS ON THE DERBY DAY.

(From a North-East Windian Contributor.)

FOR many weeks past, go where I will, I have been unable to escape from a variety of highly and biliously coloured advertisement-pictures of savage Indians and picturesque persons in a sort of Mexican hunter's costume, riding recklessly among prairies, shooting everything and everybody—and of other gallant sportsmen, riding wild buffaloes or bisons, which were represented by the artist as uncommonly spirited animals, all of them like "Old Jo" in the nigger song, "kicking up ahind and afore."

Besides these, I had been haunted by the portrait of the leader of the troupe, BUFFALO BILL himself, who is represented as a sort of wild TENNYSON, of thirty or forty years ago, with a moustache, and a fixed stony stare, suggestive of wool-gathering, which, by the way, may account for the length of his flowing locks. I had heard that BUFFALO BILL, in private, was the Hon. Something CODY, American Senator, who preferred this style of sporting Showman's life to attending in his place in Congress,—just as if Mr. GLADSTONE, led away by his enthusiastic passion for tree-chopping, should chuck up his Parliamentary career, let his hair grow long, assume a picturesque dress, and make a tour of the world, on his own axes, with a company illustrating English life at Hawarden, and calling himself "Woodchopping WILL," or "Crimes BILL"—this having been the distasteful measure which had driven him to go about with a Show.

I was told that BUFFALO BILL'S Show at Earl's Court gave a vivid and truthful representation of Life in the Far West—that is a West much farther than Kensington. And so, ever anxious to complete a neglected education, and, from my youth upward, devotedly attached to the novels of FENIMORE COOPER, it occurred to me that the Derby Day offered a chance of seeing BUFFALO BILL'S Show in comparative quiet. I don't know to what temperature the Noble Savages and the Cowboys and Cowgirls are accustomed, but on this occasion, the unfortunate spectators in the two-shilling seats, who could not career about, sat in the most piercing draughts that the Wild North-East could provide, a few protecting themselves with huddling together underneath their umbrellas (I personally huddled) while others were turning up their coat-collars, and regretting the absence of wraps. If the weather continues like this, a good trade might be done by the programme-sellers at BUFFALO BILL'S in hot-water bottles and foot-warmers.

From what I saw there, I gather that Life in the Wild West is a theatrical, circus-like sort of existence; that everyone dresses in a fancifully embroidered costume, somewhat complicated by its arrangement of leather straps and loose tags; that there is a good deal of tan about, and that there are highly-coloured canvas mountains, trees, and blue sky all round up to a certain height, above which can be seen the attic-windows of the neighbouring houses; that Noble Savages ride in at full gallop to the accompaniment of airs from *La Grande Duchesse*, and other popular tunes, that they swoop and whoop, and squeak and shriek, in all the bravery of their paint and feathers; and that this, as far as I could understand it, is the only "bravery" they display, as there is nothing particularly daring in coming out, some forty or fifty of them, to attack four harmless travellers riding in a tumble-down old ramshackle vehicle—well named the "Dead-wood Coach"—and, on the appearance of BUFFALO BILL and the Cowboys, to gallop away again in abject terror. Nor is it remarkably courageous for the same number of savages, representing the entire tribe, to come out to steal a solitary horse which is quietly grazing on the sawdust plain in front of a log-hut where a man and his wife and a chance traveller, the owner of the aforesaid horse, are taking a little refreshment, with the blinds down. Two Indian scouts stealthily approach the horse, one appropriates it, and the other, in burglarious fashion, climbs on to the roof of the log-hut in order to shoot anyone coming out at the door, which he could have done just as well if he had remained, like a sort of Indian *Chevy Chyme*, "round the corner," without taking this extra trouble. In the meantime "the Braves" are in ambush behind some property trees and rocks. Suddenly, bang go rifles, the Cowboys, headed by BUFFALO BILL, appear; more wild banging; the Indians ride round and round, and, with screams and shouts and more war-whooping, scuttle off as hard as they can in the direction of the painted trees and rocks, behind which is their encampment. In fact, whenever the Noble Savages come into collision with the Cowboys, they get the worst of it.

But is this the true story of Wild West life? Why should the Noble Savages be always beaten by the Cowboys? It is a fight between Cowboys and Cow-ards. One day the Indians will turn sulky, and refuse to play any more, unless the Cowboys agree to be alternately the defeated party.

Then there was a scene showing how one Indian tribe, out for a pleasant pic-nic party, are just settling down comfortably, when up came a hostile tribe. There was a sort of Donnybrook fair of whooping and sham-fighting, and when the pic-nickers had been evicted, the new occupiers of the sawdust indulged in a most unimpressive,

ungraceful, and generally idiotic terpsichorean performance, which the programme tells us is a War-dance.

Taken altogether, I should say that these Noble Savages are born circus-riders, and have a fine natural aptitude for equestrian performances, but are somewhat deficient in humour. I saw one of the younger warriors attempting some comic business, but he was immediately suppressed. Yet what a feature a tribe of wild Clowns might be, in all their paint, with, of course, their Pantaloon, and a few extra cockscombs and feathers! The Honble. CODY, who, as BUFFALO BILL, doesn't do much except career about, take off his hat gracefully, and shoot at glass balls, which, though clever, is not quite a novelty, might discover a Pantomime Tribe in time for Christmas.

The buck-jumping is the only thing that doesn't seem to me to smell of the footlights and sawdust. It is a decidedly exciting, and really dangerous, performance. It struck me that the "Wild West" on the cold, North-easterly Derby Day, seemed to be rather a Tame West, the depression being, perhaps, attributable to a natural feeling of resentment on the part of the Cowboys and Indians at being kept at work instead of being taken for a holiday to see the Derby. But B. B. knows best; and if the Noble Savages had once got a sniff of freedom and the fresh air of the Downs, they might have gone for a lark all over Surrey, have attacked the Dorking Coach, driven the donkey-boys off the sands of Margate, won all the nuts at shooting, scalped the Nigger Minstrels, frightened the Nurserymaids, seized the bathing-machines, and used them as an encampment in the plains of Thanet, set the local police at defiance, and at last, after refusing to return to the Honble. CODY, they might have come to terms with the other BILL—Albert Palace BILL, the People's Caterer—or arranged for a Show with GUS-SI-HA-RIS, the great White Chief of the Pan-to-mi-mis. Only one word in the Honble. CODY'S ear,—I



"Our Turn Next."

should let the Indians win now and then, just for a treat. Also, what's the use of that gallant sportsman who ascends a pulpit and makes continual harangues, presumably descriptive of the Show, but scarcely one word of which could I, or those about me, catch on that lamentably cold Derby Day? I hope somebody hears him, as otherwise, if he is doing this twice every day, he is rather wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Tame West Kensington.

ALL AT SEA.

THE column of "Naval Intelligence" has, during the last few days, been supplying the inquisitive portion of the public who refer to it, with some lively, if not encouraging, reading.

The Torpedo Channel Fleet appears to have been coming to grief. Out of the twenty-four vessels that took part in the recent manoeuvres, eleven are reported as having returned disabled. The fatal disaster that overtook No. 47 is already well known, and No. 57 seems only just to have escaped a similar fate. Nos. 43 and 66 "came into collision," while Nos. 27, 41, 42, 44, 50, and 56 are all posted as having been "temporarily disabled by breakdowns" in their respective engine-rooms. No. 45 closes the list with the announcement of a "damaged screw." Indeed, that there is a screw loose somewhere, is evident from the above catalogue of catastrophes. One of the firms who supplied most of the faulty vessels in question, writes to the *Times* to clear their character, and charges the Admiralty with creating the fiasco by handing their management over to uninstructed crews and inefficient officers. If this is the case, the Naval Intelligence Department should lose no time in sharpening its wits and looking into the matter. The Review at Spithead is to come off shortly; but if nearly 50 per cent. of Her Majesty's ships present on the occasion are going to collide, blunder, and break down, from any cause whatever, it had certainly better be postponed.

ADVICE TO DHULEEP SINGH IN RUSSIA.—"Do look before you do leap, SINGH." The British Lion is quiet, but wide-awake.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "No! I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE. BUT I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM!"
He. "BUT I DON'T WANT TO DANCE WITH THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM. I WANT TO DANCE WITH YOU!"

A (LATE) "SPRING CLEANING."

(At St. Stephen's.)

MR. PUNCH (to the Laundress of the House of Commons) loquitur:—

AH! Scrub! scrub! scrub!
 And squirt! squirt! squirt!
 But there is a foulness filling the House,
 That clingeth closer than dirt.
 It is all very well, my industrious friend,
 With brush, and mop, and pail,
 To labour away; but you'll find in the end,
 That your arduous efforts will fail.
 It is not the remnants of Winter's fog,
 Which the cushions stain and the carvings
 It is not the traces of London smoke, [clog,
 Which the corners dim and the crevices
 choke,
 Your detergent skill will defeat.
 It is not lodgments of March's dust,
 Which the ledges clog and the draperies crust,
 That shame the House,
 And defy your *nous*,
 To make it clean and sweet.
 Verily no,—there's a deadlier stain,
 To wash away which you will labour in vain.

"'Tis a dirty House!" Long long ago,
 Sham-penitent SHERIDAN muttered his *mot*.
 As with insolence airy he rose from his
 knees,
 And flicked with a gesture of indolent ease
 The dust of the floor from his breeches.
 A dirty House! It is dirtier now,
 In the sense subtle SHERIDAN hinted, I trow,
 With Tory rudeness, with Radical row,
 And the heat of Hibernian speeches.

Who was it said there was no better plan
 Than hitting a man with a frying-pan,
 Because if it failed your opponent to hurt
 It was certain at least to administer—dirt?
 A cynical saying, but true as it's smart,
 And St. Stephen's has certainly laid it to
 heart.

With weary persistency night after night
 The Members indulge in a frying-pan fight
 Quite worthy the slums of old Drury.
 No pair of viragos half-maddened with rage
 In Billingsgate's purlieus their warfare
 could wage

With more indiscriminate fury
 Than "gentlemen" fresh from their Cham-
 bers and Clubs,
 With the garb of Pall Mall and the manners
 of "Pubs."

Ah! shame on the recreants, Madam,
 Who give you this work! When men meet
 in the fray,
 Whatever the sides, and whenever the day,
 A contest *will* raise the old Adam;
 But stoop to foul blows and foul language?
 Let fly

The vulgarian oath? Give each other the lie
 Like a lot of inebriate costers?
 No, Ma'am, Tory bloods or Hibernian boors,
 Or Radical tag-rag prolific in roars,
 As gentlemen all are impostors!

How long? Young patricians who think it a
 joke [poke,
 Coarse provocative fun at mad Paddies to
 Mad Paddies who fancy a patriot's fame
 Is brightened by speech that a bargee would
 shame,
 How long will your mutual madness

Be borne by a much sickened land? *Punch*
 reproves

Both Benches, all sides, for the shame of it
 moves

His soul to revolt and to sadness.
 What better the shouting young swell in his
 manners

Than CONYBEARES coarse or than insolent
 TANNERS?

Shame on them all round, for they're all
 bringing shame

On a glorious scene, an illustrious name.

Scrub on, Ma'am, a people expectant
 Demand something more, for the country's
 aware

That your mop, and your pail, and your
 housewifely care.

Although they may tackle foul paint and foul
 air,

Can't deal with foul language! Alas, Ma'am,
 that there,

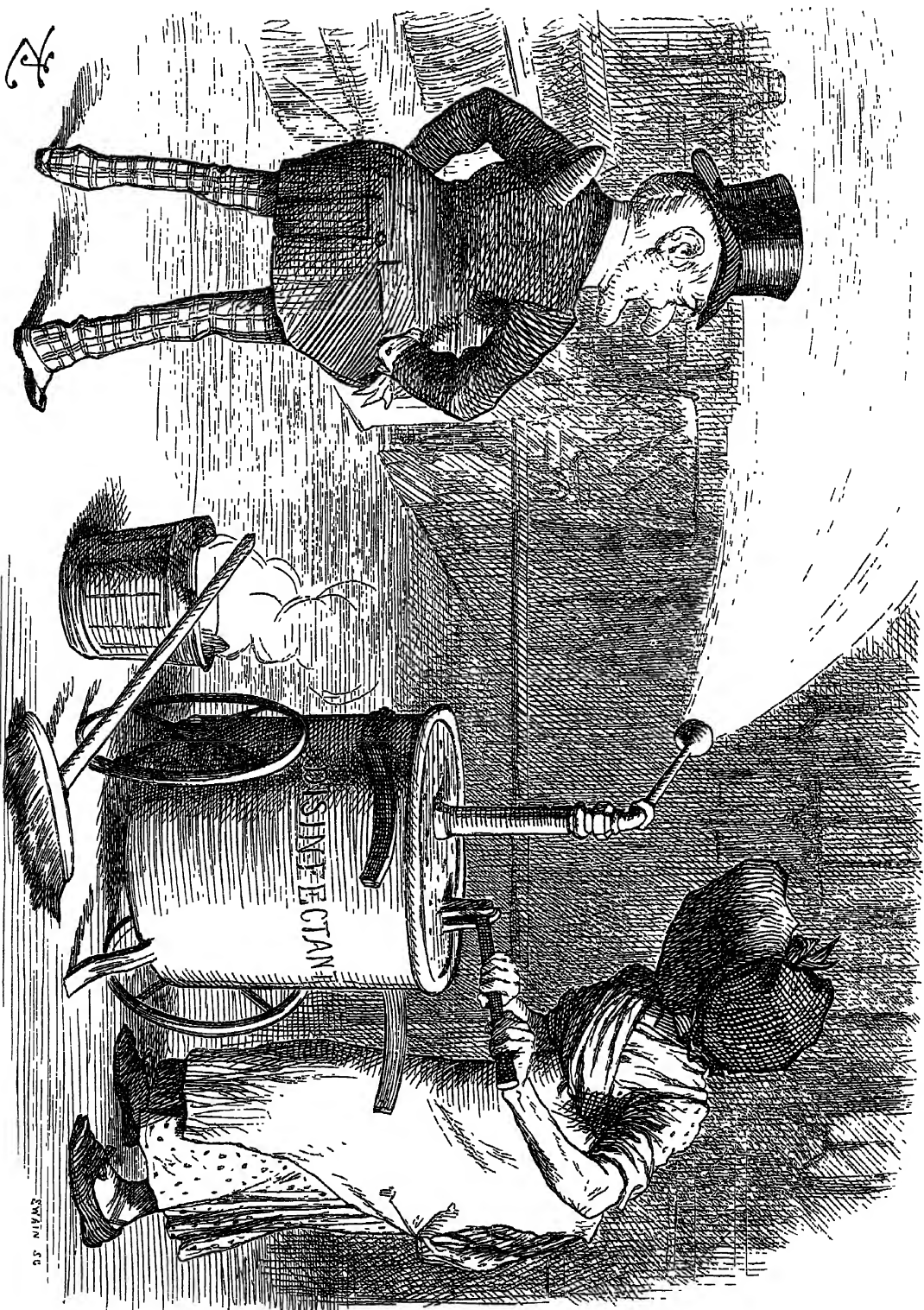
Where patriots have thundered, these traitors
 should dare

To degrade and defile, till the besom you bear
 Is helpless, and England will have to prepare
 For the House, once her pride, now her
 shame and despair,

A pump and a strong disinfectant!

WILL the Children's Three Weeks in the
 Country take place in the merry month of
 June? *Vive La Jeunesse!*

"THE LIBERAL SPLIT."—A Brandy-and-
 Soda between two, when one drinks for both
 and the other pays.



A (LATE) "SPRING CLEANING."

MR. P. (to Charivarin of House of Commons). "PUMP AWAY, OLD LADY! 'TISN'T THE FOUL AIR,—IT'S THE FOUL LANGUAGE WE WANT TO GET RID OF!"

REFLECTIONS—"AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

Mr. Punch. It is not a play at all. It is a study of character, of one character, *Lena Despard*, admirably portrayed by Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.

Mr. Nibbs. You have read Mr. PHILLIPS' novel, of course.

Mr. Punch. Yes. The Diary of a Bad Girl—of a *Becky Sharp*, in fact—decidedly clever, and interesting, but as lacking in construction as is the dramatic version of it; that is, if this can be called a dramatic version, which is only the novel unstitched, and the leaves distributed among a certain number of actors.

Mr. Nibbs. There are the materials for a good play in the novel.

Mr. Punch. Certainly there are. The novel suggests an idea for a good play, but Mr. GROVE has done nothing with it. An audience should have been told at first of the connection between



Beere not Stout, but rather Lena.

Captain Jack Fortinbras (a part for which the management ought not to have chosen Mr. STANDING, whom it doesn't suit in the least) and the Chief of the Russian Police, who is brought in as the *deus ex machina*, without rhyme or reason, whenever there is a knot to be untied. M. MARIUS plays *Count Dromiroff* very amusingly, the only fault about his performance being, that his bearing and manner convey the idea that he is only a superior Head-Detective masquerading as a Russian Nobleman. If this view is correct, then the *Dromiroff* of M. MARIUS is an excellent performance, but if *Dromiroff* is really a Russian Nobleman, then I think M. MARIUS's impersonation is a mistake.

Mr. Nibbs. The other parts are weak as water.

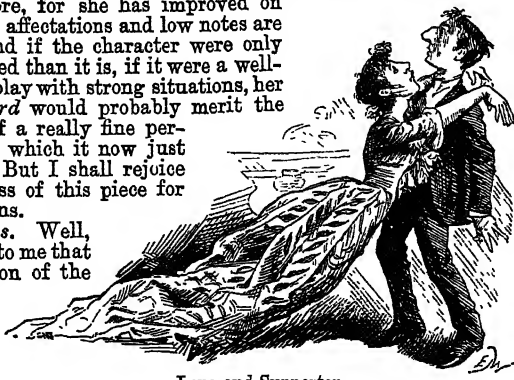
Mr. Punch. Partly the fault of the Actors and of the characters. Mr. DENISON's representation of *Sir Thomas Gage* as a Punch Doll, with a joint or two loose, and an imitation of Mr. BANCROFT's peculiar high note, by way of a squeaky chuckle, is a praiseworthy attempt at giving a little relief to rather tedious scenes. The fact is, the success of the piece is Mrs. BERNARD BEERE as *Lena Despard*, and I have never seen SARA's pupil more worthy of her talented teacher than is Mrs. BEERE in this character. Not that in this piece Mrs. BEERE owes anything directly to SARA, except the death-scene—(doesn't *Fedora* call out that "It burns! It burns!" and doesn't she writhe in agonies? I think so, if I remember aright)—and, indirectly, the impersonation seemed to me, to owe something to SARA's *L'Étrangère*, a rôle that would suit Mrs. BEERE down to the ground, though no doubt she would prefer the original part of *Lena Despard*, in order to have the merit of "creating," and to avoid comparisons.

Mr. Nibbs. Your remarks do not detract in any way from the excellence of her performance.

Mr. Punch. No; on the contrary, there is no reason why the pupil should not improve upon the teacher, and in this play Mrs. BEERE has done more, for she has improved on herself. Her affectations and low notes are discarded, and if the character were only more developed than it is, if it were a well-constructed play with strong situations, her *Lena Despard* would probably merit the description of a really fine performance, of which it now just falls short. But I shall rejoice in the success of this piece for several reasons.

Mr. Nibbs. Well, Sir, it seems to me that the permission of the Licensor of Plays having been given to this, it could not logically be refused to an English play on the model of *Françillon*, for example.

Mr. Punch. Exactly. And I was pleased to notice the audience patiently listening to dialogue, which, though good, and frequently witty, failed to develop, or even illustrate, character. The scenes dragged, but the audience listened and though wearied, were on the whole interested, and ready to appreciate any touch of sentiment or humour. I do not say it is a piece for Mr. Podsnap's



Lena and Supporter.

"young person" to see. No; it is not, most decidedly, any more than the novel, *As in a Looking-Glass*, is for "the young person's" perusal.

Mr. Nibbs. A *Bad Girl's Diary* placed on the stage is rather unwholesome food, Sir? Don't you think so?

Mr. Punch. To some, not to others. It is a story of the seamy-side of life, vice is not rendered attractive, and there is no reality whatever about the suicide,—(though there is great reality in Mrs. BEERE's acting in the death-scene, which I should think was the *raison d'être* of the play)—which only serves the dramatist and the novelist just as the Russian detective served them,—as a means for getting rid of a troublesome character, and as a happy thought for stifling all inquiries as to any other personages in whose fate readers, or spectators, might have felt some interest. Critics who can accept and praise this as a model play, must be ignorant of the essential canons of dramatic composition. If this is a good play, then construction is a mere waste of time. Let us to an opera. [Exeunt.]

"NEW WORDS FOR OLD TUNES."

MR. PUNCH has noticed that there is a decided want of novelty in the baritone and bass songs of the day. They do not march with the times. The same old "Pirates," "Scouts," "Vagabonds," &c., are still to the fore. The same old monks are still quaffing and laughing ha! ha! and ho! ho! *Mr. Punch*, therefore, begs to submit the following—written up to date in choice Pink'unese—with Glossary annexed.

THE JUBILEE JUGGINS.

Song for Baritone or Bass,—in one flat.

In the Major. Oh! "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "oof,"
To shout and to yell at the "Pav." and the "Troc,"
Regardless of "writers" and "taking the knock,"
To join in the choruses night after night,
In every key but the one that is right,
To nod to the singers and call them by name,
It's thus that the Juggins seeks glory and fame.
To climb up a lamp-post and "paint the town red,"
Then "run in" by "bobbies" to Vine Street to bed.
Then knock up a "pal" for the requisite bail,
Off to Marlborough Street the next day without fail,
A Magistrate's caution, a fine of five bob,
A head never ceasing to ache and to throb,
Oh! "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "oof."

In the Minor. But, Jubilee Juggins, beware of the day,
When the golden-egg'd "oof-bird" no longer can lay.
When the "writers" grow rampant and run you to ground,
And the gay little "stumer" no longer goes round.
When the "fiver" has ceased to be ready to hand,
And the humble half-crown e'en is scarce in the land.
Where then are your friends of the "Pav." and the "Troc,"
They are off with the "oof-bird," you've "taken the knock,"
Then the clothes run to seed, and the linen grows dim,
And the hat grows more flabby each day in the brim,
Then the boots which were always so natty and neat,
Only cling in despair to the poor weary feet—
Those feet grown so weary in searching around,
For those fair-weather friends—never more to be found.

(With a devil-may-care expression.)

In the Major. Still "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "oof!"

GLOSSARY OF TERMS.

Rippin'. A term much used in the upper circles. The final *g* is never sounded by the best people.

Spoof. From the Dutch—a merry game or pastime—see Dr. ARTHUR ROBERTS' Philological Dictionary. (Very rare and scarce.)

Jubilee Juggins. A Juggins—amplification of Jug. A vessel you soon get to the bottom of. *Jubilee Juggins*—an exceptional Juggins.

Pav. and Troc. Homes of classical music.

Writers. Time-servers.

Taking the knock. Derived from *Nox et præterea nihil*; hence "making a night of it."

"If you always are 'making a night of it,'
There is nothing much left for the day!"

Paint the town red. A custom derived from the Romans, who after their orgies would often sally forth and paint the town red till all was blue.

Run in. You are generally "run in" after being "found out."

Oof-bird. A new edition of the Goose with the Golden Eggs. Nearly extinct.

Stumer. A badly executed drawing—wanting in balance and effects.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Our County Member (attending Church during the Recess). "I BEG TO MOVE, SIR, THAT THE QUESTION BE NOW PUT!"

WANTED—THE INSTITUTE!

SCENE—Underground Railway Carriage. TIME—10 A.M. Train going Citywards.

Vivacious and Well-Informed Passenger (trying to get up a conversation, cheerily). What's this about English troops evacuating Egypt, eh?

[Stony silence among occupants of a crowded compartment. The Gentleman in the corner opposite Vivacious Passenger examines the top of his umbrella carefully.]

Vivacious Passenger (not to be denied, addressing Cornerman pointedly). Eh, Sir? What do you think about evacuating Egypt, that we've taken so much trouble and spent such a deal of blood and treasure to conquer?

Cornerman (trying to be polite). What place is it you said—er—that our troops were going to—er—to evacuate?

Vivacious Passenger (heartily). Egypt, Egypt!

Cornerman. Oh,—Egypt, of course. I didn't know we had any troops there—er—that is—

[Grins feebly towards fellow-passengers, as if expecting moral support in an unpleasant predicament.]

Disputatious Party (laying down his newspaper). Nor did I. Blessed if I think we have, either—there!

Vivacious Passenger (surprised). What! No British soldiers in Egypt?

Disputatious Party (getting angry). No; I don't believe there's one, not since General GORDON was killed; what business have British troops there, eh? Don't Egypt belong to the—the—(feels doubtful, but decides to risk it)—the Italians? That's what I want to know?

[Resumes study of Newspaper savagely. Vivacious Passenger. Italians! My dear—

Cornerman (as an exceptionally happy thought, suddenly). Haven't we just annexed Egypt?

Vivacious Passenger (pityingly). No, no! You're thinking of Zululand! We've annexed Zululand, that's all.

Cornerman (relieved). Ah! that's it, is it? Well, then, how about the Ameer? What'll he do, as we've annexed his country?

Vivacious Passenger (worried). Ameer! Why, that's Afghanistan you're thinking of.

Hitherto Silent Listener (interposing with air of helping Cornerman out of a difficulty). Yes, that's right; and KETCHWAXO's King of the Zulus. He'll come to England sharp enough, now his country's annexed! It'll be a case of Melbury Road. You trust old KETCH!

[Goes off into convulsions of mysterious merriment.]

Vivacious Passenger (still more annoyed). KETCHWAXO! Why, he's been dead several years. He was killed by USIBEPU, you know, after Lord WOLSELEY made the settlement which—

[Jumps out hurriedly, having caught the name of his Station just in time. Exit upstairs pensively, and determines to subscribe to the Imperial Institute forthwith, hoping that when established it will make Englishmen understand rather more about the Empire which they are supposed to govern.]

BOGEY!

"DURING the three years which have to elapse before the proposed date (of the English evacuation of Egypt) is reached, England will be constantly conspiring against us, not only in Egypt, but in Europe, and indeed throughout the whole world, on sea and on land."—*M. John Lemoine in the "Matin."*

O JOHN LEMOINE! O JOHN LEMOINE!
From what mad farce did you purloin,
This wild conceit of phrenzy fall,
About the Frenchman's bogey, BULL?
"Throughout the world on sea and land?"
Ah! JOHN stay not that sweeping hand,
But add—why not?—that we'll conspire,
In air, in water, and in fire,
Man of the semi-English name,
JOHN, why another JOHN defame,
In this wild way? They call you sage,
Then why disgrace your sober page,
With frantic fastian which might do,
For ROCHEFORT and his rabid crew?
The JOHN BULL of your foolish fear,
Is simply a JOHN BULL pour rire:
A man of straw, a dream, a figment,
Of race distrust and party pigment.
There's no such person, my dear JOHN,
Take this your *Punch's* word upon.
In fact, old friend, it's all my eye
And petty "*Matin!*" Twig? Do try!

WHAT Weather!—The Jubilee Year, too!
Does Jubilee Pluvius—no we mean Jupiter Pluvius,—consider himself the Raining Favourite? But there is no Jupiter Pluvius now. "The Old Gods are dead." Exactly. Jupiter Pluvius has kicked the bucket, and its contents are still being poured out on us poor mortals.

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.



No. 46. Poor thing! "Hi! here! Where are my clothes?"



No. 76. The Baffled Bather. "What with the Police-boat outside, and the Sea-gulls here, and somebody, I'm sure, looking over the cliff, a quiet bathe is impossible."



No. 14. Drawing a Check on his Trousers.



No. 899. The Grey of the Morning. Time, 5 A.M. "Just com'ome. Been hearing Corn Grain play'n shing. Wish I could play'n shing like Corngrai. Wonder what I'm doing. Can't get up, 'cos think my brashesh got brok'n."



No. 924. "Bring up the boat! I can't jump on to that thing!"



No. 658. Mr. Phunky. "Think I won't wear this hunting-coat. I'm sure I shall be off at the first fence."

"*SELL's Dictionary*," sounds like a sort of Practical Joker's Guide. It is a most useful compilation, full of interesting material about Journalism all over the world. We should doubt whether any book can give complete information on such a subject,—but of course we say this with the schoolboys' ancient reservation of "Bar *SELL's*."

THE FUTURE IN THE CRYSTAL.

(A Legend of Sydenham.)

MR. RIPPAN WINKLE found the Meeting very wearisome. The Chairman was full of statistics, proving conclusively that unless the Debenture-holders sacrificed some of their interest, the Institution must collapse.

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed Mr. WINKLE as he rose from his seat, and hurried away to the Refreshment Department. To his surprise, on leaving the Lecture-room, he was met by a hideous-looking waiter who beckoned him to carry a barrel of whiskey. Naturally good-natured, RIPPAN shouldered the cask and marched to the bar. A pale silent young woman opened the barrel, poured some of the whiskey into a large glass, added a little Apollinaris water to the draft, and invited WINKLE to drink. Nothing loth, he obeyed. Scarcely had the liquid passed his lips ere, amidst the sounds of demon laughter, he fell asleep. Such a sleep, it seemed to last for centuries! When RIPPAN awoke he was alone. His umbrella (nearly new before his slumber) crumbled away in his hand from extreme old age. His white beard reached his knees, his clothes were in tatters. He looked round—the refreshment bar—the glass roof—all had disappeared, and apparently he was in a railway arch. He rose from the ground, and determined to pass through the Courts and then get into the Gardens. But, alas! There was no Crystal Palace. It had entirely disappeared! In the place of the Alhambra Court there was a Furniture Warehouse—where the Rosary had been he found a hideous terrace of stucco-faced cottages.

"And has it come to this?" he exclaimed, with a sigh.

"Come to what, old man?" asked a Policeman, who was wearing a garb entirely unfamiliar to him.

"Where is the Crystal Palace?" said RIPPAN, answering one question by putting another.

"The Crystal Palace!" responded the Constable, after some consideration. "I fancy it used to lie in the direction of West Kensington, as they call Reading nowadays."

"Then where are we now?"

"Why, in South-East Kensington, to be sure, stoopid!" exclaimed the custodian, impatiently. "Every fool can see that."

RIPPAN hesitated to put the next query. At length he mustered up courage to ask "whether in its new shape the Crystal Palace paid?"

"Paid! Why, in course not! London's overbuilt, and there isn't much chance of house property paying! And now I come to think of it, I do remember the Crystal Palace. I thought I knew the name! It was on this very site! Why, to be sure, I have heard a lot about the shareholders."

"What?" RIPPAN asked, eagerly.

"Why, that they were all buried in one grave, having died of broken hearts."

"Oh, no, no!"

"But I say, yes, yes! It all comes back to me! They would do nothing, so the ground was sold at an enormous sacrifice, and built over. It has never paid, and the purchase-money barely met existing liabilities. It was a pity, as ever since the disappearance of the poor old place the Alexandra Palace has thriven wonderfully."

RIPPAN burst into tears—and woke. He was still at the Meeting. It was breaking up, having decided nothing. "There is only one thing to be done!" he murmured earnestly. "I must write to the *Times*. The Palace must be saved." And so it must!

"THE PROMISE OF MAY"—ER.—SARA BERNHARDT for a French Play season in July.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.—The New Coinage.

ITALIANO IN COVENTO GARDENO.

It is still apparently undecided whether to call him Signor GAYARRÉ or GAYARRÉ—printers and pronouncers differ; but about one thing there is no doubt, that he has never been in finer voice than he was for *La Favorita* last Tuesday—an excellent Opera, by the way, to give on the eve of the Derby; and *Mr. Punch's* Operatic tip is, to go for the Favourite if it is given again during the season, and back GAYARRÉ for a tenor.



Conducting himself in the most Perfect Manner.

Rigoletto was given on Thursday. Miss ELLA RUSSELL, as *Gilda*, received an enthusiastic call after the "*Caro nome*," when she disappears up the ladder, and goes for change of air to the upper C. The *Rigoletto* Signor DEVON was a decided success, and the duet between *Rigoletto* and *Gilda* was one of the hits of a first-rate performance.

Signor FIGUER took the part of the Duke at short notice, and of course it 'quite intelligible that to be figuring as a Duke at short notice is very trying. He was not a self-supporting tenor, but contributed his fair share to the concerted pieces. Signor BEVIGNANI was the Conductor. By the way, is the Omnibus Box so called because it is in a line with the Conductor? Mr. WAGSTAFF was present and asked us this Conundrum: If *Rigoletto's* house were in London, in what part would it be situated? The curtain was just rising on the last Act as he whispered the answer,—"In the Fool'em Road, S.W." Then WAGSTAFF left.

Fine performance of *Faust* on Saturday night, with Madame ALBANI as *Margherita*. Signor GAYARRÉ came out uncommonly strong in vocalisation as *Faust*, but left the acting to Madame ALBANI. No one can accuse Signor DEVON of being devoid of rare acting and singing powers. His *Valentine* was a very powerful impersonation. Madame SCALCHI admirable, as usual, as the ill-used *Sebel*; but "Signor" LORRAIN's *Mephisto* was made up rather like a French clown, and he was perpetually attitudinising as if arranging a series of *poses plastiques*. His laugh in the serenade was too Christy Minstrellish. Chorus and Orchestra first-rate, house brilliant. Mr. *Punch* wishes every success to the three Italian Operatic Managers, Signor LAGO, Signor MAPLESONTO, and Signor HARRIZIO. As Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD used to sing, "O are we not a musical nation!"

FREE SPEECH.

A SPECIAL Committee having been appointed to inquire into the "conduct of Debate," for the purpose of framing some new rules that may be found serviceable in enabling Parliamentary discussion to be carried on in future, more in accordance with the entire liberty of speech and freedom from hampering restrictions that have recently developed themselves in the House of Commons, the following preliminary tentative regulations to meet the requirements of the case have already been drawn up, and will be put in force upon the re-assembling of Members after the Recess:—

No Member making use of the language of a bargee, coal-heaver, coster-monger, or drayman, or indulging in any number of popular adjectives, shall be regarded as offending against the good taste of the House. The words "cur," "liar," "scoundrel," "hippopotamus," "thief," and the like, may be freely used in the course of debate, and applied by one Member to another, and they may be strengthened by the addition of any number of opprobrious epithets without calling for any intervention on the part of the Chair.

Cat-calling, yelling, whistling, shouting, swearing, and shrieking, shall be accepted as a legitimate interruption to the progress of any discussion, and if there is any attempt to stifle this unrestricted and free expression of opinion, a dead set may be made at the Chair.

The SPEAKER, or Chairman of Committees, if rendering himself, by his interference, obnoxious to any section of the House, may be pelted with rotten eggs, bags of flour, the lighter sorts of street refuse, and orange-peel, and, if endeavouring to protect himself with an open umbrella, may be hooted at persistently until he be compelled, in self-defence, to leave the Chair.

In any attempt to enforce the "Closure," brickbats, stout-bottles, and dead cats may be added to the above-mentioned missiles.

An American drinking-bar will be opened inside the House, under the Strangers' Gallery, for the use of those Obstructionist Members

who wish to stimulate their jaded spirits on the spot, and "Chair Ticker," "Speaker's Nettle," "Constitution Smasher," and other appropriate beverages, will be obtainable at all hours.

Horse-whips and six-shooters will be procurable in the lobbies and be at the disposal of all Members who wish actively to prolong any further any discussion commenced within the House in the progress of debate.

A THEATRICAL "PROPERTY."

UNDER the heading "Stage," an advertisement has recently appeared in the *Times*, announcing that the third term of a certain "dramatic class" has commenced, and that fees paid for it will include one of the parts (several of which are not yet filled) in the next public performance. It is probable that this announcement reveals a revival of the old amateur theatre system of half a century since, when anyone could play *Macbeth*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, or *Charles (his friend)* for a consideration regulated in amount by the importance of the part purchased for performance. This may be, or may not be, the case, but if the latter, there is no reason why the omission should not be at once supplied. A little training would do no harm to our amateur friends, who take to the Stage with as little hesitation as a duck takes to water, but, as a rule, with a very different result. To make our meaning plainer, we append a Table which might be furnished to every Student on matriculation:—

FEES FOR THE ROCKET-STICK DRAMATIC CLASS.

Course of Six Lectures upon the Works of TERENCE	£1 1 0
Ditto, with public performance of Third Officer in <i>Lady of Lyons</i>	2 15 6
The Plays of SHAKESPEARE—four Addresses	0 10 6
Ditto, with privilege of reading to Class a One-Act original Farce	4 10 6
An Address on Mimicry, as practised before the Christian Era	1 1 1
Ditto, with public performance of Monkey in comic ballet d'action	5 5 0
First Lecture on "The Art of Acting in Ten Minutes"	1 1 0
Ditto, with privilege of playing <i>Claudius</i> at a real London theatre in a version of <i>Hamlet</i> with the title rôle omitted	3 3 0
Second Lecture on "The Art of Acting in Ten Minutes"	0 10 6
Ditto, with Lesseeship of third-rate West-End Theatre, with the right to play any and everything, supported by a company of fellow-students, per month	2,000 0 0

N.B.—All money must be paid in advance. No particular success guaranteed.

ÆSOP IN PARLIAMENT.

(Suggested as a Development of Lord Salisbury's Fable of the Ulster Rabbit and the Parnellite Bore Obstructor.)

NO. I.—THE LION AND THE DOLPHIN.

A CONSERVATIVE Lion, with shaggy mane and an irreproachable tail, was roaming on the political sea-shore, when seeing a Liberal-Unionist Dolphin basking lazily on the surface of the water, he invited him to form an alliance with him; "for," said he, "as I am the King of the Tory Beasts, and you are the King of the Fishy Amphibians, we ought to be the greatest friends and allies possible." The Dolphin readily assented; and the Lion not long after having a fight with an Irish Bull, called upon the Dolphin for his promised support, which as the Bull rushed bellowing into the water, the Dolphin was enabled to give. But when the Lion subsequently had a contest with a strong Midlothian Tiger over an exclusively English bone of contention, and the Dolphin found himself unable to go out of the sea to assist, the Conservative Lion accused him of having betrayed him. "Do not blame me," said the Liberal-Unionist Dolphin in reply, "but blame my Constituents, who, however much they may approve of my helping to tackle an Irish Bull, forbid my assisting you in Tory schemes for domestic legislation."

Moral.—In choosing allies we must look to their power as well as their will to help us. We must also remember that there is another WILL, a Grand Old Will, to be considered.

The First Year of a Silken Reign, by Messrs. TIER and FAGAN, would be an interesting book at any time, and is specially so for this Jubilee Year. The illustrations are most valuable for reference, and the hungriest student will own that rarely has he come across such platefuls of excellent material. Taking the *pabulum* served with these plates, the work results in "a dish to set before a Queen"—and her loving subjects.

"DISTURBED DISTRICTS."—Neighbourhoods full of Quiet Streets where Organ-fiends, Street-singers, and Inharmonious minstrels revel.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A SINGH-ULAR INDIVIDUAL.

(By Our Quite Abroad Contributor.)

ON receiving your instructions to follow the Doo (as DHULEEP is familiarly called in Russia) to Moscow, I hurriedly left Folkestone at noon by the *Mary Beatrice*, and after a prosperous voyage, arrived at my destination in time for lunch. As Moscow is not so well



"FILLALOO! OULD INDIA FOR EVER!"

known as it should be in England, I venture to send you a few notes that may enable you to form some conception of its characteristics. It has an excellent harbour from which the luxurious steamboats of the South-Eastern Railway can depart or arrive at any hour. This harbour will soon be replaced by one even more commodious, permitting the use of larger boats driven at a greater speed, and thus still further reducing the time in travelling from England to Russia. Boolongsurmerikoff (as the subjects of the CZAR call Moscow) is very lively. It has an excellent Casino where capital concerts and theatrical representations are given twice a day, an unrivalled *plage* with admirable sea-bathing and any number of pretty country drives. The hotels are of the first quality, the Meuriceski in the Rue Victorhugokoff being unquestionably the best of them. For the rest Boolongsurmerikoff is filled with the cheeriest of Englishmen and the most amiable of Muscovites.

As I drove through the Rue Victorhugokoff to the Hotel Meuriceski, I found the street almost blocked with enthusiastic parents who were marching after their sons garbed as athletes. It appeared that the athletes (lads of eighteen or thereabouts) were going to engage in many feats of strength, including the "boxe Anglaise," in an adjacent suburb, and consequently that it was necessary that they should parade the city to the music of a band of children before starting forth on their adventures. During the day I ran across the procession breaking out in various parts of the city.

Once established in comfortable quarters, I made inquiries, and learned that I was likely to find the Doo in the Haute Ville, or high town. Warned by the want of success of the Representative of the *Times*, that strategy would be necessary to obtain an interview, I assumed an appropriate disguise. I put on a long-tail coat, enormous collars, gigantic boots, and singularly-patterned trousers. I wore an unusually high hat, carried a banjo, and darkened my face and hands to the tint of a Hottentot. The Doo, I was told, was got up as a stage Irishman—I would visit him in the garb of a music-

hall nigger. I walked through the streets of Boolongsurmerikoff without attracting much attention—Englishmen are accustomed abroad to dress rather strangely—and was soon in the court-yard of the house in which the Doo was residing. A few Indians, in the costumes of British tourists, were lounging about. Upon seeing me, they immediately threw off their outer garments and boots, seized tom-toms, and began to dance and sing. The force of nature impelled them to welcome in me not only a man but a brother.

"Golly, golly!—dat you, SAMBO?" said I, in the purest Hindustani. "Is de poor iddle SING in de house?"

The Indians, still beating their drums with their hands, and jumping about as they sang a sort of dirge, nodded their heads affirmatively, and, by their gestures, invited me to enter. Nothing loth, I acted upon their suggestion, and found their master on the first-floor. The swarthy and portly Doo was wearing grey stockings, buff breeches, a tail-coat, a red waistcoat, a hat with a pipe stuck in it, and a shillelagh.

"Golly, golly!—dat you, SAMBO?" I repeated.

"Yah, yah!—dat is me, Sar!" replied the Doo, for a moment off his guard; then, recollecting his assumed character, he continued, "Bedad, what de ye mane? Is it myself that ye're afther, Masther dear?"

Pleased at this friendly reception, I explained to the Doo that I had come over expressly to see him, to ascertain if he really was in receipt of Russian gold.

"Look at that, now!" he exclaimed, with indignation that I trust was not assumed. "Is it myself that would so demane myself as to take the dhirty gould of the Saxon?—I mane the Muscovite!"

"I am heartily glad to learn this, your Highness," I observed.

"After all the kindness you received in England, it would be a sad return were you to number yourself amongst our enemies."

"What are ye spaking about?" cried the Doo. "Why do ye call me out of my name? Shure I am PAT CASEY."

Without a moment's hesitation I struck up a plantation song on my banjo, and began to walk round the apartment. The Doo tried hard to restrain himself, but nature once more was too many for him. After a struggle he got up, and joined me in my quaint promenade; and when I indulged in a wild, joyous break-down, he followed my example. As he did this the Acting Edition of the *Colleen Bawn* fell from his pocket, and I became aware of the source of his Irish inspiration.

When we were both exhausted with our energetic capers, we sat down and rested. I told the Doo that disguise was no longer possible—that I had recognised him.

"Yah! yah! De ole nigger am found dis nigger out! Yah! yah!" returned His Highness, smilingly, speaking his native Hindustani for the first time, in token of submission.

I explained that a great many injurious reports were afloat, thanks chiefly to his own reticence in concealing his motives. He assured me that he would have been only too pleased to have seen the Representative of the *Times*, if he had only approached him in the right manner, as I had done. He then promised to give me the fullest information on the morrow, if I called before twelve o'clock. With this we parted, with a second national dance, indicative of mutual esteem and goodwill.

I had scarcely returned to the street when I was seized by members of the Third Section of the Russian Police, gagged, bound hand and foot and sent back to England.

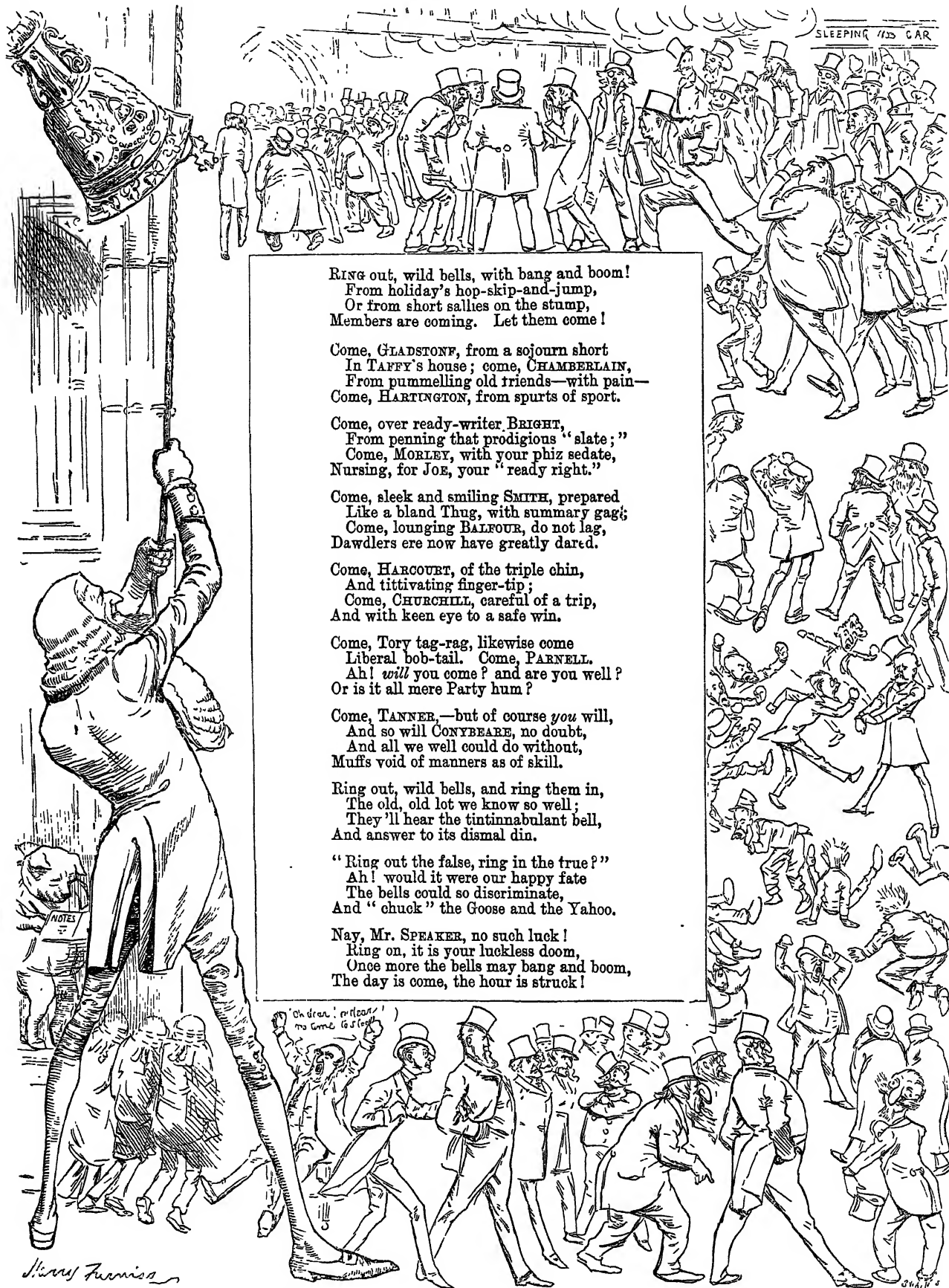
[It is necessary to say that, although we have every confidence in Our Representative, his communication puzzles us. His description of Moscow under a Russian name (which we now read for the first time) although not altogether unfamiliar to us, does not convey a very distinct impression of the second city of the Czar's dominions. He appears to have found the Maharajah a specimen of the Ethiopian race rather than an Asiatic, which is contrary to fact, as DHULEEP SINGH is not at all like a negro. The abrupt conclusion is also confusing. It is right to add that until we received this letter, we were under the impression that Our Representative was spending the Whitsuntide holidays at Boulogne.—ED.]

ÆSOP IN PARLIAMENT.

NO. II.—THE WOODMAN AND THE AXE.

A POLITICAL Woodman went to his party-leaders to axe them to give him a handle to his name. It seemed so modest a request, that the Principal leaders at once agreed to it, and it was settled among them that the House of Peers was likely to be much elevated in tone by such a recruit. No sooner had the Woodman fitted himself with a title, than he began laying about him on all sides, aiming particularly nasty blows at his former friends. The G. O. M., now seeing the whole matter rather too late, exclaimed—"The first concession has lost all. If we had not yielded to his original axing so readily, he would not have turned out such an ungrateful feller."

Moral.—Morals don't apply to politics.



Ring out, wild bells, with bang and boom!
From holiday's hop-skip-and-jump,
Or from short sallies on the stump,
Members are coming. Let them come!

Come, GLADSTONE, from a sojourn short
In Taffy's house; come, CHAMBERLAIN,
From pummelling old friends—with pain—
Come, HARTINGTON, from spurts of sport.

Come, over ready-writer BRIGHT,
From penning that prodigious "slate;"
Come, MORLEY, with your phiz sedate,
Nursing, for Joe, your "ready right."

Come, sleek and smiling SMITH, prepared
Like a bland Thug, with summary gag;
Come, lounging BALFOUR, do not lag,
Dawdlers ere now have greatly dared.

Come, HARCOURT, of the triple chin,
And tittivating finger-tip;
Come, CHURCHILL, careful of a trip,
And with keen eye to a safe win.

Come, Tory tag-rag, likewise come
Liberal bob-tail. Come, PARNELL.
Ah! *will* you come? and are you well?
Or is it all mere Party hum?

Come, TANNER,—but of course *you* will,
And so will CONYBEARE, no doubt,
And all we well could do without,
Muffs void of manners as of skill.

Ring out, wild bells, and ring them in,
The old, old lot we know so well;
They'll hear the tintinnabulant bell,
And answer to its dismal din.

"Ring out the false, ring in the true?"
Ah! would it were our happy fate
The bells could so discriminate,
And "chuck" the Goose and the Yahoo.

Nay, Mr. SPEAKER, no such luck!
Ring on, it is your luckless doom,
Once more the bells may bang and boom,
The day is come, the hour is struck!

A TOUR DE FORCE.

Thursday.—Leave Hawarden. No Whitsuntide trippers about, thank Heaven! Park, however, still full of sandwich-papers and discarded bottles, as mementoes of their visit. Take axe with me to Swansea. May come in useful, if I'm mistaken for bailiff who wants to distrain for tithes.

En route.—Made what I flatter myself was a successful introductory speech at Mwrelg-y-Pilwhistle. (N.B. — Must look up Welsh etymology when I get back. Should certainly have made some allusion to ancestor of mine having been probably born at Mwrelg-y-Pilwhistle if I had been able to come anywhere near a correct pronunciation of the name.) Effect of speech admirable. Crowd ducked five policemen and a bailiff in horse-pond at end of it, and chivied a tithe-supported parson fifteen miles across country. There is something very *racy* about this latter method of showing approval of my remarks.

Llanfwrlegh. — *Query*; could I have been born *here*? Never saw such enthusiasm. AP-WILLIAMS (President of Local Liberal Association) *chants* an address! He's a Bard, and distinguished at the Eisteddfod. Find crowd expect me to sing in reply! Explain how hoarse I am. Shall I give 'em "*Home Sweet Home*?" Mrs. GLADSTONE says, very decidedly, "No." They don't seem to care much about Home-Rule for Ireland. Want it for Wales—and especially Disestablishment of Welsh Church. *Query*—rather selfish?

Afternoon.—Passing through disturbed districts. They don't want me to "fire the heather here"—it's already alight. Notice armed sentinels on hills waiting for bailiffs. *Query*—isn't this a little lawless? Wish MORLEY was with me—he'd prove in no time that the attitude of the people is quite defensible—indeed, strictly legal.

Later.—Shunted at a rural junction. Population of adjoining districts lying in wait for me. Ask me—am I ready to disestablish Welsh Church? Awkward. Wish they'd stick to Ireland. Tell 'em "Ireland blocks the way." They want to know how long it will block it. Refer them to AP-HARTINGTON. Glad when train moves on.

Swansea.—At last! Enthusiasm quite indescribable. Should uncommonly like to examine parish registers *here*. Could my parents have made a mistake about my place of birth, after all? Hoarse. Make slight speech, denouncing tithes. Reserve myself for great gathering on Saturday.

Saturday.—STEPHEN, who accompanies me, rather inclined to be nasty. Threatens to give up Hawarden living if I continue to incite "the ignorant rabble" against what he calls "a perfectly legitimate demand for a legal impost." He means tithes. Have to explain to him that legality and morality are two different things. For example, it would be perfectly legal for him to preach a two-hours' sermon every Sunday, and to decline to give me the use of his lectern—but would it be moral? Decidedly *not*. Think the personal illustration has somewhat mollified him.

Afternoon.—Gathering has taken place. Awkward to have Cambrian interpreter at one's elbow to translate remarks into Welsh as one goes along. Populace don't seem to care as much about Ireland as I expected. Have never heard of the complaints about obstruction, either. Mentioned TANNER incidentally, and they thought I was alluding to scheme for new coinage.

Deputation waits on me after speech. Say they've something very important to communicate. Their arguments start with



THE WELSH HARPOONIST.

THE RETURN OF WILLIAM THE WHALER FROM AN ATTEMPT AT CATCHING WALES DURING THE RECESS.

tithes, and come round again to same point in a sort of Druids' circle. Spokesman, AP-JONES this time, says, "as Ireland blocks the way, *would I mind dropping that question, and taking up Welsh Disestablishment instead!*" Ask them, hoarsely, if they want to turn my tour into a "*tour de force*?" They don't understand the joke. On second thoughts, feel almost certain I could not have been born anywhere in Wales.

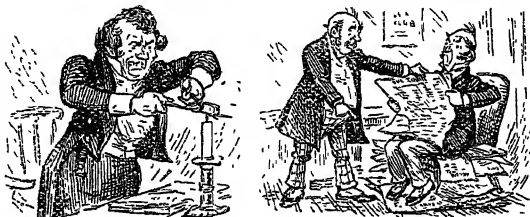
7 P.M.—Well, thank Goodness! the journey is over. Glorious triumph, though lucky it didn't last much longer. Hoarse as a crow. Saloon carriage too full of presents to the roof as it is. Couldn't have held much more. Splendid haul. Three suits of tweed complete, seventeen shawls, one hundred and fifty yards of stair-carpet, two feather beds, bolsters and pillows to match, five sacks of dog bisenit, wash-hand-stand, six bicycles, a dray-horse, two hundredweight of cabbages, and a waggon-load of laurel-wreaths. Took 'em all in through the window. Excellent happy thought of mine, drinking "their very good healths" in that cup of tea; for when, on Mrs. G. showing herself, five thousand fresh Welsh voices struck up in unison, "*And He's a Jolly Good Fellow!*" the scene was quite touching. But here we are in the station. Where's HUSSEY VIVIAN? He'll never make me out, smothered as I am, up to my shirt-collar, in floral tributes; and I can't shout to him, for I've no voice. Hi! Here!—Ha—he has heard me. Rescued at last, and off in carriage. Presents following in fifteen waggons. Enthusiasm tremendous. A sea of surging umbrellas as far as the eye can reach. Mustn't say a word to them, though. Must keep what I've got left me of my voice for Saturday. Ah! here's Singleton Abbey!

ROYAL ASCOT.

A Skit by Dumb Crambo, Junior.

Royal Ass—caught.

Alexandra Plait.



Hardwicke.

News takes.



Woke—king—ham—handy cap.

Hunt Cup.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

It having been reported that, spite the profession of the Intelligence Department that they will have complements equal to all demands, there will be great pressure on the occasion of the forthcoming Naval Review, and that the crews of the Indian troopships will be depleted, that Marine Artillery will be largely employed as blue-jackets, and that the officers and men of the gunnery and torpedo schools, which will be temporarily closed, will be distributed among the Fleet, it is now announced that still further efforts will be made by the Authorities to grapple with the necessities of the occasion. It is rumoured that three of Her Majesty's ironclads, for which no crews can be found, will be manned entirely by members of the Metropolitan Police Force, who, for the purpose of putting them thoroughly on their sea-legs, will meantime be taken several passages to Boulogne and back by the long sea-route. Arrangements have also been entered into by the Admiralty Authorities with Messrs. GATTI for the loan of the principal naval characters out of *Harbour Lights*, to whom, on their joining, important posts will be at once assigned. It is contemplated, also, to supply the deficiency of hands experienced in the torpedo fleet by calling out all the half-pay Admirals on the Retired List, which it is calculated will supply a reserved force of veterans who, if a little new to the work, will still be found of considerable use in the contemplated emergency.

Leading commands have been offered to, and accepted by, several Captains of the London Penny Steamboat Company, and it is understood that the Stewards of the Channel Services have volunteered in large numbers to fill the higher officers' grades that would otherwise have had, of necessity, to have been left vacant. Altogether, strenuous efforts are being made at head-quarters, and it is confidently hoped that, though the crews of the respective ships may prove to be of rather a cosmopolitan character, yet the Fleet as a whole will, if matters progress favourably, be found to be nearly fully half manned by the date fixed for the holding of the Review.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—"Where shall I see the Procession from?"

A "BIG 'BEN.'"

It would be difficult to find a gloomier play, and one less worthy of the genius of its author, than *Werner*, and it is therefore a great tribute to the dramatic ability of Mr. FRANK MARSHALL, who arranged this version for Mr. IRVING, and to the genius of the actor that *Werner* should have deeply interested a crowded, critical, and representative audience for over two hours, and should have achieved an undeniable success. Played as it was last Wednesday, at a *matinée*, only once in the season now rapidly drawing to a close, for the benefit of Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON, dramatic author, the piece was as perfectly placed on the stage as if it had been intended for a run of three hundred nights.

There is nothing in it for Miss ELLEN TERRY, who strengthened the cast by taking the part of *Josephine*, "the wife of *Werner*," as explained in the bills, "for this occasion only." Miss EMERY played *Ida*. Mr.

ALEXANDER deserved the enthusiastic approbation of the audience by his powerful performance of *Ulric*, a difficult and ungracious part. It is interesting to note the influence of the master mind on the imitative faculty, as over and over again we see Mr. ALEXANDER unconsciously reproducing the gait, tone, and manner of Mr. IRVING, and Miss EMERY reflecting Miss TERRY—"as in a looking-glass,"—with a difference. No better man than Mr. WENMAN could be found for *Gabor*, the rough, honest, but unlucky soldier of fortune, who spends a considerable portion of his brief hour on the stage in wandering about dark subterranean passages, as if he were on a sanitary expedition examining the London sewers, and had taken a wrong turning by mistake. As the "Aughty Baron," who is described in the playbill as "Usurping *Werner's* rights," Mr. GLENNY took care to remind us that this was not a modern melodrama, but one of the good old sort, of which *The Castle Spectre* may be taken as a type.

Mr. IRVING's *Weird Werner* was wonderful. It is a figure that will haunt us whenever we venture on a hearty supper of lobster, Welsh-rabbit and Bismarck's mixture of Champagne and stout "in a moog." As we do not often indulge in this, the weird figure, will not haunt us much. But his performance was a memorable one, and what was weary reading became absorbing beyond all anticipation in action.

After the play Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON came before the curtain and in a clear and perfectly audible voice, made one of the most graceful touching and unaffected speeches we ever heard from the stage on any similar occasion. It is a sad thing to have to send round the hat, but it is lucky to have a hat to send round, and still more so to possess so generous and thorough-going a friend to urge the appeal as Mr. HENRY IRVING. The result must have been most gratifying.

LIGHTING UP.

SIR,—Excellent, in a measure, from an economical point of view, as is the Duke of WESTMINSTER's suggestion of a house-to-house "candle-in-window" illumination, it seems to me that the effect of a general rejoicing could be just as readily conceived at an infinitely reduced outlay. Surely the display of a night-light over the hall-door, say, of every sixth house, would answer all the purpose, and be, moreover, a worthy and appropriate commemoration of those royal domestic savings for which the fifty years of HER MAJESTY's glorious reign have been so justly celebrated. The effect, perhaps, would not be very great, but the expense would be confined within reasonable limits, which, even at the zenith of a Royal Jubilee, is a matter for the consideration of

Your obedient Servant,

A HALFPENNY SAVED.

SIR,—What is wanted in London on the night of the 21st is a universal blaze everywhere; and this can only be insured by the permanent installation of the electric light. Gigantic search-lights should be at once planted in all directions, dynamos set up in every street, and squares, thoroughfares, and parks flooded simultaneously with the brightness of day. To give the display its full moral effect, the whole gas supply of the Metropolis should be entirely cut off. Thus the illumination would be symbolical of the material progress effected during the fifty eventful years of HER MAJESTY's glorious reign—a circumstance that would much gratify

Yours, obediently,

A SHAREHOLDER IN FIVE "ELECTRIC" COMPANIES.

SIR,—There is only one legitimate way of illuminating the Metropolis, and that is obviously by gas. And this should be done regardless of cost. Every street should be festooned with jets, and every monument and public building



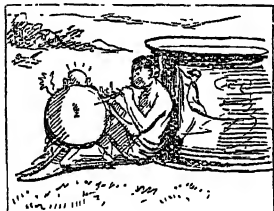
"GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO-PLAY!"

[Mr. Irving opens his Theatre for a Jubilee performance to the London Children.]

GROSVENOR GEMS.



No. 24. Design for Moderator Lamp.



No. 25. A Blow Out; or, Out for a Blow.



No. 66.

"Two's company, three's none." Illustration of Homely Proverb.



No. 166.

The Latest Illusion at Maskelyne and Cook.

out-lined. Colossal reflecting lamps might also be set up in the Parks. The outlay could be charged to the rates. No electric lighting should be for a moment allowed to interfere with the effect, and this would be in harmony with the traditions of the Royal Jubilee Year crowning the glorious fifty during which the Great Gas Companies have so luxuriantly flourished to their own benefit and that of the public. At least, Sir, that is the opinion of

Yours faithfully, A DIRECTOR OF THREE.

SIR,—Here is an imperial idea. Why should not the entire male population of the Metropolis turn out on the night of the 21st inst, in *illuminated hats*. These could be obtained cheaply wholesale, and might be embellished on one side with the Royal Arms, and on the reverse with the programme of the six weeks Italian Opera Season now about to commence at Drury Lane. Take my word for it, the effect of such a crowd would be enormous. It would make a real big thing of the Jubilee festivities.

Yours confidently,

AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

SIR,—I have been thinking that no more effective, and, I should say, popular, method of illumination could be devised for the celebration of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee, than the erection of a series of colossal transparencies, portraying in historical picture the progress of those great Liberal principles the triumphant development of which are universally accepted as its most distinguishing feature. The subject matter for these might be drawn freely from the public career of a prominent statesman, whom I feel I need not further indicate. I might add that the incidents of a recent journey to Wales would be alone sufficient to line one side of Piccadilly, and, indeed, the material I could supply to the artists engaged on the work would in effect prove inexhaustible. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

SIR,—A few tons of dynamite judiciously distributed between Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the various Government Offices, and Public Buildings, and fired simultaneously by electricity from College Green, would probably recommend itself as the most popular way of celebrating the Jubilee to those who take any interest in the movement on this side of the Irish Channel. However, I don't suppose the idea will be adopted; but I merely throw it out for what it is worth.

Yours nationally, A DUBLIN BOY.

SIR,—Any proposal to illuminate London will be incomplete without the ascent of a fire-balloon. Why should not several ascend from the Royal Exchange at midnight, and take up, in turns, the LORD MAYOR and several of the leading Aldermen? The effect, as an apotheosis, would be striking, and it would not matter where they came down. Such, I am sure, would be the judgment of those who, like your Correspondent, are able to subscribe themselves as members of

THE MUNICIPAL REFORM LEAGUE.

SIR,—Bonfires will be wanted on the Twenty-First, and what more appropriate sites could be found than those occupied by the London Statues? Let these then be tarred and feathered forthwith, surrounded by pitch and fagots, and kindled on the evening in question at a given signal. I can conceive no blaze more symbolic of the progress of HER MAJESTY'S reign than that which would hand over to destruction the hideous effigies that have so long defaced it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., ARS LONGA.

SIR,—Do you want a general illumination? On the evening of the 21st, after dark, give every house-front, cab, omnibus, policeman, and pedestrian in the Metropolis a thorough good coat of *luminous paint*. Then turn out the gas—and there you are.

Yours thoughtfully, COLNEY HATCH.

TO PHCEBUS APOLLO.

AN EXPOSTULATION, JUNE 3RD, 1887.

"I WILL remember and express the praise Of Heaven's far-darter, the fair King of days."

So sings great Homer of the great Apollo. But in this current Eighteen Eighty Seven, His panegyric on the "light of Heaven," Seems hard to follow.

Where is the bright far-darter? That's our *cruz*, About the house of earth there is no *lux* That could bring Phoebus credit; there's no doubt of it. Our dim June daylight rival to a "Brush" light? Great Scott! The flaring of a farthing rushlight, Takes the shine out of it.

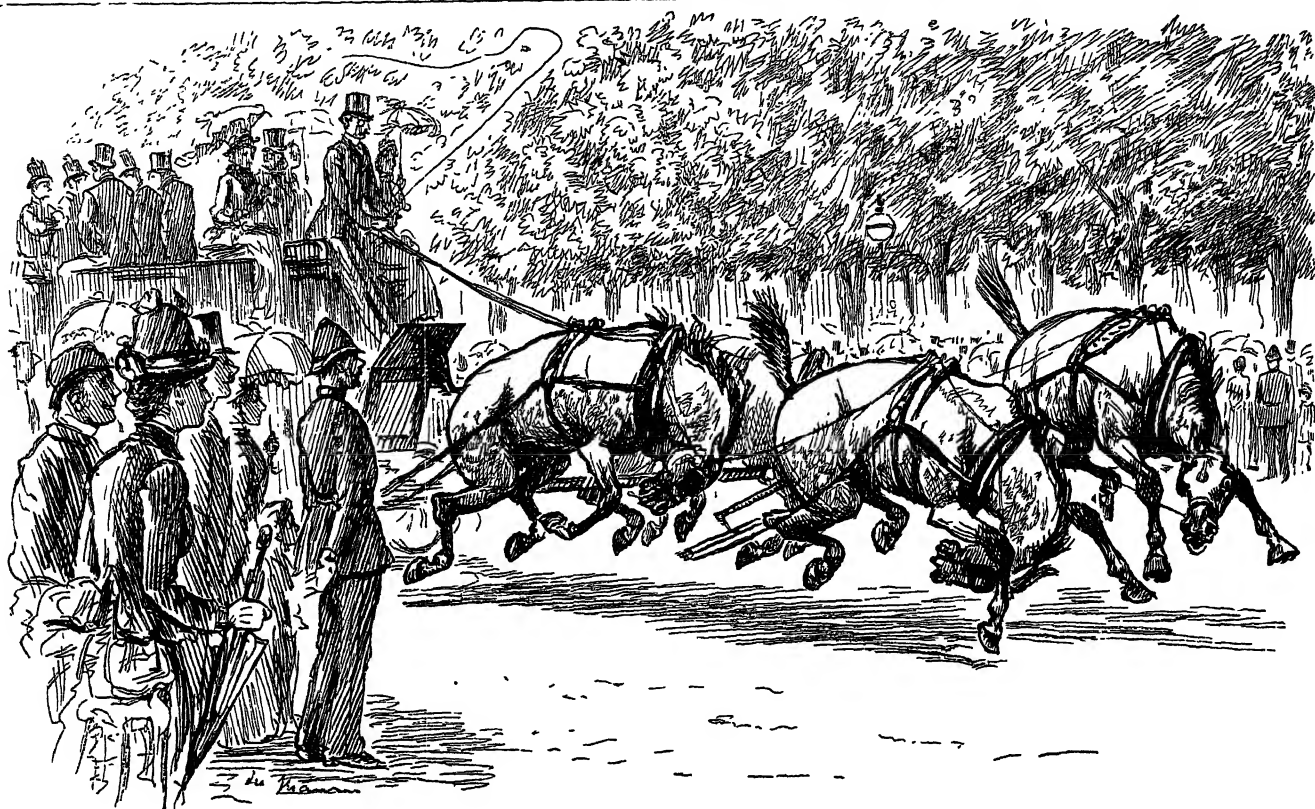
'Tis June, and in the year of Jubilee, And yet at noonday we can scarcely see To paint a picture or to read a paper. A pretty state of things, O Pythian, truly! Our sky is worthy of some frigid Thule, Our Sun's a taper.

You're a nice sort of chap to build a myth on! Cannot the god who spifficated Python, Tackle this monster who doth now invade us,— I mean this demon of perpetual gloom? We must go darkling down unto our doom, Unless you aid us.

They're nonsense, don't you know, games of this sort. If that's contempt of the Olympian Court Sore provocation justifies free pardon. When we should joy in skies like those of Venice Dulness still spreads its pall, spoils cricket, tennis, House, field, and garden.

Do turn it up, this long, long bout of sulking. Achilles, the Greek hero, hot and hulking, Whom you loved not, kept not his tent for ever. Come out! come out! Eh? What's that? Smoke-Prevention? Now, Phoebus, that, you know, in June, to mention Is mean—though clever!

THE PITY OF IT.—MR. RUSKIN, in his best Mentor-martinet style, says:—"You hear a great deal nowadays of the worst nonsense ever uttered since men were born on earth." We do. Alas! that so much of it should come from—MR. RUSKIN!



"OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!"

SIR DE LA POER BLAZENBY DROVE UP HIS WELL-MATCHED TEAM OF SQUEALING AMERICAN BUCKJUMPERS IN SPLENDID STYLE,—AFFORDING A WELCOME RELIEF FROM THE OLD-FASHIONED AND SOMEWHAT MONOTONOUS REGULARITY THAT DISTINGUISHES THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN HYDE PARK.

"THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE."

A Farce of the Pharmacopœia.

SCENE — *An Apothecary's Shop at Westminster. Present, a certain Drug-Dispenser, one SM-TH. To him enter Doctor GL-DST-NE.*

Apothecary (aside). Aha! Whom see I with impetuous step Swift hitherward approaching? An old man, And obviously, as ribald RANDOLPH put it, Still "in a hurry." Dr. GL-DST-NE's self, By all that's wonderful! Seeking a dose—He, the great Medico! Yes, verily, The whirligig of Time doth bring revenges. Now, do you know, that there is none to whom I would more readily administer Pride's Purge, or an astringent antidote To vocal flux,—drugs his diathesis Doth most invite,—than to this same grand old Dealer in drenches. But I must dissemble.

[Busies himself with his bottles.]

Doctor (aside). "I do remember an apothecary."

By GALEN, yes; and I'll remember him Whilst memory holds its seat—"remember" him

In such a sort he shall remember me. How sleek the drug-compounding varlet looks!

He'd pestle death in doses with a smile, And poison a sick pussy or a Pat,— So it were in the way of "law and order," As he would put it in his pedant jargon,— With equal pleasure and complacency. I'll physic him. *(Aloud.)* Give you good-day, good man!

Apothecary. And you, fair Sir. And—yet —I would you *could*

Give us good days. Good days, meseem, are gone,

With sunny skies, sound cheese, and ribstone pippins,

From poor old England. But you doubtless come

Not for discussion, but a dose.

Doctor (drily). Most true.

A dose, and no discuss'on! How that sums Your modern practice!

Apothecary (humbly). Ours, Sir, ours.

You shirk Your share of honour,—'tis the largest slice, And the first out.

Doctor (aside). Confound his courtesy!

'Tis a sleek serpent with a subtle sting.

(Aloud.) Distinguo, friend.

Apothecary. Yes, you were always good At that at least.

Doctor. 'Tis our profession's pride.

Apothecary. But when the formula's the same, good Sir?

Doctor. 'Twixt homœopath and allopath, methinks,

The difference is no casuistic dream,

But a great gulf.

Apothecary. That betwixt quack and savant?

Doctor. Pooh! pooh! I spake but in comparison.

It is the error of your kind to run A chance analogy right off its legs,

Then wonder that the argument should halt.

Apothecary. Well, well, Sir, it is not for me to wrangle,

But to dispense. The dose! *[Hands it.]*

Doctor (sniffing it with much disfavour).

'Tis very nasty!

Apothecary (with feigned astonishment).—Nasty? This dose? Your own prescription?

Doctor (haughtily). Nay!

'Tis none of mine.

Apothecary. I do assure you, Sir!

Here is the document.

Doctor. It hath been doctored; Doctored in fashion unprofessional

By charlatans and sciofists. Sangrados 'Rit but to bleed a pig, or drench a horse,

Or bolus a sick elephant. The ingredients Perchance remain, but the proportions? Pah!

A coarse, and crude, and ill-compacted jorum, Nose-nauseous, tongue-tormenting, stomach-

sickening.

Call this my recipe? *[not.]*

Apothecary (aside, chuckling). He likes it But, argue as he will, he'll have to take it!

[Scene closes.]

Charles and the Children.

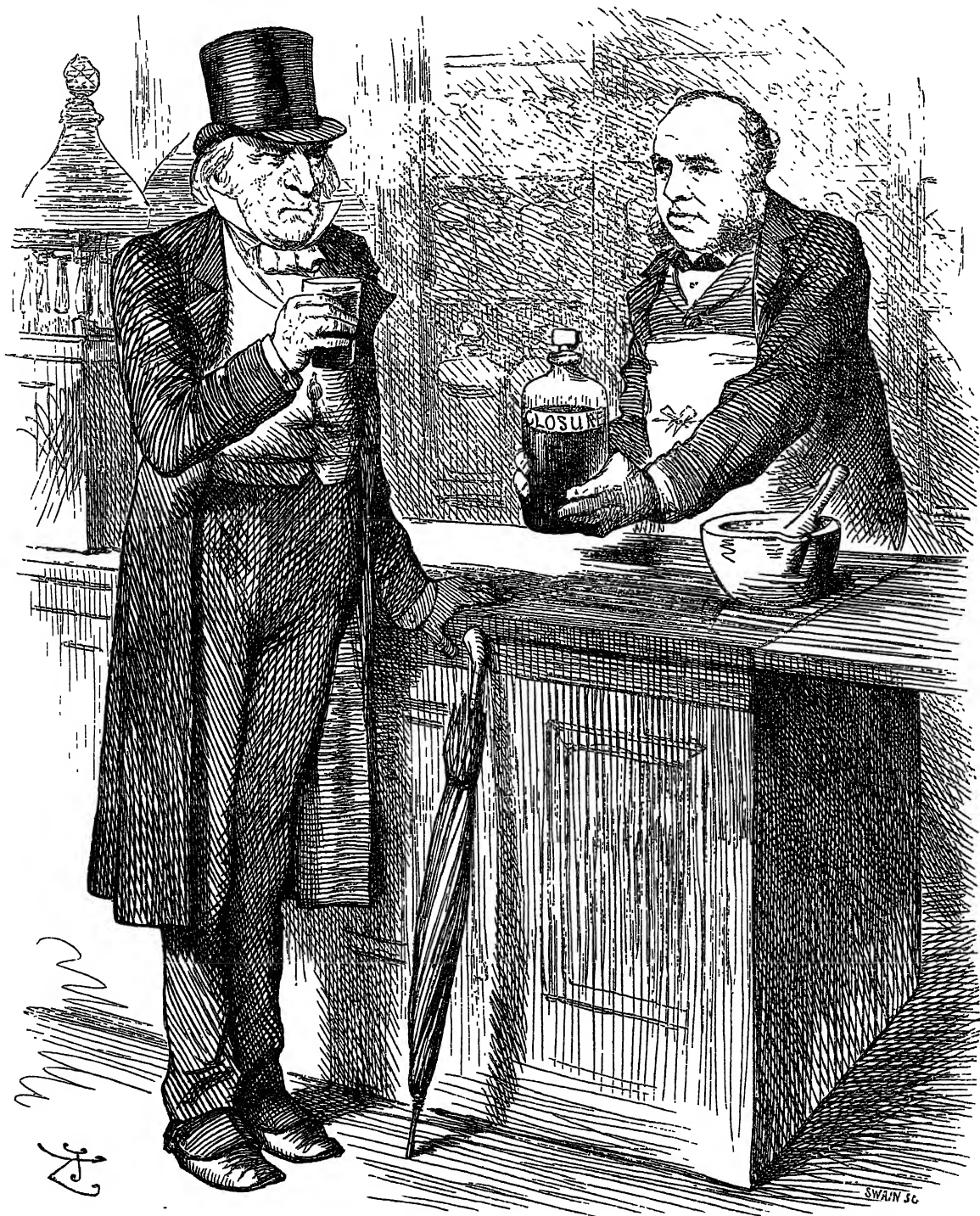
MR. CHARLES WYNNDHAM gives a Children's Jubilee Benefit on the 17th, at the Criterion. "Cri, Baby, Cri!" The popular representative of *David Garrick* will be known as "CHARLES, their Friend." "The 'Cri' is still" (only the "Cri" never is still—"tis always going on), but the remainder of the quotation is true—"they come"—every night till further notice.

Simple!

WE "have not the ear of the people," they say, *[obey.]*

And that's why the Pats will not love and Our Parliament's duty of course then is clear,

'Tis but "getting the right (Irish) pig by the ear."



“THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.”

DOCTOR W. E. G. “UGH! NASTY STUFF!”

APOTHECARY. “NASTY, DOCTOR! WHY, IT’S YOUR OWN PRESCRIPTION!!”

"OPERA OMNIA."

THOUGH *Dinorah* at Covent Garden is so associated with the name of PATTI as to make it odds against anyone else being accepted in the



"The Shadow Dance."

part, no matter how charming her appearance or perfect her vocalisation, yet Miss ELLA RUSSELL did undoubtedly score a distinct success as *Dinorah* last week—a success which, considering the difficulties to be contended with, amounted to a triumph. We trembled for the Shadow Scene, for PATTI was the Shadow, and ELLA RUSSELL is the Substance; and though the acting was no great shakes, yet the singing was, and her last note, far away, up in the air (the air she was singing, of course), took us, and everybody else, by surprise, and after an enthusiastic encore, which could have been trebled, we found ourselves wisely preferring the present substance to the absent shadow. After all, this is only a question of figure; and if PATTI's figure is four hundred a night, no Management can stand

it. Signor STAGI, as the comic *Cosentino*, was rather Singer Stagey in his humour. D'ANDRADE was an excellent *Hoel*. Madame SCALCHI was the Goatherd, "with song," and the quartette of prayerful peasants was one of the hits of the evening. What a boy Madame SCALCHI is! When Signor LAGO engaged her as his contralto, he was not out in his SCALCHI-lation. To see her as *Maffeo Orsini*, the gay young mashing and impetuous page in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and above all to hear her, is a real treat. Strange that our old friend *Lucrezia Borgia* should attract a bigger house than *Dinorah*, but so it was, as anyone conversant with Covent Garden Opera for the last any number of years might have told at once on entering the Theatre, and beholding the radiant appearance of the Hall,—the Covent Garden HALL we mean, so long associated with "the front of the House," who on this occasion looked like one of the "Halls of dazzling delight," with an orchid (*Chamberlainia Unionensis*) in his button-hole, and an extra chair in his hand which he was ordering to be taken immediately into the stalls where there was no more room.



The "But" of the argument.

It was a fine performance. Madame CEPEDA was the wicked *Lucrezia*, and GAYARRÉ with an extra song, charmingly given and vociferously encored—(did it matter what it was about being sung in Italian and unintelligible to a majority, so long as the audience were happy?)—was the hero who is so unhospitably treated by the bad Duke, whose representative on this occasion, Signor LORRAIN, was worse than the Duke was ever intended to be. Yet there was something artistically suggestive of a quivering of conscience in the perpetual tremor of his voice (an effect that can be also artificially produced by beating your breast penitentially while you are singing); and when in his lowest notes, so typical of the basest motives, he was occasionally out of tune, why was this but to subtly remind us that his conduct was not in harmony with all that was good and true?

From this it will be seen that one at least in that audience appreciated Signor LORRAIN. What a charming Opera! Full of melody and melodrama! Away, ye Wagnerites! Give us DONIZETTI in the present, and let the future take care of itself. But, fancy, three Operas!! We are impartial—but what's the betting? Which is to win? Personally we select all three—for a place.

Lohengrin was the success of last week at Drury Lane. The Prince and Princess of WALES patronised both houses—*Lohengrin* one night, and *Lucrezia* in the next. The Rose season is just finishing.

Saturday, at Covent Garden.—A magnificent performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Quite "old times revived"—for they are playing a rival *Lucia* at Her Majesty's, and people are already taking sides with Signor LAGO or Colonel MARLESON, as in the historic days when JENNY LIND was at Her Majesty's and MARIO and GRISI at Covent Garden. Nothing like competition. Signor AUGUSTUS HARRIZI will be saying, "A plague o' both your houses" to them.



FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.

Fubsy. "A—EVERYBODY'S GETTING TOO CLEVER NOWADAYS. I ASSURE YOU, MY CHIEF OBJECT IN SOCIETY IS TO CONCEAL MY IGNORANCE, AND PREVENT PEOPLE FROM FINDING OUT WHAT AN ABJECT FOOL I REALLY AM!"

Miss Towers. "AND DO YOU SUCCEED?"

ALBANI was never in better voice than to-night as *Lucia*; GAYARRÉ surpassed himself, Signor DEVOROD was an excellent *Enrico* (looking rather like Professor HERKOMER), and Signor BELTRAMO as the bass, but sympathetic, *Raimondo*, completed a first-rate cast. Signor CORSI did as much with the unhappy and much-snubbed Bridegroom *Arturo* as could be expected of anyone under such trying circumstances, and the old nobility of Scotland, kindly, but somewhat prim in their manners, came out effectively in the chorus which chimes in with the septette in the Second Act, and keeping their eye on Signor BEVIGNANI's beat—this is to speak of the Conductor as if he were a policeman—assisted in winning an enthusiastic encore. A great success, difficult to equal, much more to beat. Now let us hear what our Other Chap has to say of *Lucia* in the Haymarket.

At Her Majesty's.—The Other Chap says *Lucia* was being played while Another Fellow was at Covent Garden. The house was not unpleasantly crowded—the orchestra was quite full, but there were several vacant places elsewhere. The performance was interesting. Signor DE ANNA as *Ashton* scored a success, both as a singer and an actor. He has a powerful voice well under control, and a fund of quiet humour that should be useful to him in lighter parts. His calm contempt for the miserable guests (apparently poor relations) he had invited to his sister's wedding was most amusing. The great feature of the occasion (barring my own presence in the theatre) was the *début* of Mlle. JENNY BROCH, who created a favourable impression by her well-intentioned execution of the very trying passages of the Mad Scene. The chief fault of this young lady's acting was her proneness to express extreme agitation by suddenly falling flat on her back; but this embarrassing habit found ample compensation in her musical athletics—the "vocal fireworks" were quite worthy of BROCH.



"TO BE QUITE ACCURATE."

Counsel. "MARRIED?" Witness "No." Counsel. "SINGLE?" Witness. "No!"
 Counsel. "AH—WIDOW?" Witness. "No!"
 Counsel. "BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, SURELY YOU MUST BE ONE OR——"
 Witness (simpering). "NO—ENGAGED!"

FLOWERS OF PLAIN SPEECH. (*An apology by an Optimist.*)—Why take a pessimist view of House of Commons language? You can't call it un-English. Isn't even the worst of it, at any rate, somewhat of the Vulgar Tongue? Grant the fastidious Tory and finical Aristocrat that vituperation, invective, aspersion, and the application of forcible expressions to obnoxious opponents may perhaps have resulted from the popular election of Men of the People—Manhood Suffrage. A man's a man for a' that. Rough diamonds are still diamonds, and diamonds that shouldn't be cut. Opprobrious epithets may be allowed, as the natural utterances of reasoners in a rage. Everybody when in a rage is in earnest. Earnestness means sincerity. Indignant, passionate, and infuriated assailants bespeak themselves sincere. Of course they sometimes vent their animosity in terms such as cold-blooded scribes can only indicate by blanks, dashes and stars. Well, but the latter do but serve to suggest luminous points. Let us evermore look at the bright, not the dark side of things, and of words also, which, from a one-sided view, may seem just a little shady. "No abuse that, no abuse."

"THEY'RE ALL VERY POOR AND SMALL."

A Comic Song for all Companies.

ATR—"They're all very fine and large."

To be magnanimous in these times
 Is not a thing that pays,
 Largeness of soul is the worst of crimes
 In our self-seeking days.
 The great to belittle is to be great,
 And spite alone is strong;
 It is the mainspring of the State,
 The soul of Art and Song.

Chorus.

We're all very poor and small,
 We revel in reptile slime!
 We aim to rise by another's fall,
 We sneer at a hope sublime.
 We're the crawlers of creation,
 And proud of our power to crawl,
 Save a limited few, say a dozen or two,
 We're all very poor and small.

If our lives to love we dedicate,
 Or pipe of its power in verse,
 Our souls we cannot emancipate
 From the old *Tannhauser* curse.
 We sing the sensual sweets of shame,
 From a selfless love we shrink; ["wee'd?"]
 What is love but greed, as for wine or
 Is a damsel dearer than drink?

Chorus.

We are all very poor and small,
 Cynical, sordid, coarse,
 To Courts of Love man once was thrall,
 Our Court is—that of Divorce.
 Cheap freedom, hot sensation,
 It furnishes to us all,
 Which no modern Muse will dare refuse,
 They are all very poor and small.

That man must be a maudlin dunce,
 What wise men term a "mug,"
 Who hears of "chivalry"—actual once—
 Without a cynic shrug.
 Magnanimous muffs perchance exist,
 Rare dodos, here and there;
 But love is moonshine, loyalty mist.
 To the most who breathe the earth's air.

Chorus.

They're all very poor and small,
 They're faithless, sordid, mean;
 For honour's honey they've envy's gall,
 For sentiment, cynical spleen.
 If you want to whip creation,
 To soar you first must crawl;
 Think less of wings than fangs and stings;
 Men are all very poor and small.

A NEW "Mystic Story," entitled *The Day Ghost*, is announced for "immediate publication." Should it be successful, no doubt it will be followed, as companion volumes, by *The Afternoon Phantom*, *The Five o' Clock Tea Shade*, and *The Supper Spectre*, which again would suggest a further "Tale of Terror," *The Luncheon Bogey*.

RHYMES ON A HOME-RULER.

A MAN there is of noted name,
 Which all men don't pronounce the same,
 But if you would the question sift,
 You only need to read your SWIFT.
 Thus, after HORACE, in a parley
 With OXFORD, to the Dean says HARLEY—
 "Or, have you nothing new to-day
 From POPE, from PARNELL, or from GAY?"
 So wrote the Dean, as also spoke he,
 Not an iambus, but a trochee.
 Henceforth you'll place the accent right,
 And thank us for this PARNELL light.

IN STATU QUO.

A MEETING of the London Statues was held at midnight (the exact date of which has not yet transpired) to consider the best mode of celebrating HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee. The Duke of WELLINGTON (late of Hyde Park Corner), who came up specially from Aldershot to be present on the occasion, presided.

The CHAIRMAN said that he felt very much flattered at being asked to take the Chair, or, rather, to retain his seat on his horse—(laughter)—at so interesting a gathering. No doubt it was considered by many he saw before him that he, who did not claim kindred with the QUEEN, was better fitted to preside than those who were bound to her by ties of relationship. ("Hear, hear!") However, he begged to remind them that he had the honour of being the godfather of H.R.H. Lieutenant-General the Duke of CONNAUGHT, C.B., who, as Treasurer of Gray's Inn, was most worthily commemorating the Jubilee. (Cheers.) He would be glad to receive any suggestion, as, being now an absentee from London, he was scarcely fitted to take the lead in any plan affecting the Metropolis. ("Hear, hear!")

A Statue who said he was the Duke of WELLINGTON, and who gave an address somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, here created a disturbance by claiming to be the "real London Hero of Waterloo." By order of the Chairman, the person, who wore a very eccentric costume, was promptly removed.

GEORGE THE THIRD then rose amidst some applause, and said that he had taken the liberty of convening the meeting, as he had had a Jubilee himself. ("Hear, hear!") There had recently appeared a suggestion that St. Paul's



NOT IN THE CAST OF THE PIECE.

B-l-n-g-r. "AHA! THEY HAVE NOT GIVEN ME A PART!
NO MATTER! A TIME WILL COME!"

should be completely washed. Why should not they have the same advantage? ("Hear, hear!") He might add that his hat required a thorough renovation. The speaker was here entering into further details concerning the condition of his costume, when he was suppressed by the Closure at the instigation of

GEORGE THE FOURTH, who complained piteously that he cut a very ridiculous figure in Trafalgar Square in a wig and Roman toga.

RICHARD THE FIRST (Westminster) said it was no use to lament their personal appearances. ("Hear, hear!") The matter had been thoroughly thrashed out by the Press a score of times, and, although he was a favourable specimen of a statue ("Hear, hear!" and "No, no."), there was no doubt that it was universally admitted that, as a whole, they disgraced the Metropolis. (Cheers.) He would suggest that they should all be removed to Westminster Abbey, where they would have the advantage of witnessing the ceremony. ("Hear, hear!")

It was objected that there would not be room, and, after a suggestion (from CHARLES THE FIRST, who quoted a precedent) that they should all be buried, it was agreed that it would be better to remove them *en bloc* from London to some unfrequented part of the country, in honour of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee. It was asserted that this plan would be received by the public at large with the most lively satisfaction.

↑ Cock-crow having sounded, the Meeting separated rather hurriedly.

A CORONER's unpleasant duty is to "sit on a body." Mr. VULLIAMY, the Suffolk Coroner, seems to have found a pleasure in sitting on every body.

THE APPLE-CART.

(An Original Poetical Fancy, by A New Bard in his Calmure Moments)

TIME—Autumn. SCENE—The Orchard.

PERSONAGES—A Gentleman (of weak head). A Lady (of tender heart).

Gentleman (gloomily). Why, what a rogue and peasant-slave am I!

Lady (soothingly). Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet.

(Impatiently.) Angels and ministers of grace defend us! [He groans.

The quality of mercy is not strained,

And all the men and women merely players,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!

G. (curiously). Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned?

L. (nervously). Neither, sweet Saint, if either thee displease.

G. (thoughtfully). I have a tree, which grows here in my close,

Which droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven,

And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,

Let Hercules himself do what he may.

(Apple-cart upset in the background. *Aesthetic Sunset.* Soft music.)

L. (romantically). Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

Take him, and cut him out in little stars,

Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubin;

When they are fretted with the gusts of Heaven!

(Anxiously.) How dost thou, CHARLES?

G. (inattentively). Now—is the winter of our discontent

To be, or not to be? That is the question.

And shortly must I tell it. Tell my friends

(Excitedly.) To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault!

(Frantically.) I am not mad! this hair I tear is mine!

L. (promptly). For ever and for ever farewell, CASSIUS!

Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content—

And deeper than did ever plummet sound!

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me! [Exit precipitately.

G. (triumphantly). And d—d be he who first cries, Hold, enough!

[Sits himself on stump of Apple-tree.

This is my Throne. Bid Kings come bow to it. [Curtain.

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

It ought to be very consolatory, and even highly gratifying to me, to learn what a very large number of friends I have in our grand old City. But it somehow scarcely seems to have that effect. I am utterly unacquainted with them, never having seen their several names previously, and yet they favour me with minute details, not of mere probabilities but of absolute certainties of making a large fortune by the investment of a comparatively very small sum.

I received last week five of such generous offers, rather more than my weekly average. The very lowest return for my suggested investment was 17 per cent. per annum, but that was spoken of in a rather depressed tone as if 17 per cent. was scarcely worthy of my attention in comparison with so many others that were probably being offered to me.

And my unknown friend was perfectly right in his supposition. What is 17 per cent. per annum compared to the offer of a few shares in a gold mine, of such almost incredible richness, that the gold was shining in the surrounding rocks in such abundance, that the Directors were only waiting for the means for purchasing the necessarily rather expensive plant, to make every shareholder "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," which means, according to the illustrious SAMUEL JOHNSON, rich as a Brewer—and how rich that is we learned the other day from Sir SOMEBODY GUINNESS. The one matter that prevented me immediately rushing into this realised El Dorado, was the trifling circumstance that it was situate in the very uttermost parts of the earth, and my stupid Atlas utterly failed to describe its locality.

I have a few friends on the Stock Exchange, and on talking these several matters over with them, I find my statements invariably produce the same results. They first laugh quietly at what they call my charming simplicity, and then strongly recommended me not to mention generally what I thought was the complimentary manner in which I seemed to be selected by my unknown friends, lest it should be thought to be a sign that my knowledge upon these particular matters was not quite so great as it doubtless is upon all others. This may of course be mere jealousy, but it has had the

effect of making me refuse to lend a most gentlemanly man, though a perfect stranger, a sum of £3,500, for which I was to receive a nice little comfortable revenue of one thousand a-year, payable quarterly, secured on his own personal guarantee, the first quarter's revenue to be paid in advance, a mark of confidence that I thoroughly appreciated, but somehow did not reciprocate.

I certainly feel rather ashamed of myself for my want of faith in my fellow man, and also for my apparent want of courtesy in not writing to my several unknown friends thanking them for their extremely generous offers to allow me to share in their good fortune; but, having done so on one or two occasions, I found myself so overwhelmed with explanatory correspondence, that I was compelled to seek refuge in dogged silence.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

NO. XXVII.—MRS. SKINNER, THE LANDLADY.

THAT "Todgers could do it when it liked," we have high authority for believing; but it may be taken as equally indisputable that *Todgers* when she betakes herself to the letting of lodgings, can do you when she likes and that she invariably *does* like.



Some years ago there was a picture in this paper of the old lady who delighted in organs. She was represented as performing a wild jig to the melody of one of those instruments, and in Megs Terrace, the first sunshine and West wind of the Jubilee Year was doubtless hailed with similar saltatory exultation. Those veteran spiders pictured flies from afar off with well-filled pockets fluttering into their webs and being promptly phlebotomised. Was it not the Jubilee Year? Were not Her Majesty's subjects from all ends of the earth coming to see the show, and take part in

"the kick up," and was not gold galore to be scattered wide by these "innocents." Were they not to be made to remember the Jubilee Year. Had not such chances on a smaller scale come before, but was ever such an opportunity as this. Lodgings, cab-fares, provisions &c., would be doubled, nay, trebled. A florin for a chop and a guinea a week for the privilege of sleeping in the dustbin.

Gather ye florins while ye may,
Your charges don't be shy in.

Sang, or rather would have sung, Mrs. SKINNER, had she been given that way, as she marshalled her forces and prepared for the campaign. "Put plenty of fire-bricks into the grates, JEMIMA, — our little scuttles seem to go further when they can't put 'em all on at once, and coals is profitable when you retail 'em by the lump."

JEMIMA is Mrs. SKINNER's niece, a most affable young lady, who condescends to officiate as parlour-maid. There is no false delicacy about JEMIMA. She puts herself at once upon the most friendly footing with her Aunt's lodgers, and volunteers her advice upon any subject that may be discussed in her presence, with a freedom that is well nigh maddening. Complaints JEMIMA treats in a jocular way. That the dinner should be half an hour late, or the sitting-room fire out seems to amuse her excessively. She beams all over at your indignant remonstrance, and smilingly responds "Lor! so it is, Mum!"

On the answering of bells Megs Terrace generally shows a lofty indifference, holding that lodgers must be kept in their places, and not pampered by too much attention. "If you want a thing done, do it yourself; and there's nobody can brush clothes like them as is going to wear 'em," is an established creed in Megs Terrace, and that attendance is meant to be paid for, not rendered, a subject that admits of no dispute. Megs Terrace is in a great state of exultation as the April sun shines out upon it. The impenetrable gloom in which its denizens have dwelt of late has slightly dashed their spirits. When one lives by gaslight, and even loses that extensive prospect of "over the way," so eulogised by *Mr. Swiveller*, it is difficult to take a cheerful view of life. Moreover, the early sight-

seers were no more to be looked for than swallows in such weather. But with the West wind Megs Terrace began to furbish itself up, and look more hopefully at that bait of "Apartments" with which its windows were so plentifully bespattered. Surely this would lure the feminine population from the provinces with minds much exercised on the subject of Spring fashions; and when it became a question of shopping, Megs Terrace flattered itself it was "all there," and within a stone's-throw of all the noted emporiums of the West End.

Megs Terrace is regarded by its inhabitants as the very eye of the Metropolis, the very centre of the fashionable world. If you may believe Mrs. SKINNER, its locality is exceptionally favoured in the matter of provisions. A remark on your part that a wild duck is an uncertain bird, apt to be fishy, is immediately met by the rejoinder, "We never has 'em fishy in Megs Terrace." It appears, also, that in the case of butcher's meat and poultry this dingy-looking paradise is similarly favoured. "We never has anything but the best joints in Megs Terrace," reiterates Mrs. SKINNER with stony inflexible face that declines to discuss such a subject. When what she denominates a chicken *fricassée* arrives, your want of belief in the poultry of the neighbourhood is confirmed, mingled with the conviction that somebody dined upon that fowl before it was hashed up for you. Mrs. SKINNER has a way of brushing away all complaint or argument by simple assertion. When Mrs. SKINNER has once stated a thing, it is hopeless to suppose that the most glaring proofs of her being in the wrong would make the slightest difference in her opinion. She's more autocratic than King THEBAW in the plenitude of his power; and the "Perhaps you would suit yourself elsewhere" with which she closes the conference, is a ukase from which there is no appeal.

Mrs. SKINNER is a woman who has let lodgings to some purpose — a hard woman, who has studied the subject and solved the extreme possibilities of indirect taxation. She has got a nice little bit of money laid by, and could retire from her vocation to-morrow if she chose, but she knows that she would weary of doing nothing. Without lodgers to plunder and browbeat, Mrs. SKINNER would find life tedious. She has her weaknesses, but never permits them to interfere with her business, any reference to which invariably calls up the stony stare. The first is her personal appearance. She dresses on high days and holidays in the most expensive fashion, not garishly but richly, and cherishes the belief that she is still a most attractive woman, and might speedily have her finger ringed if she could make up her mind to part with her independence. She is probably right upon this point, as there are plenty of idle men of her class who would ask no better than to so anchor themselves for life; but Mrs. SKINNER is not going to have her hard-earned money scattered in that wise. As for the defunct SKINNER, he is the most shadowy of shades, and the general impression is, that after some years of spinsterhood the good lady thought it advisable to assume brevet rank. Her second weakness is for a little something hot and strong in the evening, and under its influence she is wont to relax, and, with a little encouragement, recount to a sympathetic listener the rôle of her conquests. In an unguarded moment, she, upon one of these occasions, divulged some of the secrets of her calling, and rather opened the eyes of her lodger.

"Yes, potatoes, Ma'am. I always send them up potatoes, whether they want 'em or not. You see I buy them by the sack, and sell 'em top price, by the pound."

The little something hot and strong must have been wrongly estimated in regard to strength or quantity that evening, for Mrs. SKINNER went into further revelations that made that lodger's flesh creep. As to how she fed the second floor upon the debris of the first floor's dinner, and those second-floorers, poor innocents, wondered how it was that their dinner was always *half an hour late*.

"Thank you, my dear," continued Mrs. SKINNER, increasing in familiarity, and stealing her hand out towards the whiskey decanter; "it's a hard life, but there are pickings to be had; and it's not a bad profession when you understand it."

To do her justice, it was rarely Mrs. SKINNER was overtaken in this fashion; but that lodger remembered she, too, was "a second-floorer," that her dinners had been unaccountably late, and beat a hasty retreat from Megs Terrace.

But Mrs. SKINNER is high of heart about the profits that will be made over this Jubilee Year. Like all her class, she is impressed with the idea that the rush to celebrate the fiftieth year of Her MAJESTY's reign from all parts of the world will resemble that to the gold-fields some quarter of a century ago, and that the providers of food and lodging will be paid in similar royal fashion. Keeping a grocery store in those days was as good in Australia or California as having hit off a most successful "claim." Poor Mrs. SKINNER, she works hard, and grinds persistently at her mill both late and early; and if she increases her store by a little peculation, are there not many others who are getting their living by doing the same on a grander scale, and who live and die much respected? May she have plenty of victims, and not succumb to the wiles of man in the decline of life, but wear silks and peddle potatoes to the last.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

YOUNG Amateur Reciter, pardon the apparent abruptness of the question—but have you ever loved and been rejected? Because, if you have not, the following Poem is beyond your scope. It is dedicated exclusively to the Blighted, for it deals with a tragic misunderstanding between two fond young hearts, which to some will doubtless appear trivial enough—although *Mr. Punch* has read many a novel in which two lives were shipwrecked upon a rock far less substantial. Yes, there is genuine tragedy in the subject, which can only be properly developed by that insight which comes from bitter experience.



Most young Male Reciters are persuaded that it has been peculiarly given to them to represent the varying phases of feminine emotion in a pleasing and dramatic manner. Far be it from *Mr. Punch*, or his Poet, to gainsay their possession of this talent, for the display of which exceptional facilities have been provided in:—

THE WOOING OF THE LADY AMABEL.

In her boudoir, faintly perfumed by some sweet and subtle vapour,
With the grace of lissome indolence lies Lady AMABEL;

And from time to time her taper fingers plunge within a paper,
Whence they carry to her coral lips the happy caramél.

'Tis a dainty well adapted to induce a sentimental
Train of thought, and soon her fancy fleets to young Sir PEVERIL:
He is handsome, highbred, gentle, (figures five express his rental)

And—although he has not spoken yet—she little doubts he will!
(Give this line with a kind of maidenly archness. It is more difficult to render this than you perhaps imagine, and we should strongly advise you to rehearse it carefully before a mirror.)

Now she drops in charming girlish guilt the last romance from MUDIE'S—
For Sir PEVERIL has entered! all his goodly face aglow
With reluctance to intrude—he's quite aware his conduct rude is,
But the Countess has assured him that he will not be *de trop*!
(With concerned wonder.) She whose mien would grace Princesses, now embodied awkwardness is!

And conceals, as might a village maid, the blush she cannot quell;
Well his object here she guesses, but—although her answer "Yes" is—
(Confidential aside.) Like a limed bird her fluttering tongue is clogged with caramél!

(Pause; light narrative tone.) After many a lame apology for cutting short her
Young Sir PEVERIL has summoned all his courage to begin,
And with passion now is pleading. From his tone of interceding
She can gather that he fears her hand is difficult to win!

So he all his eloquence employs—his eyes with ardour glisten:
(All unconscious he's besieging a surrendered citadel!) (Confidential aside again.
But she cannot tell him this—unhappily, she can but listen.

(Here you should indicate slight facial contortion.—[are—
Making frantic furtive efforts to absorb her caramél!
(Manly passion.) "Oh, deem not that my burning words a boy's extravagance
For I love you with a passion that my tongue would fail to tell!" (Hand on heart.
Do I not deserve an answer?" (Rapid change to confidential aside.) How his
rhapsodies entrance her!

(Regretfully.) But the pearly portals of her speech are barred by caramél!
Sir P. (growing anxiety.) "Have I been but over-confident—and can I be
distasteful

To the one whose guide and stay through life I thought to have become?
(Desperately.) Then in pity let me know it!" (Pause; then sadly.) But
with too cohesive paste full

Is her dewy mouth; and so, perforce, fair AMABEL is dumb!
"Is it time you need?" he questions, with humility pathetic,
"Never fear that I by sudden scare your judgment would compel!"
(Business here.) She makes efforts energetic to resolve the seal hermetic
Of involuntary silence—but 'tis set in caramél! (cigar lit,
Sir P. (again reproachful.) "There was a time when graciously for me you my
And you hovered near me as I smoked, and said you 'loved' the smell—
Were you but trifling with me then?—(with painful conviction)—or why that
sudden scarlet?"

(Aside.) But she's flushing with vexation at her stubborn caramél.
(Grieved dignity.) From your silence I must gather you have acted insincerely,
And your little feet a bleeding heart have trampled in the dust!
(Broken accents.) For I loved you, ah, so dearly!—but at last I see too clearly
That I've centred all my hopes on one unworthy of my trust!
Can you no word of answer deign—encouraging or chilling?
Thrice a fool is he who seeks to touch the heart of a coquette! (Bitterly.
Since you're obviously unwilling, I—(dawning hope)—but stay, your eyes are
filling!

Only whisper one shy syllable, in sign you love me yet?" (Tender invitation.

(Tragic recitative.) And she's writhing in her anguish,
with a dreary wonder whether [spell;
She is under the benumbing blight of some enchanter's
For a link of homied leather locks her ruby lips together,
And the pent emotion cannot pass that gag of caramél!
Then Sir PEVERIL, with an agony he vainly seeks to
smother,

Says: "Your silence I interpret now—you are no longer
free! [Nod head with mournful knowingness.
But are plighted to Another, and regard me "as a
brother,"

(Which I cannot say I care about!) then—there's no
hope for me?" [Extend hands, palms upward.

Still this silence! Then I leave you—though you care
not to be my mate, [good-bye.
Though you do not hold me worth the boon of e'en a brief
Should the cannibals some time eat me in Africa's sultry
climate,

I may win a posthumous regard entombed within a pie!
(Bitter emphasis on "posthumous" of a man who feels
himself unappreciated in life.)

Thus he leaves her: Down the corridor his heavy foot-
step echoes, [a knell;
While his parting words are ringing in her singing ears
And 'tis hers for evermore to feel her life its dismal
wreck owes

To immoderate indulgence in the tempting caramél!

This is the legitimate and only really artistic finale; but
the Poet, on reciting it to two of his Aunts, found that
they wept so uncontrollably, that he was obliged to com-
pose a sedative stanza, which he appends here as an
alternative ending by way of concession to those who
resent too heavy a demand upon their tear-ducts.

Then the caramél relents at last!—(you find the phrase
fantastic? [kind)—

But it melts—although from motives not intentionally
And she manages to masticate the morsel so elastic,
As she murmurs: "Though I've been so dumb—need
you have been so blind?" (Bring in your maidenly
archness again for last line; rainbow effect.)

One last caution; the two concluding stanzas are
strictly alternative—so, don't recite them both!

CRICKET CATCHES.

By D. Crambo, Junior.



A Forward Style.



Out with a Beautiful Bailer.



Collaring the Bowling.



A Prominent Player.



Sent Back with a Shooter.



A Difficult Wicket.



HUMAN NATURE.

Angelina. "WHATEVER MADE YOU TELL UNCLE HARPAGON YOU'RE MAKING £5000 A YEAR—WHEN, WITH ALL YOUR HARD WORK AND ALL MY ECONOMY, WE CAN SCARCELY MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET?"

Edwin. "MY LOVE, HE'S WORTH HALF A MILLION, AND IF HE THINKS WE DON'T WANT IT, HE'LL VERY LIKELY LEAVE IT ALL TO US!"

A ROYAL HOUSE-WARMING.

It was a question what should be done with them. There was such a lot of them. And each of them had a suite. Of course if they had come unattended, bringing only a valet or a maid, it would have been possible to put them all up at Buckingham Palace—with a little crowding. But not at all. This man had his chamberlain, that a master of the horse, or somebody. So they had to be spread over as large an area as possible.

There was not much question as to whom should be housed at Pimlico. The kings of course had the call, although some of them (for family reasons) preferred Marlborough House. The Belgians, the Portuguese, Saxony and all the Berlin contingent, with the gentleman from Vienna, had absolutely a right to reside in the Palace of Pimlico. Then there was the Italian Duke who had been a King once upon a time in Spain (he retired after he had had quite enough of it)—well, he might expect to be put up in Buckingham House. And these, with the members of "the Family" quite exhausted the accommodation in Pimlico.

Marlborough House, always hospitable, opened its doors to anyone, but especially to anyone more intimately connected with Denmark. "Only too pleased to see anybody" was the idea, but the central notion was "Denmark." Lucky *voyageurs* who got to Marlborough House. Quite sure of a very good time. Theatres, operas, everything! A real good time! Clarence House drew the line at Russia. In Edinburgh a bawbee is a bawbee, and, even when guns don't go off, a "saxpence" is sometimes capable of "banging." So the line was drawn at Russia. The inhabitants of the Wild North are no doubt an admirable race, but not too amusing. So perhaps they were a trifle *triste*. It is to be hoped, if this was indeed the case, that dark moments were chased away by fiddling, and there was some one at hand to compensate the fiddler. And, for the rest, there were hotels. One opposite Buckingham Palace, most conveniently situated. "Sleep out, and take meals in the house." That was the idea. And then there were private lodgings. So, when all is said and done, why should they not be comfortable? Even the Siamese and other darkies were appropriately put up. Yes, and this last feat was performed without asking for accommodation at the Hall of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels!

ROYAL JUBILEE CRICKET SCORE.

"50! Not Out."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR PLEASURE-SEEKERS.

Question. Did you see the *Amber Heart* at the Lyceum?

Answer. I did, at a crowded *Matinée*, in a temperature apparently of several hundreds in the shade.

Q. Did you find it a "poetic fancy"?

A. I found it rather dry. It reminded me of the *Palace of Truth*, with the "GILBERT squeak" left out.

Q. Was it well played?

A. By Miss ELLEN TERRY to admiration. Mr. WILLARD was also very good. But the piece was dreary.

Q. Where there no comic characters?

A. Mr. KEMBLE was intended to be mirth-provoking, as a fat old man desirous of marriage; and Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE, on the whole, amused me as a troubadour.

Q. Were Miss ELLEN TERRY omitted from the caste, would you go to a second performance of the *Amber Heart*?

A. Certainly, if dragged thither by wild omnibus horses.

Q. But not otherwise? *A.* Not otherwise.

Q. You have also been to Mr. CUSINS—he will be Sir CUSINS soon—Annual Concert. Did anything surprise you thereat?

A. I was certainly astonished and grieved to learn that Mr. SIMS REEVES was unable to sing on account of indisposition.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL give a recitation?

A. Of passages from *The Hunchback*? Yes. Modern morning dress in lieu of ruffs, doublets, and farthingales, was a little embarrassing—especially to the gentlemen.

Q. Was there any good singing?

A. Some admirable singing. Mr. SANTLEY was in excellent voice, Mme. TREBELLI perfect, and Signor CHAMPI the Chee-ampion Comique.

Q. Have there been any other morning performances?

A. Certainly—a great many. But I have not been to any of them.

Q. Really—why not? *A.* Because I am a pleasure-seeker!

EN PASSANT.

THIS fashion of having sunshades with a number of ribs terminating in sharp pointed spikes all round, is no doubt a pretty one, but could not ladies contrive to wield their weapons so as to make the peril to passers-by somewhat less?

No, it's not so much the fact that the whole of my left cheek has been laid open down to the bone by a lady's sunshade, which causes me irritation, as the desire expressed by the lady that I should apologise for my awkwardness in getting in her way!

This is the third new hat that I have had knocked off into the gutter this week by a passing parasol.

Policeman! Would you be so kind as to call a cab to take me to the nearest Eye-Hospital? And you might perhaps speak to that nice-looking young lady with the red parasol over there, who has just sent one of the prongs deep into my eye-socket, in case her evidence may be required at the Inquest.

As I am invited to three garden-parties this week, perhaps I had better insure my life before going to any of them.

No doubt a poke in the small of the back by a spike, shaped like a miniature javelin is exhilarating; but I prefer going to my doctor when I want something to give my constitution a filip.

Why do not the young ladies who insist on twirling their sunshades, take out patents for a new kind of circular saw?

When can a lady be said to give the cut direct to a gentleman she has never set eyes on before?—When she lacerates his face by an adroit and unexpected movement of her parasol.

Considering that, as has been truly observed, "the edges of a sunshade carried by a lady of ordinary height are just about the level of a gentleman's hat or eyes," could not a law be passed to compel damsels with parasols to walk on stilts?

If carriages may be said to obey the rule of the road, ladies in summer-time certainly enjoy the rule of the pavement.

RED SHIRT says:—"If I had only had a modern sunshade with me in the Far West, I should have been able to do a great deal more scalping than I ever actually accomplished, and in about half the time."

May the spikes of a fashionable parasol be properly described as a new kind of "fading points"?

JUBILEE GUESTS.



Lord Chamberlain. "ALL RIGHT, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES. YOU'LL ALL BE ATTENDED TO IN YOUR TURNS."

PITY the sorrows of a Chamberlain, [door!]
(Ah, yes, your Royal Highness, that's your
Filled with perplexity and courtly pain.
(A Jubilee's a bore.)

'Midst pleasures and 'midst palaces to roam,
Is nice for foreign dignities, no doubt;
But then they've lots of palaces at home,
Which we are quite without.

A cab-full of Serenities, to "place"
In Grand Hotels, their grumbling mouths
to muzzle, [Grace!]
Is what I call (Number Fourteen, Your
The real "Jubilee Puzzle."

The Turks now! How I envy the snug posts
of them.
Civilisation is but pain and loss for us.

(At six, Sire?) Palaces? Why they have
hosts of them
All round about the Bosphorus.

Well, I must do my best. (All in good time,
Serene Transparencies!) The post of
"Boots"
My office, which I used to think sublime,
This sort of thing scarce suits.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 6th.—House of Commons back again, after Whitsun recess. Lords defer their coming. In meantime British Constitution must try to drag along without them. Effort to-night rather melancholy. Benches nearly empty. GLADSTONE "still in Wales' belly," as CAVENTISH BENTINCK (who is here) says; "and precious glad it'll be to get rid of him," he adds, rumping his hair wrong way. HARTINGTON strolled in at question-time, but presently decamped. CHAMBERLAIN didn't look in at all. These deficiencies made up by presence of HARCOURT, who spread himself over seat of Leader of Opposition, and smiled in patronising manner on the Mace.

Fuller gathering on Treasury Bench. SMITH in familiar attitude, with hands on knees, ready to "pounce." To him enter AKERS-DOUGLAS, who has been counting noses in House and ante-rooms. "Can't muster more than a hundred," he reported. "No chance of pouncing to-night." Old Morality sat back disappointed. Temper evidently ruffled. Snapped at BRADLAUGH when he wanted to know about Burmah Ruby Mines, and scowled on DIXON HARTLAND when he asked for facilities to proceed with his Bill for Regulation of Theatres. Only six questions on paper, after which, House resolved itself into Committee of Supply, and pounded away on Civil Service Estimates till Two o'Clock in the morning.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Coercion Bill on to-night, but not even its powerful attraction sufficient to draw House. GLADSTONE, on his way home from Wales, made a speech hundreds of miles long—all the way from Cardiff to Paddington. Occasional application of Clôture on the part of Guard in charge of train. CHAMBERLAIN looked in for few minutes. Very little here now. Less even than HARTINGTON. SMITH at the opening of sitting vaguely hinted at pending Closure. "I am not in a position to do it at this moment," he plaintively remarked, looking round at his supporters, who did not number a hundred. "But will see by-and-by," he added, pulling himself together, and assuming air of jollity in painful circumstances.

Soon as House got into Committee of Supply, BALFOUR wanted to make statement. At this stage can be done only by general consent. TIM HEALY objected. HARCOURT patronisingly told BALFOUR to go on. Tried to go on accordingly. TIM HEALY on his legs again. BALFOUR pettishly said if that was the way he was to be received, wouldn't make statement at all, and so sat down. Irish Members laughed to see such fun. Got just what they wanted.

PARNELL turned up, looking like a ghost. Urged his friends not to linger over immaterial Amendments. A cloud of Amendments accordingly brushed off the paper. This looked promising, but true

only temporary. TIM HEALY having discovered sore place with ARTHUR BALFOUR, kept prodding him till at last he declined to discuss amendment with him. Irish Members more than ever delighted with this evidence of weakness. TIM joyously returned to attack. Might have gone on for half an hour,

"When comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the long-drawn speech."

That's OSBORNE MORGAN's way of putting it, having been down among the Welsh Bards. In plain English, SMITH having ascertained that two hundred supporters were present "pounded," and TIM shut up. Encouraged by success, pounced again, half an hour later, but was pulled up by Chairman.

After this rebuff O. M. went to sleep. Debate went on till nearly Three in the morning.

Business done.—Coercion Bill.

Wednesday.—GLADSTONE back in House to-day. In high spirits; delighted with his trip to Wales; wears a leek in button-hole, and speaks with decidedly Welsh accent. Is engaged in studying parish records of Llanymnech. Has a strong suspicion that either he was himself born there, or that one of his mother's aunts was a Welshwoman by birth. Shall hear more of this by-and-by. In meantime, he tells me he intends to take rank as a Bard. Has been teaching HERBERT to call him by his Bardic name, *Ddu*. HERBERT says that's not the way to spell the word. GLADSTONE explains that it's Welsh, and has historic associations. Wonderful the enthusiasm of the old man. Shouldn't be at all surprised to find him some night sitting at the Bar in Bardic costume with harp, singing the dirge of the Government.

Business done.—Coercion Bill.

Thursday.—Red letter night for TIM. Began early with accusing ARTHUR BALFOUR of making a statement which was "a mere quibble." No doubt of accuracy of description; but SPEAKER objected to phrase adopted. In conversation which followed, TIM proposed to cross-examine SPEAKER. Did he, he wanted to know, rule that the word "quibble" was unparliamentary? SPEAKER wouldn't commit himself and finally having gained his point, TIM consented to withdraw.

"Our allies are at least gentlemen," said HARCOURT, glancing at CHAMBERLAIN's empty seat. "But gentlemen don't usually answer a plain question by a paltry quibble."

"I beg your pardon?" asked BALFOUR across the table.

"Oh, nothing!" said HARCOURT.

TIM ran amuck all night in Committee on Coercion Bill. It was One o'Clock in the morning when his great opportunity came. BALFOUR moved to omit Sub-Section providing for Change of Venue. Promised to introduce another Bill, substituting a Commission of Judges. HARCOURT made unusually effective speech. Old Morality appeared at table to reply. Just started when TIM interposed.

"I claim, Sir," he shouted, "that the question be now put."

Old Morality stood aghast. Hour or two earlier had moved the Closure himself. Had done it once or twice every evening since Rule passed. Now, when rising to counteract damaging speech from Front Opposition Bench, had the Closure put on him! Slowly sank into a seat; gazed straight before him with parted lips. Nothing for Chairman to do but put the question. SMITH still speechless. Party didn't know what to do. Before they had recovered self-possession, Chairman declared Closure agreed to, and SMITH's great speech remains unspoken.

Business done.—Mr. SMITH Closed.

Saturday, 3 A.M.—House still sitting. Proceedings since Eleven last night very lively. Old Morality pouncing right and left, "like a kangaroo," as JOSEPH GILLIS says. Closure all very well as far as it goes. What we really want is, power to move the Closure of the House. All going down to Ports-



The Welsh Harpist.

sitting at the Bar in Bardic costume with harp, singing the dirge of the Government.



"On the Pounce."



"10 to 1 on Urgency!"



MORE LITERAL THAN GALLANT.

Miss Hypatia. "YES, NOW THAT WE ARE GRADUALLY EDUCATING OURSELVES UP TO YOUR LEVEL, YOU MEN OUGHT AT LEAST TO MEET US HALF-WAY!"

The Professor. "MEET YOU HALF-WAY? HOW? BY GRADUALLY UNEDUCATING OURSELVES DOWN TO YOURS?"

mouth to-day with CHARLIE BERESFORD. Have to be on the move at Eight o'Clock, and here we are.

GLADSTONE gone home long ago. So has HARTINGTON, CHAMBERLAIN, and most respectable people not pressed for the Closure Brigade. CHAMBERLAIN, fresh from Ascot, created quite a sensation. Figure him in white hat, with green veil, smartly-cut light-brown dust-coat, lavender kid gloves (slightly soiled), and field-glass slung over his shoulder. Wanted to make a book on Urgency Resolution passing before House rose. Offered 10 to 1, but found no takers. General opinion is that he's too much in the swim.

Business done.—Urgency Rule passed.

"AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY."

TESTY old gentlemen are rather fond of informing us that "there are no boys now, Sir!" and these *laudatores temporis acti* will be gratified to hear that a boy of the good old sort seems to have been discovered at Dartford lately. The Superintendent of Police stated for the information of the Bench that a certain DAVID COLLINS, who was charged before them with stealing "a quantity of wheat," was "an old-fashioned boy." Master COLLINS had been awarded a season of hard labour (it's too apt to be nothing but play with your modern boy!) a few years ago for the same offence, when the young gentleman stated that he was thirteen, and turned out to be "nearly thirty." When being charged and searched on the present occasion, "six or eight live mice sprang out from the inside of his shirt," says the *Daily Telegraph*, sympathetic ally, "much to the consternation of the police officers." Any old gentleman who would like to adopt this nice little boy, and the six or eight live mice, (which of course are all old-fashioned too) is hereby informed that "Master DAVID," will be at liberty to entertain proposals for adoption (Millers where no cats are kept preferred!) at the end of a period of twenty-one days, during which he will be unavoidably detained by an engagement of a pressing nature. The chance may not occur again!

SOMETHING MORE LIKE IT.

SIR,—I have read with consternation that HER MAJESTY intends, on the occasion of her Royal Progress to the Abbey on the 21st, to proceed merely in "semi-state." Now this must not be. The idea is preposterous. Why, Sir, I have just paid fifteen guineas for a third-floor window in Regent Street, and I should like to know, if the QUEEN is going to wear an ordinary bonnet, and the whole procession is going to consist of a dozen carriages of notables in mere morning dress, just following one another, what I am going to get for my money? However, it is not too late to set matters right. I subjoin below a sketch of what the Procession ought to be, and the sooner the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, or whoever it is who has to see to the matter, takes it in hand the better it will be for the sight-seeing public. Here it is:—

PROGRAMME OF PROCESSION.

(Amended to suit the Popular Taste.)

THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND CITY OFFICIALS MOUNTED ON BUCK-JUMPERS,
(Specially hired from BUFFALO BILL's Wild West Show,) to clear the way.

ONE OF THE LONDON ROAD-CAR COMPANY'S OMNIBUSES, Filled inside and out with Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England in Full Canonicals.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR,
On the Woolsack, carried by Four Officials of the Upper House.

Eighty-Six IRISH MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, Dressed in National Costume, dancing a jig as they proceed.

Two FOREIGN KINGS,
In full Gala Coronation Dress, walking abreast.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOTEL,
On Horseback.

FIVE FOUR-WHEELED CABS
(Handsomely gilt with Dutch metal), containing Continental Royalties in brand-new uniforms.

THE SPEAKER IN HIS CHAIR,
On a Brewers'-dray festooned with Roses, drawn by Clerks of the House in harness.

THE ENTIRE HOUSE OF PEERS,
In their Robes and Coronets, dancing backwards, and scattering flowers as they retire.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

THE QUEEN,
Attired in her Coronation Robes and wearing the Imperial Crown, seated on her Throne in the centre of a colossal Car on a Revolving Twelfth Cake, surrounded by appropriate Court characters.

INDIAN MAHARAJAS
(In a Pleasure-Van), arrayed in their best Jewels, and personally conducted by Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN.

THE ENTIRE COLLECTION OF MADAME TISSAUD'S WAX MODELS, Arranged in groups on the tops of a series of tastefully decorated Furniture-vans, containing inside respectively the Bands of the three rival Italian Opera Companies, the Life Guards, Marines, and Royal Artillery.

THE POET LAUREATE,
Clad in Bardic Costume, singing his Jubilee Ode, and accompanying himself on a harp on the top of the "Dead-wood Coach," the interior of which will be occupied by distinguished Literary and Artistic Celebrities, Musicians, Dramatic Authors, Actors, Dentists, and leading Members of all the Learned Professions.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY,
In full Court Dress, riding in various attitudes on one of the new 101-ton Guns, and forming an Allegorical *Tableau*.

CHAIRMEN OF GAS AND INSURANCE COMPANIES
Decked out in suits of Tower armour, mounted on omnibus horses.
BUFFALO BILL.

Now, Sir, the above scheme may be capable of improvement, but I maintain that if something simple of the sort is set on foot on these lines there will be a comprehensive show at least somewhat worthy of the occasion. If, on the other hand, the Authorities stick to their meagre programme, and go in for this "semi-State" business, I will undertake to say there will not be a single member of that extensive body, the sight-seeing British public, who won't be prepared to subscribe himself, like

Your outraged and protesting Correspondent,
A JUBILEE GROWLER.

"A REUTER's Telegram from Bombay, dated June 6," read out Miss RAMSBOTTOM to her parent, "announces that the Monsoon has burst!"—"Well, I call it disgustin', my dear, so far away from his kingdom too," was the severe comment; "and I've always understood as them Japanese was such little eaters!"



A JUBILEE PRIVATE VIEW.

(Turning an Honest Penny-a-Line.)

The Duchess of Dilwater (Art-Critic to the South Pentonville Gazette) writes in her Note-book:—"THE FUNDAMENTAL THEME OR LEIT-MOTIF OF MR. SOAPLEY'S EXQUISITE PORTRAIT OF MRS. BLAZER, IS AN IMPASSIONED ADAGIO IN THE MINOR KEY OF BLUE, TENDERLY EMBROIDERED WITH A SUB-DOMINANT FUGUE IN GREEN AND GRAY AND GOLD!" &c., &c.

Lady Slungboro (Purveyor of Social pars to the Bermondsey Figaro):—"IT'S ALL TOMMY ROT ABOUT THE DUCHESS OF DILWATER NOT BEING ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH HER LEARY OLD BLOKE OF A SPOUSE. BOTH THEIR GRACES WERE PRESENT, DARBY-AND-JOANING IT ALL OVER THE SHOP." &c., &c.

Viscountess Crevetstoun (who does the Fashions for the Barnes and Putney Express):—"LADY SLANGBORO WAS THERE, LOOKING LOVELY IN A RICH SALMON ÉCRU POULT DE SOIE MATELOTTE RUCHÉE À LA BARIGOULE, WITH POINTES D'ESTRAGON PANACHÉ, AND BOUILLON-AISES OF THON MARINÉ EN JARDINIÈRE, FROM MADAM ALDEGONDE'S (719, PICCADILLY)." &c., &c.

PREPARING FOR THE JUBILEE.

Leo Britannicus loquitur:—

Yes, of course it's a bit of a bother,
And puts one a trifle about,
All this Jubilee pageant and pother,
This huge anniversary rout;
But then there's a something that we owe
To impulses born of the heart,
And even a work-burdened Leo
Must dress for the part.

So I put my best tail-coat and tie on,
And brush-up my bellicose mane,
The looking-glass says the old Lion
Wears well, which I hope isn't vain.
I've had but few holidays lately,
Tis long since I went for a frisk;
I've been learning to trot most sedately,
For once I'll be brisk.

I suppose in the light of pure reason
It's all just a trifle absurd,
But to-day that reflection were treason,
Its utterer would not be heard.
KANT is all very well in his way, Ma'am,
But sense out of place sounds like cant;
Few will listen to logic to-day, Ma'am.
I'm certain I shan't.

Yes; I do look a bit like a poodle,
Rigged out and brushed up in this style.
Prigs and pedants will call me "old noodle,"
That's certain, at which I shall smile.
In spite of my Jingoës abusive,
The sagest of leonine laws
Is—don't make too cheap or intrusive
Your teeth or your claws.

Mine at present are trimmed down as neatly
As those of the Lion in love.
Yet the idiots err most completely
Who deem me a mere sucking-dove.
To prove that to each self-deceiver
Were rather too much of a bore;
But—it's only fool *Bottom the Weaver*
Who's always all roar.

No, the Lion's part, just for to-day, Ma'am,
Is simply to play and to purr.
BRITANNIA, come, what do you say, Ma'am?
Of course I'm aware you prefer
My mane freely tossing and flowing,
My caput not topped by a "tile";
But you do not imagine I'm going
To stick to this style.

'Tis only a gala-day get-up,
I've lots of stern business on hand.
My leonine back is not yet up;
But—ah! Ma'am, you quite understand.

There are things to set straight at St. Ste-
My Army, my Fleet, and my Laws [phen's,
Seem rather at sixes and sevens.

Well—'ware Leo's claws!

But to-day I'm not stern, nay, nor thrifty.
My motto is, "Oh! what a larks!"
They come only one year in fifty,
These scenes in our streets and our parks.
One thing, though, my bosom to ire works,—
The job seems imperfectly done.
Why could not the people have fireworks
To finish the fun?

There's a dash of the dowdy and dingy
About Metropolitan plans;
Even poor GEORGE THE THIRD was less stingy.
Roast oxen and loud rataplans
May not be entirely in keeping
With these high æsthetical times,
But rocket-rains whirling and weeping
Are surely not crimes.

However, dear Madam, I'm ready
To frisk with the rest of the crowd.
Only hope that old Sol will keep steady,
And not lap the land in a shroud.
In June in the Jubilee Year, Ma'am,
E'en town should look sunny and green,
And then what a shout we shall hear, Ma'am,
Of "God save the QUEEN!!!"



THE BRITISH LION PREPARES FOR THE JUBILEE.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXVIII.—SIR BARNABAS BUTLER.

SIR BARNABAS BUTLER is the greatest citizen we have. He is ahead of all the other citizens by twenty-five churches, 180 public-



houses, two hospitals, and a museum. No other citizen has built more than three or four churches, or owns more than twenty public-houses, no other citizen has ever built a museum. No other citizen has encouraged vice, or art, or religion, to half the extent of Sir BARNABAS. His statue stands in the market-place, where he is represented mounted on a handsome coal-black charger, which has been endeavouring to throw him off for the last five years, and cannot manage it. It is opposite Queen VICTORIA in bronze, and only a few yards from the Duke of WELLINGTON, on a simple six foot pedestal. Sir BARNABAS subscribed largely to the erection of his statue, and he has his reward, for it really leaves the other statues far behind.

I have just been to see Sir BARNABAS lay the foundation-stone of his last church—the fiftieth. He is very frequently laying foundation-stones.

He has forty-nine silver-trowels up at the Hall already, and this will make fifty. There is a huge sideboard charged with minor trophies in his drawing-room, with a full-length portrait of himself in oils hung above it. There are the forty-nine trowels in a row; there are invaluable keepsakes, and mementos, from numbers of Dukes and Marquises; there are testimonials and written addresses from all the colleges, and museums, and churches, and hospitals, even from half the chapels in the neighbourhood, and very many others. He takes them down and reads them on a Sunday afternoon in an arm-chair, under the great stained window, (it is a huge piece, representing St. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar) with coloured light falling on the blue and gold colours of the illuminated addresses. New ones are always coming in; the last was from the Society for the support of Confirmed Inebriates, to which he had subscribed liberally.

There is also a ledger bound in red morocco, with a list of the subscriptions he has given to various charitable objects—their name is legion. He will have it buried with him, it is popularly supposed.

He is a remarkable man, with a curious magnetic influence about him, and an inscrutable bland face. When he opens his lips at a public meeting, a vibration seems to pass through the assembly, and they watch him as if physically constrained to note his every action. He stirred me like the *Mephistopheles* in BERLIOZ's *Faust*, with mingled fascination and repugnance. His tone is essentially false, but resonant and piercing, with a peculiar swaying cadence that compels attention. When he rose, to-day, which he did with a certain unction, everyone of the audience knew that he had risen. That was after the Bishop's speech. The Bishop, by the way, had referred very prettily to the fact of its being Sir BARNABAS's fiftieth foundation-stone. He said it was his dearest hope that if the Church prospered in the City, as under the auspices of Sir BARNABAS it was almost certain to do, he might live to see Sir BARNABAS lay a hundredth foundation-stone. "If not," continued the Bishop, rising to enthusiasm, "the hundred and fiftieth."

Sir BARNABAS heaved a sigh before he began to speak—it was a way he had. A sigh that conveyed at once humility and candour, humour and benevolence, and the faint reproachfulness of one who feels that his labours on behalf of humanity cannot be adequately recompensed, even by silver trowels. He fixed his eyes upon the Bishop, who became at once utterly unable to glance away from him, and commenced:—"I have never looked for fame at the hands of my fellow-citizens, nor have my visions been of worldly compensation. Had my labour blushed unseen, I trust that I should still have dedicated that labour to the service of humanity. But, Sir, my labour has not blushed unseen. My modest and unpretending efforts have been, I may say, proclaimed upon the house-tops. I have sounded no trumpet before me; but the most sensitive spirit may feel a pang of pride, when

others take up the instrument his modesty has refused to handle. And, Sir, when yesterday I passed yonder image in the market-place, the noble expression of a too partial appreciation of my poor efforts for humanity,—then I am not ashamed to confess it, the tears sprang to my eyes." He released the Bishop from his gaze. The Bishop, relieved, but disconcerted could only murmur, "Reflects great credit." "The tears," repeated Sir BARNABAS, more slowly and impressively, "sprang to my eyes. It was not the beauty of the marble, Sir, it was not the grandeur of those sculptured lineaments. No, it was the knowledge that the hearts of the people had dictated that majestic offering. I felt that I had a place in the hearts of the people, that I would exchange for no palatial mansion, Sir,—for no palatial mansion." Vigorous applause, during which Sir BARNABAS gathered himself together for a fresh flight of rhetoric.

"I consider myself a Steward," he resumed, "merely a Steward. Riches take wing and fly away. Ah! But a faithful stewardship, will never take wing. Services rendered to Art, to Science, to Philanthropy, to Culture, to Religion—these will never fly away. A place in the heart of the people, this, Sir, is my aspiration. This is, I may say, my prayer. Let my wealth perish. Let those marble features crumble—but let my image remain stamped on the memories of our citizens, in characters more enduring than can be graven by the sculptor's chisel. I ask no more."

Amid vigorous applause, Sir BARNABAS proceeded to lay the foundation-stone. I did not stay to witness the conclusion, preferring rather to walk home by some of the slums of the city, and deepen my strong conviction of the tremendous extent to which humanity found itself indebted to Sir BARNABAS.

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

SIR,—If it is not too late, I must utter a protest against the route chosen for the Jubilee Procession which seems calculated merely to satisfy the classes in the Clubs. I would propose that the route should be as follows:—From Buckingham Palace down the Buckingham Palace Road, Sloane Square, King's Road, Walham Green, Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith Broadway, and thence into the Lavender Terrace, Chiswick, in which I have a window and which ends in a *cul de sac*. The procession might then get to the Abbey by Kensington, Knightsbridge, &c.,—but that is a matter of detail. Yours faithfully, JUSTICE.

SIR,—As there is to be no firework display on the occasion of the celebration of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee, may I be permitted to suggest an excellent substitute. I can scarcely imagine anything more appropriate than a fire-balloon. If they were dispatched by hundreds and thousands the effect would be magnificent. Fire-balloons are not expensive—I myself can supply an excellent article at one-and-sixpence. Yours truly,

Toy Warehouse.

MONTGOLFIER, JUNIOR.

SIR,—At the Review at Aldershot there is one branch of the Land Forces of HER MAJESTY that will not be represented at all except by its individual members. I allude to that fine body of men the Metropolitan Police. Why should not every division in the three Kingdoms march down the Long Valley? The effect would be very fine, and in the opinion of experts certain branches of industry would revive during the absence of such a force from London. Yours most truly,

WILLIAM JEREMIAH DIDDLE SIKES.

SIR,—Why is there not a Summary Law passed, compelling some of the Irish Members to walk in the procession, or ride with green rosettes on, and the others to be seated in various parts of the Abbey? Let Mr. PARNELL be in the Abbey. SCAREM.

SIR,—I am going to Central Africa next week, when the Jubilee will be at its fullest. May I ask you kindly to wire to me when it is all over? As my objection to the celebration is shared by the Irish Members, do you think you could get them to accompany me? If they did, not only should I please myself by escaping from the present excitement, but do a distinct service to my beloved country. Yours faithfully, ANNE O' RANGE.

Cape House, Ulster.

DUMB-CRAMBO'S STRANGER'S GUIDE TO LONDON.



The Tower.



The Monument.



The Mint.

(Is this the Mon you meant?)



ECONOMY!

Pater. "TOM, TOM!—THIS 'LL NEVER DO! PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK!—AND YOU'VE BEEN IN BED FIFTEEN HOURS OUT O' THE TWENTY-FOUR!"

Tom. "BUT IT'S CHEAP, GOV'NOUR—COSTS NOTHING. WH'AS DIRECTLY A FELLOW'S UP AND DRESSED, EXPENSES BEGIN!"

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

GRAND Old GLADSTONE night at the Covent Garden Opera last Thursday. "Mr. G."—quite "the Upper G." on this operatic occasion, was delighted, and looked it. He was received by Mr. J. D. McLAREN and Mr. E. HALL, who was more radiant than ever with a Covent-Gardenia in his button-hole, and, in a general way, "Hall there." The performance was better than ever. But M. LORRAIN has not improved, and he is far from being a satisfactory *Mephistopheles*. We don't learn what "Mr. G.'s" opinion was, but he beamed on ALBANI, and talked Italian to GAYARRÉ (who is a Spaniard) as glibly as if he had been born Signor GLADSTONE. Did he hum to them the tunes of happier days—he can hum very well—or did he give vent to that touching lyric, "*I cannot sing the Old Song?*" Or was it "*Home Rule, Sweet Home Rule!*" No matter. Everybody was delighted at seeing him so brisk, and in such excellent spirits. He was doing much more good at the Opera than in the House.

On Saturday there was a fine performance—the fine performances here have come in with the fine weather—of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Signor GAYARRÉ was admirable as the Duke, and Madame DE CEPEDA sung and acted her best as *Amelia*. The hit of the evening was Mlle. VALDA as *Oscar*—not WILD, of course, but the very reverse of a tame impersonation. Signor D'ANDRADE's "*Eri tu*" created a *furor*, and the amusing parts for SAMMY and TOMMY (*Samuele* and *Tom*)—so characteristic of Italian Opera, couldn't have



been in better hands, and mouths, than those of Signori POVOLERI and DE SERINI. Chorus, *mise-en-scène*, and orchestra under the watchful eye of Signor BEVIGNANT, who, like a conscientious policeman, is always on the beat, all contributed to make *Un Ballo* quite a Jubilee success. Up to Saturday, for the Italian Opera Stakes, Covent Garden has been an easy first. We shall see whether Signor AUGUSTUS HARRIZZI will have collared the favourite by the time this appears with his *Aida*.

Madame PATTI had a good house at the Albert Hall on Saturday, and sang "*Home, Sweet Home*," as an *encore*. She also sang "*Darling Mine!*"—a mine in which L. ENGEL has a share. Mr. ABBEY's second venture was a success, we are abbeys to say. Miss WICKHAM, solo violinist, is quite first fiddle.

WILLIAMS REDIVIVUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR interest in all that is good in literature is as strong as your encouragement to latent talent is judicious. This consideration must be my excuse for troubling you about my literary efforts. I have determined to reform the modern Stage by reviving the Shakspearian Drama. This is not to be effected by writing five-act tragedies on historical subjects, whose interest, for cultured people, has evaporated about the time that they have finished their education; and for the masses is non-existent. It is to be done only by applying the Shakspearian method to subjects of present interest. Our ordinary nineteenth-century affairs—newspaper reports, or what not—treated with the genius of SHAKSPEARE, would produce distinctly Shakspearian results. This, then, Sir, is what I have determined to accomplish. My first attempt is a tragedy, called *The Lodger*. I send herewith an extract from the great scene in the Fourth Act, where the Poet, who has found his lodgings incompatible with his culture, is haled before the Doge. Will you give me your candid opinion, and suggest the best plan for getting the play acted? RODERICK TWEDDLE.

The Poet is here giving an account of his incompatible lodgings:—

Poet. Beneath a shade of glass was posed a Thing,
A dreadful Thing of feathers; the stuff'd soul
Of a lost Parrot; grey, with varnish'd beak,
A varnish'd horror, on a grey despair.
One eye, rebellious to the dry, shrunk frame,
Follow'd with glassy dread intelligence
All movements and all looks. The other eye
Took yet more awful heed of the still room,
Where in the mirror every action liv'd
Without the life of sound. The mirror's edge
Was swathed in yellow gauze—amorphous folds—
That might have eddied on the leathern limbs
Of nautching mummies. Two glass candlesticks,
With tinkling ringlets, flank'd the mouldering bird;
And shells, that breathed not of the sea, but kept
Some smack of fish defunct, the shelf adorn'd.
Two cups, whose claim to beauty was the crack
That made them poor for use; two vases blotched
By the coarse hand of vile machinery—
For each a woollen mat, a parasite
That stuck and clung, and on the easy chairs
Unstable housings; on the table round
Long folds of staring cloth, that caught the knees,
And hung about, and slid whene'er you moved—
And mats where there was never need of mats,
And maple-framed engravings of the QUEEN,
Of the Last Judgment, and the Plains of Heaven,
The Exhibition of Eighteen-Fifty-One,
Clifton Suspension Bridge, the Death of WESLEY,
And of a blunt-nosed Woodman's flat return.
The Baresark mood came on me. Right and left
I hack'd and cleft. Th' affrighted landlady,
Coming, suburban trim, all householder,
I slew upon her splinter'd furniture,
Then fired the pile, and fled with lightened heart!

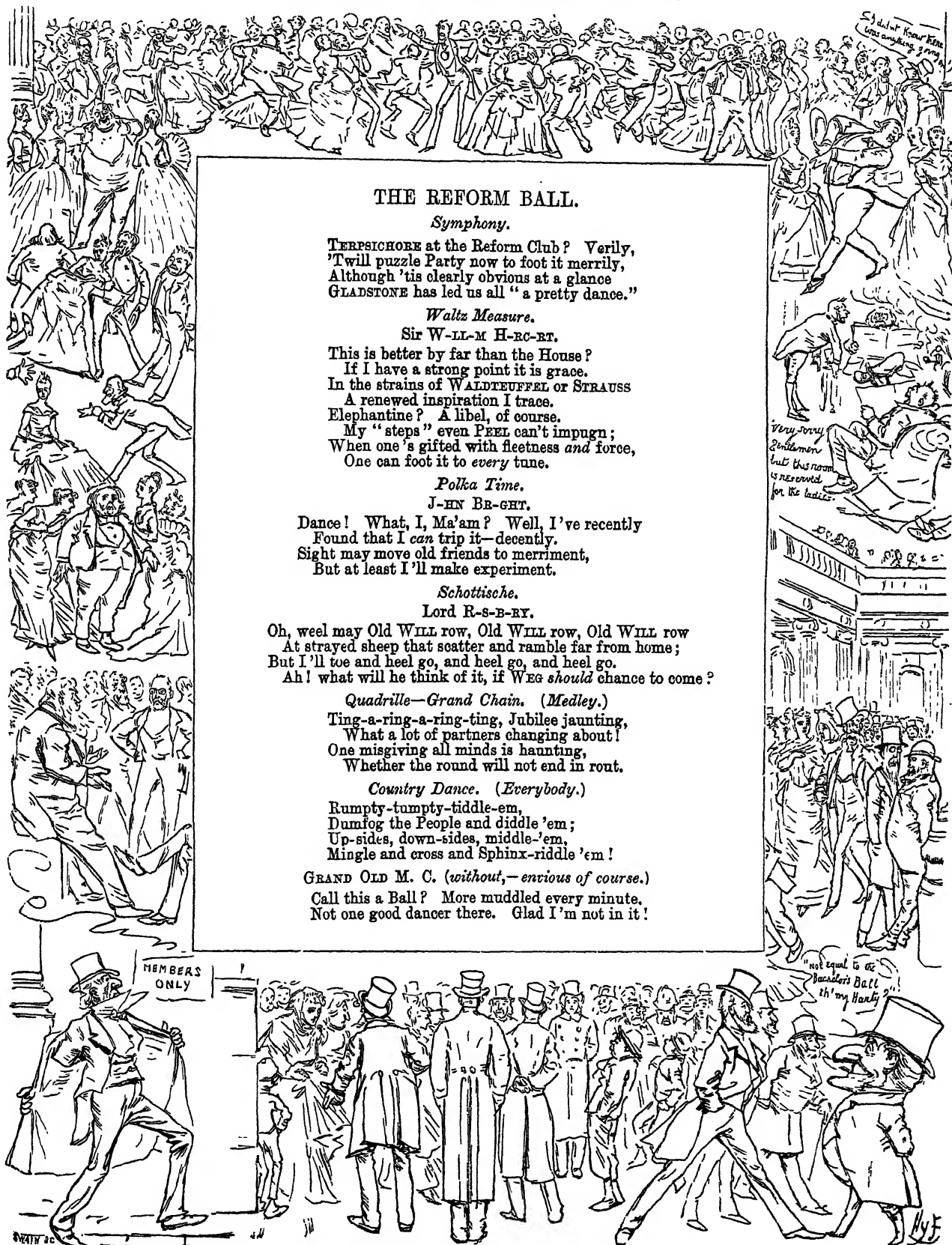
Polonius. Although it be a little out of fashion,
There is much taste and valour in this Welshman.

Doge. Take him away and hang him!

Poet. Oh, I say!

THE PLATFORM OF THE EX-PREMIER.—A Railway Platform.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 49.



THE REFORM BALL.

Symphony.

TERPSICHOIRE at the Reform Club? Verily,
'Twill puzzle Party now to foot it merrily,
Although 'tis clearly obvious at a glance
GLADSTONE has led us all "a pretty dance."

Waltz Measure.

Sir W-LL-M H-RC-BT.

This is better by far than the House?
If I have a strong point it is grace.
In the strains of WALDEUFFEL or STRAUSS
A renewed inspiration I trace.
Elephantine? A libel, of course.
My "steps" even PEEI can't impugn;
When one's gifted with fleetness and force,
One can foot it to every tune.

Polka Time.

J-HN BR-GHT.

Dance! What, I, Ma'am? Well, I've recently
Found that I can trip it—decently.
Sight may move old friends to merriment,
But at least I'll make experiment.

Schottische.

Lord R-S-B-RY.

Oh, weel may Old WILL row, Old WILL row, Old WILL row
At strayed sheep that scatter and ramble far from home;
But I'll toe and heel go, and heel go, and heel go.
Ah! what will he think of it, if WEG should chance to come?

Quadrille—Grand Chain. (Medley.)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-ting, Jubilee jaunting,
What a lot of partners changing about!
One misgiving all minds is haunting,
Whether the round will not end in rout.

Country Dance. (Everybody.)

Rumpty-tumpty-tiddle-em,
Dumfog the People and diddle 'em;
Up-sides, down-sides, middle 'em,
Mingle and cross and Sphinx-riddle 'em!

GRAND OLD M. C. (without,—envious of course.)

Call this a Ball? More muddled every minute.
Not one good dancer there. Glad I'm not in it!

REFORM CLUB, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.

THE DEVIL'S LATEST WALK.

(With Special Apologies to two Distinguished Shades.)

FROM his villa in town at the dawn of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little urban
estates,
And see how his game goes on.

Over the city, the suburb, the slum,
He rambled from pillar to post,
And backward and forward, observant though dumb,
As a fleetly noctivagant ghost.

And how then was the Devil drest?
In a close-buttoned frock, and a high-buttoned vest,
With a pocketkerchief of peacock blue,
And nowhere the least little sign of a queue.

For the Devil is versed in more modern pages
Than stories of Saints in the Middle Ages.

He knows the advantage of social conformity,
And an obvious tail now esteems an enormity.

The Prince of Darkness, as SHAKESPEARE says,
Is a Gentleman—in appearance.
Of the horns, hoofs, and tail of his earlier days
He has made a most politic clearance.

He peeped in the Houses of Parliament,
And found but a factious Babel.
To a smile he was moved, for he thought,
On the story of CAIN and ABEL.

Down a red river plied with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity,
And Satan looked wise, as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he, with a smile,
"Goes Ireland—in search of prosperity!"

He saw Law trying a Viper for slander,
And searching a muck-heap for truth;
And he held his nose, and he said, "I suppose
That poison and filth in a duplicate dose
Have medicinal virtues for Youth."

He saw a Cynic regaling a Club
With the latest patrician scandal;
And a Socialist spouter who howled on a tub;
And said he, "I should think they're about on the brink
Of a flood which shall come as to ancient Rome
Came the deluge of Goth and Vandal."

Then smug Physicians and smiling attorneys
Rode by on their vocations. [journery;
Quoth he, "I must join these smart chaps in their
Unseen I would look in their joint-stock Book
Of Society Revelations."

He went into a Bookseller's shop
Hard by to a learned College;
And there, peeping over the shoulder of Youth,
He saw how new Pilates played ninepins with Truth;
How neo-Greek noodles, in poem and fiction,
Draped dirtiest thoughts in the daintiest diction;
How Art uninspired sought some stimulant fresh
In charnel conceits, and the lust of the flesh.



Cried he, "This is culture! The gauntest vulture
On garbage will fatten, allowed to batten
On the fruit of this tree of knowledge."

He saw huge Stores that small shopkeepers smashed,
To whose portals cash-paying patricians
up dashed;
Big Companies, that piled lucre—and crashed;
And the eyes of the Devil they sparkled
and flashed,
And he capered with great agility.

Said he, "Big Monopoly's now all the go;
Mankind is enamoured of size and of show,
Modest industry's stupid, small enterprise slow,
No room now for Trade's little fishes,
oh! no.
To succeed you must be a big whale
who can 'blow.'
I shall re-arrange all my affairs down below,
And convert them into a Joint-Stock Co.,
With 'Limited Liability.'"

SOME STILL WILDER REMINISCENCES.

(By a Modest Autobiographer.)

You have asked me if I cannot add to that history of marvellous, superhuman, and heroic exploit which characterises the whole stretch and sweep of my Transatlantic career, some startling incidents that have accompanied my rapid and decisive rise and progress in public favour since I have set foot in this country. Yes, I certainly could do this, and in a way fairly to astonish you, were it not for that lack of leisure which a continual flow of invitations to the mansions of the nobility and the aristocracy of this Metropolis forces upon me. I do not refer to this in any boastful spirit. That they should pay their homage to my world-famed courage and accomplishments, and wish to have my intensely picturesque figure, as represented on the advertising coloured posters, prominently adorning, as a central figure, their gilded saloons, is only natural, and I merely state the bare fact without comment. But such is the pressure brought to bear on my spare moments by Dukes, Earls, Marquises, and other members of the Hereditary Peerage of the Three Kingdoms, that I have not, as you may possibly have noted, yet been able to find time even to have my hair properly cut! This, however, by the way. But to proceed in some sense to answer your question. To attempt to detail the remarkable adventures, the hair-breadth escapes, and the combats to the death in which I have been engaged even since my arrival in this country with my *troupe* at Earl's Court, would far exceed both the time at my disposal and the space accorded me in your columns. I will therefore content myself with referring to a few incidents connected with my display of personal prowess and undaunted pluck in the immediate neighbourhood of the "Show" itself. My single-handed encounter with one of the West Kensington omnibuses on the afternoon of the first of April may not be new to your readers, but it will bear repeating.

Seeing the vehicle approaching, and wishing to proceed to my destination on its roof, I straightway hailed it, but was met with the laconic reply of the conductor that it was "full inside and out." I was walking with the Chairman of the Concern, and asked him whether I should make a dash for a place. He gave his consent, and in another instant, like a mighty tornado, I flung myself upon the horses' heads, they reared up in the air, came down on their haunches, and I cut the traces. In another minute the passengers had dismounted and the driver leaving his box faced me in the road.

"I know you, BUFFALO BILL," he said, "if you want to fight,—well, come on!" I had nothing but an umbrella and a horsewhip, but without a moment's hesitation, I accepted his challenge, and went for him. For some short time we danced round each other, but at last I hit him over the head and he fell. At the same moment my legs got entangled in the thong of the whip and I stumbled to my knees. Then we closed and rolled over together from pavement to pavement a couple of policemen looking on, but in no way interfering in the contest. We got disengaged for a moment, then I saw my opportunity, and, getting out my ready knife, ran up to him and scientifically scalped him in something under five-and-twenty minutes. The whole episode occupied but two hours and a half. As the Chairman who had been watching the duel from a neighbouring door-step, came up, I swung the Omnibus driver's top-knot in the air and shouted at my loudest, "The first scalp for the Boss of the Big Show!" And thus I relieved the General Omnibus Company of the services of an uncivil servant.

But the rash driver was by no means the only individual who owed his passport to the local hospital ward to my hands. In much the same fashion I shortly afterwards disposed of the Chief Contractor of the Refreshment Department inside the Show itself. But to detail these various feats would only weary the reader, and I prefer in conclusion just to glance at some other features in my career.

It would be easier to jot down those callings I have not followed than to relate the various pursuits in which I have been engaged. My heroism and endurance in flood and field are too well known to need repetition here. It may not, however, be in the cognisance of some that I have starred as a tight-rope dancer with fair success, and been, in turns, successively a coalheaver, Queen's Counsel, Archbishop, dustman, greengrocer, Operatic Tenor, and Pirate. What other rôles I may fill before I leave these shores it is impossible at present to foretell; but that I am equal to any and every call that can possibly be made on my courage, philosophy, intelligence, intrepidity, and tact, cannot, I should say, for a moment be doubted by those who have read the modest and retiring manifestoes that have hitherto been submitted to the public under the unassuming title of

BUFFALO BILL.

TWO JUBILEES.

(A SCENE ON THE EVE OF THE SECOND.)



"WHAT?—what? How?—how? Hay?—hay?" sounded a faint and flurried voice in *Mr. Punch's sanctum*.

"Pray be seated, Sire," said *Mr. Punch*, with a calm courtliness well calculated to put even a hurried and embarrassed Royal Shade entirely at his ease.

"Farmer GEORGE" sank into a chair, with a sigh of relief. Only the queue of his shadowy wig seemed to wobble a little, as he gazed inquiringly around him.

"Well, well," he murmured, "I never expected—never—to find myself in a Satirist's den—um, ah!—I mean chamber, study, what d'ye call it, hay? But, but—I—eh—I suppose even Satirists and—ha!—Caricaturists have changed—for the better, I trust, for the worse they couldn't—since the days of that rascal, PETER PINDAR, and that scoundrel, GILLRAY, hay?—hay?"

"Most things have changed, and for the better, since the last Jubilee—your Majesty's own—on the 25th of October, 1809," replied *Mr. Punch*, with dignified decisiveness.

"Ah! happy to hear it—happy to hear it," muttered GEORGE THE THIRD. "You don't look an insolent and disloyal knave. I must allow."

"They were not all such, even in 1809," responded the Sage, smiling.

"Why, no—no," spluttered the King. "PYE, my Poet-Laureate, put my case very prettily."

"They bless the halcyon hours that gave,
To rule a people free and brave,
A patriot Monarch all their own,
Their swords his bulwark, and their hearts his throne,"

quoted the All-Knowing One.

"What a memory!" cried "Grandfather GEORGE" amazedly. "Why—why—I'd even forgotten the lines myself. But I—a—cannot help thinking that PYE, and FITZGERALD, and—a—SOUTHEY did this sort of thing better, that is more dutifully, than your own TENNYSONS and SWINBURNES."

"Hyperbolic lyrical panegyric may perhaps be counted among the lost arts. And no great loss either." So the Sage.

"Humph!" said His Majesty, dubiously. "I—I trust my Royal Granddaughter agrees with you."

"Our Sovereign Lady is far too sensible not to do so," responded *Mr. Punch*. "Her place in the affections of her people is much too solidly assured to need the sham support of sycophantish adulation."

"Well, well, times have changed—times have changed, indeed," said the King, stooping to pat the Dog of Dogs.

"Praise is no longer servile, blame no longer brutal, and even caricatures no longer coarse, your Majesty," responded TOBY's Master, pleasantly.

"Ah, well," cried Farmer GEORGE, "I never did understand Caricatures, as I said concerning the impertinent prints of that ribald rascal, GILLRAY."

"And so made an enemy of him for life, Sire," said *Mr. Punch*.

"PASQUIN now, if pungent, is polite, and appreciated even in Courts and Cabinets. He is free, and therefore fair; fearless, and consequently decorous. The Jester at VICTORIA's Jubilee will carry a loyal heart beneath his motley, and will bear himself as differently from the scurril Satirist at yours, as from the cockscorned Clown at EDWARD THE THIRD's, or the baubled buffoon at that of the Third HENRY."

"Happy VICTORIA!" cried the Kingly Shade, wagging his wigged head with enthusiasm. "And her Colonies, hay? No insolent insubordination, no rascally rebellion—hay?—hay?—hay?"

"Their representatives will be most willing, and the most welcome adornments of the Jubilee Pageants," replied his companion, with cheerful conviction.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the Solomon of Britain. "More wonderful than the apples in the dumplings. How do you do it?"

"Well," said the Sage, "we have BEACONSFIELDS and GLADSTONES instead of GREENVILLES and NORTHs; and we have VICTORIA—her health, your Gracious Ex-Majesty!—in place of—"

Here TOBY yapped exultantly, and the Royal Shade stooped over him, whether to soothe the Dog or to recover his own composure need not be too closely inquired.

"Moreover," pursued *Mr. PUNCH*, courteously unobservant of the Royal perturbation, "moreover, Sire, we have a just-minded and generous-hearted People in power, with freedom for an inspiration, and for a Mentor—Myself!!!"

"Hay?—hay? What?—what?" exclaimed the Shade, excitedly. "Freedom?—Power?—for the People? Prodigious!! And—and

HOPE DEFERRED.

Sketch at the R-y-l A-c-d-m-y Refreshment Room.



1.30. "'Am Sandwich and Glass of Stout. Yessir!'"



1.45. "Coming, Sir!"



2.0. "'Tend to you in a moment, Sir!"

2.15. "What can I get you, Sir?"
(*Da capo.*)

—don't the rascals abuse their privileges? Have they no JACK WILKES to egg them on to sedition?"

"Don't be too hard on JACK WILKES, your Majesty," said Mr. Punch. "Remember the 'merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite,' said a good word for you, after all. *Vide* BYRON'S 'Vision of Judgment.'" (The Shade shuddered.) "No, your Majesty, I don't think HARCOURT, LABOUCHERE, and BRADLAUGH, Cerberus'd into one, would make quite an equivalent to that dauntless demagogue, that ribald wit. But then we have no BUTE or GRAFTON, to give point to the would-be Lucianic sourrility of a WILKES, or power to the pseudo-Juvenalian rhodomontade of a JUNIUS."

"Happy VICTORIA!" repeated her Royal Ancestor. "But, seriously, my dear Mr. Punch,—to think that I should ever learn to love a Caricaturist!—how do you do it? Hay?"

The Sage of Fleet Street smiled mildly, but meaningly, upon his anxiously interrogative guest.

"Your Majesty," said he, "I cannot undertake to show you, summarily and off-hand, the whole secret. I have already explained some portions of it. I will do more. We have our troubles still—in Ireland and elsewhere—but, on the whole, HER MAJESTY'S is a jocond Jubilee, compared with all previous ones. We have had the advantage of fifty years of the reign of a pure lady, a good mother, a constitutional Sovereign. That is much. But that is not all. For nearly the same term, for close upon fifty years, England has been brightened and blessed by a certain Great Light which shone not upon your own lengthened reign."

"What is it? What is it? What? What?" almost shrieked the excited Shade.

"Your Majesty cannot guess, then?" said Mr. Punch, with a compassionate smile.

"No—no—no!" cried his visitor. "Never could understand conundrums and puzzles and things. Give it up."

"Why," said Punch, "it is a Light which beats the Electric Light, and would outshine even the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S proposed hundred-thousand-million-candle-power Jubilee illumination. It teems with wisdom which would dispel even your doubts; with 'boetry' which even your royal relative could not dislike; and with caricature which you would understand—and relish. It goes far to explain the wondrous difference between our well-beloved VICTORIA'S Jubilee and your own. For nearly the whole of the fifty years of VICTORIA'S reign it has shone upon a welcoming world. It shines from this *sanctum*, Sir, and it beams from the eyes of—PUNCH!"

"What?—what? Hay?—hay? Well, I never!" ejaculated the startled Shade. "I suppose it is so, however, strange as it seems. Would that I had had you at my side!"

"You need not then have lost America, or have brooded in lonely seclusion whilst your people were celebrating your Jubilee," said the Sage, kindly. "Sally forth, Sir—if—such things are permitted—when the People to-morrow pours into the streets of the City to welcome and joyously shout at their Sovereign, and you will understand the world-wide difference between the Two Jubilees!"

The dawn glimmered gently in, the Royal Shade shimmered slowly out, and Mr. Punch, meditating many things, dressed himself to go forth with the rest of the world and greet his QUEEN.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIX.—THE FISHERMAN.

SURELY, *Piscator*, like *Poeta*, *nascitur non fit*. To no one but the born Fisherman are his patience, his infinite capacity for taking pains, and his Stoical indifference to personal discomfort, at all intelligible. To the world at large, his quiet satisfaction with apparently meagre results is quite inexplicable; for the true sportsman will be more elated by the capture of one brace of trout from certain streams, than if he had drawn hundreds from a Scotch loch. To him the surmounting of difficulty is the grand object, and the smallest basket may often only be obtained at the price of the most consummate judgment, address, resource, and perseverance. Do the fish rise better in the morning than later in the day? The Fisherman will rise still earlier, and he will not grudge, if need be, to walk miles so as to be present at their *levée*.

See him as he approaches the river, his eye fixed upon the likely places! With what practised speed, and yet how carefully, he sets up his rod, standing the while some distance from the water's edge! On the way he has determined what flies he will use first; he does not hesitate an instant as he attaches the casting-line, though already his heart beats fast with excited speculation as to the result of his first few throws. All is ready at last, and now he begins to fish, working slowly and steadily towards the ideal spot where fish should be, if anywhere. Mark how his line traverses the whole area of water; every trout has an opportunity of seeing the flies which are presented in succession even before the wily veterans lurking coily in snug retreats which are either inaccessible to, or neglected by, inferior anglers. Oftentimes only by a hair's-breadth does the tail-fly escape the treacherous snag or overhanging bough that seems to lean forward on purpose to catch it; and though he cast with every precaution, mishaps will constantly occur even to the most dexterous Fisherman. When misfortunes come, as they often do on a bad day, "not as single spies, but in battalions," then the temperament of the true angler is needed. Who but a Fisherman can comprehend the feelings of one who in a failing light finds his last and only "killing" fly fast in a bush, while he knows that within a few yards lie fish waiting to be caught?

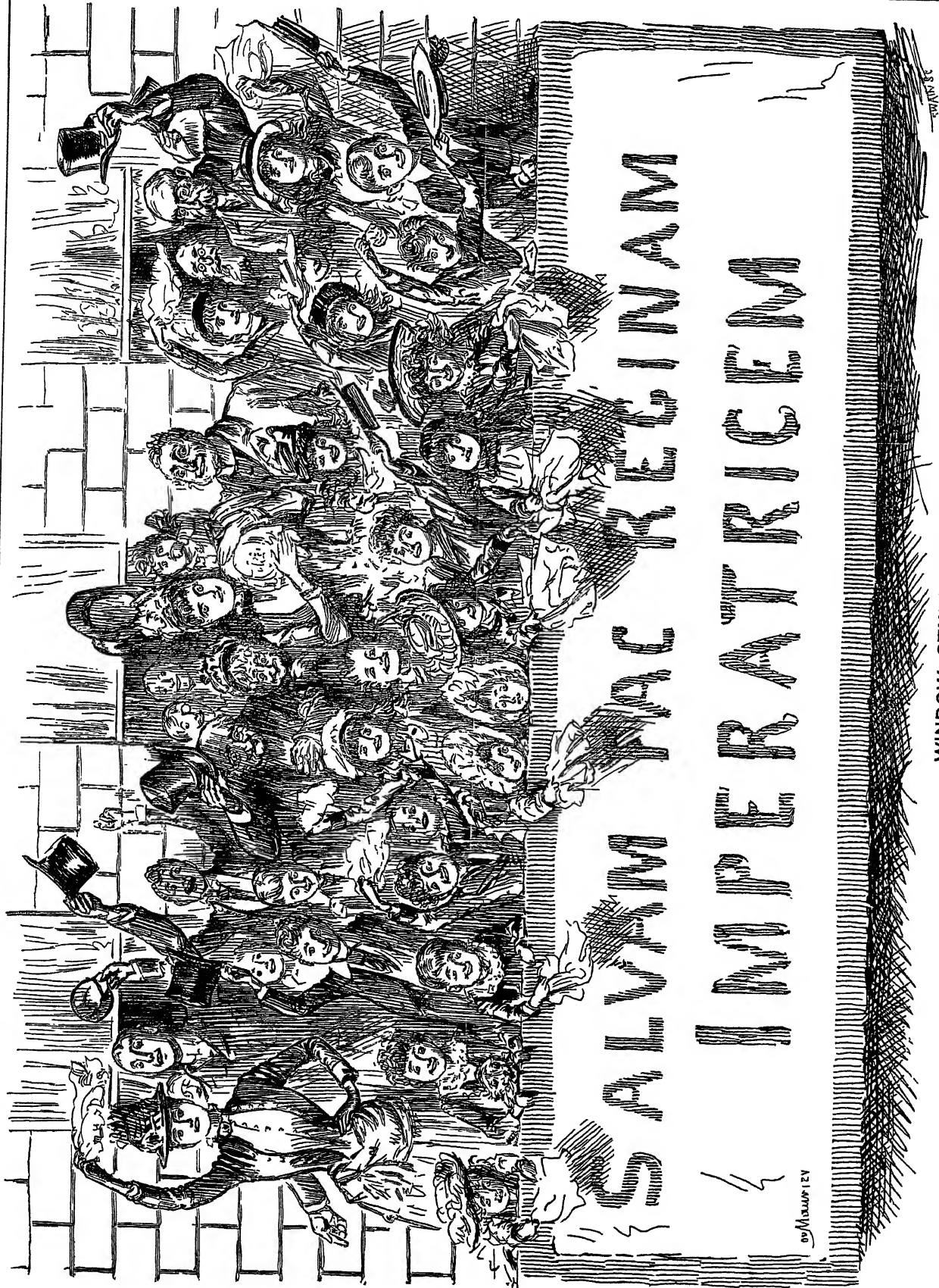
He who wields the fishing-rod pursues an unsociable calling. If he start forth in the morning with a brother of the angle, the pair will possibly return together at night. But during the day the two will probably hardly interchange more than a word; as likely as not they will not meet. Isolation from his fellow creatures is essential to the Fisherman; Nature and his own thoughts are his companions. For him the fleecy clouds as they scud across the sky are eloquent, the ruffled surface of the shallows and the opaque black or white of the depths bring each their message, the "leaves and zigzag branches write wonderful words against the evening sky." The fisherman, like every solitary sportsman, becomes of necessity a philosopher. Unconsciously his mind absorbs somewhat of the serenity of the landscapes among which he moves.

As a result the Fisherman is of all men least prone to glory in his own prowess; heavy baskets he knows to be at times impossible to the expert, and at others hardly to be missed by the novice. To do as well as circumstances will permit is all that he aspires to achieve. But he who is heart and soul in his craft will take fish when no one else in the neighbourhood can so much as catch sight of a fin. His gear is always adjusted with the nicest precision, and the knots of his line contain part of the man's character. He does not seek the applause of others, he wishes to use the best tackle to the best purpose.

Overnight *Piscator* selects his tackle, and rigs his casting-lines; on the morrow, by the river's brink, he sits down to mend, to replace, to make alterations, with a cheerful intentness than it is good to see. In his ears sound the murmur of waters, and the hum of insects; before his eyes a panorama of light and shade is continually shifting. Cattle eye him occasionally with a lazy indifference as they stumble to the ford to drink, and the water-rat flops into the stream, making off with all possible dispatch as he approaches.

The Fisherman's day is indeed an idyl, ever changeful and charming as the music of CHOPIN. Some it delights to destroy pheasants with noise, and to stand in "hot corners." To others are vouchsafed the Angler's gentle zeal, and the soul to appreciate his privileges.





WINDOW STUDIES.

"THE HEAVENS LAUGH WITH YOU IN YOUR JUBILEE!"—WORDSWORTH.]

THE JUBILEE OF KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

(Gathered from the John Hollingshead Chronicles.)

On the morning of the 25th of January, 1377, the King was early astrid. He sent for the Poet Laureate and invited him to partake of breakfast. The meal of the period was composed of an infusion of herb and hot water, sweetened with a sort of sugar and mixed with milk. His Majesty was merry.

"Gadzooks," he exclaimed, using the strange idiom of the century, "but this concoction suits me to a T! Come, CHAUCER, can you not think of some food particularly toothsome for this auspicious occasion?"

"Ay, that can I," replied the Poet, dreamily, "I have a fancy that the flesh of a pig fried with a crushed egg would be most palatable."

"Be it so," returned the Monarch, heartily, and a few minutes later King and Troubadour were discussing a dish that for many years afterwards was known as "*Iggs and Bakun*."

"And now, CHAUCER, what shall I do next? Beshrew me, I am a needy one! So—look you—let not thy plan cost me a silver penny. I want something cheap and popular."

"Why not confirm *Magna Charta*?" suggested the poet, who was inhaling a vapour that passed from a bowl full of smouldering dried cabbage-stalks through a tube into his mouth, "why not confirm *Magna Charta*?"

"I have done this kind of thing several times before," replied the King, musingly, "but as thou sayest it costeth me nothing. So here goes."

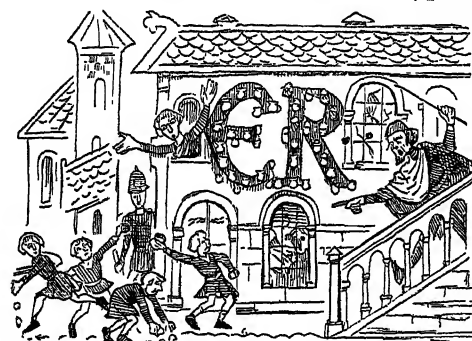
With this the aged Sovereign taking a feather from a goose that happened to be passing, made a large cross upon the palladium of British Liberty, and smiled graciously.

"So much for the people, and now for myself. Canst not hit upon some plan for my entertainment?"

"That indeed can I?" returned the Poet, putting his hand in his pocket, "knowing

O King, thou wouldst wish to be amused, I have brought with me a little thing of my own composition, which I will now read to thee, after indeed I have refreshed my bowl with dried cabbage-stalks and set it a smouldering."

The Monarch sighed, and leaving the break-



Illuminations.

fast-table, threw himself on a couch which had recently been sent to him by the POPE from Italy. This couch, which was gallantly furnished with a padded seat and a sort of cushion, was called a sofa.

"I can always listen better with a covering over my head," observed the Sovereign suiting the action to the word.

"I call my little effort *The Canterbury Tales*," commenced CHAUCER, spreading out his manuscript. "I think you will like them."

Then he read for the space of three hours while EDWARD THE THIRD expressed his great satisfaction by breathing loudly at regular intervals. At the end of the third hour the King sat up with a start.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed, and then quickly added, "I mean to say Capital! Excellent! You should send them to a comic journal."

"I will," replied CHAUCER. "I have long intended to start one. I should like it to be called, *The London Charivari*."

"Why not call it *Punch*?" asked the King.

"Or the *London Charivari*," persisted CHAUCER, who was an obstinate kind of person when contradicted. "And so thou art indeed needy, O King," continued the Poet. "I am sorry for that, as, had it been quite convenient to thee, I should have asked for the payment of my own salary, now three quarters in arrears."

"It is thine own fault, old word-jigger," returned the Monarch. "Thou art fond of inhaling the vapour of cabbage-stalks—why dost thou not discover tobacco? Did thou invent it, thou shouldst have the monopoly of its sale, which wouldst pay thy salary a hundredfold."

"By my halidom, I have it!" exclaimed CHAUCER.

"Have what?" asked the King. "And halidom is an anachronism, and will not be used until a later century than that wherein thou and I exist."

"Good, my lord," cried CHAUCER, excitedly. "I have it. Put on thy crown and royal robes, and go to Westminster Abbey."

"Certainly—but wherefore?"

"To celebrate thy Jubilee, to be sure! Go by as long a route as possible there, and leave the rest to me. I see my way to realising a fine profit."

"An thou dost," replied the Sovereign, "gadzooks, thy salary shall be in arrears no longer."

The crowds were immense. Never had there been seen so fine a procession. First came three vehicles (scarcely carriages, because



Omnibus.

they had not then been invented), containing some of the nobility—then followed the King himself. The cheers were continuous, and the enthusiasm immense. In those days there were no houses along the line of route, which extended to Kensington, Knightsbridge, South Belgravia, Piccadilly, Leicester Fields, and the Mary le Bone Gardens, and thus the people were forced to stand on the ground. Some of them derived an advantage over others by standing on a plank supported by two barrels. A man coarsely attired, but whose language spoke a gentler calling (it was as flowery as that of any Poet), collected the money. This man was here, there, and everywhere. For a portion of the time he drove a sort of conveyance (not an omnibus, because omnibuses were not in vogue for many a long



Coster's Stand.

year afterwards), and was extortionate in his fares. However, the good citizens paid merrily themselves, saying, "By our troth, but a Jubilee cometh but once in fifty years!"

The day ended, and once more Troubadour and Sovereign were closeted together. They were enjoying the illuminations. CHAUCER poured into his Master's hands vast sums of copper money.

"Of a verity this is a brave display!" exclaimed his Majesty.

"Sire, thou hast not forgotten the terms?" questioned the Poet. "That thou, O King, were to have the takings of the stands after my salary had been paid in full."

"A goodly arrangement and a just one—now have I no more to receive?"

The Poet shook his head signifying that he had paid over all that he had received, and then putting forth his hand exclaimed, "And now, O King, my salary?"

"Shall be paid in full out of the tobacco monopoly when that next is discovered," replied the Monarch locking up the cash, "say, old friend, what thinkest thou?"

"That if my salary depends upon tobacco, it will end in 'smoke.'"

The King laughed long at this quaint conceit. The Poet also smiled, but whether the smile was intended for the quibble (which truth to say, was not a very new one) or was caused by a recollection that out of the stand-lettings he had already paid himself his salary told a hundred-fold, the Chronicles do not testify.

'ARRY ON THE JUBILEE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

You are a old 'ermit! Did think as you'd trot up to town, To jine this 'ere Juberlee gammoock and back hup the Court and the Crown. I'd as soon be a bloomin' old Blue-Point deep down in the briny, dear boy, As be mugged up in medders and mangolds with nothink to do or enjoy.

The town's painted red I can tell yer, a reglar flare-up and no kid; Got a seat for the Ryal Percussion for which I'd to blue arf a quid; Pooty stiff, but then 'ARRY's a patriot, the scene'll be somethink immense, And when larks and loyalty jine, I say wire in, and bust the expense!

We shan't see sech another dust-up, CHARLIE; Juberlees ain't like green peas, Or Derbies or centenny—wotsits, and that's wy I'm in for the squeeze. A fifty years' stretch on the throne is a record as ain't often made, Pertikler in times like these 'ere, as is had for the Ryalty trade.

Wot with dynomite, CHARLIE, and duffers like HYNDMAN, KRAPOTKIN & Co., And dashed traitors like GLADSTONE and MORLEY, kings' cribs are not wuth arf a blow.

They seem always a gitting kicked out or blown up, mate, and suddent at that, Jest as though they wos tram-car conductors, without no more rights than a rat.

But HER MADGESTY—bless 'er!—as bested 'em. No one, dear CHARLIE, can't say She ain't 'ad a fair run for 'er money. And now it's 'er Juberlee Day; And I mean bein' in it, I tell yer. I shan't shy at blueing a bob, For my patriot soul's hup at pop-pint, and 'ARRY is fair on the job.

It's a rare fillaloo, and no error, Q. J. is all over the shop; Heard a bloke cryin' "Juberlee Winkles," and arter that where *will* they stop? Fact is, Trade is still so dashed bad, and there's bin sech a run on the tin, That most hevyrone takes up the cry on the horf chance of jest a look in.

I am hup in the sterrups jest now, as you know, my dear CHARLIE, thanks be! And since I've bin "hinterviewed"—well, even V. R. 'erself must know Me. So I've togged myself up to the nines, mate, and if I *should* ketch the QUEEN's heyes,

Well, she won't be ashamed of 'er subjeck, that's poz, dear old pal, and no flies!

It's in me, my pippin, it's in me, and, 'ang it, it's bound to come out, [lout; That there *jenny say quor*, dontcher know, as divides the true gent from the And if Mrs. GURLEP, as we call 'er, should spot me—well, there I won't blow Like that BUFFALER BILL, but by Jingo she'll see as I'm fair in the know.

I did 'ope to git into the Habbey; I ought to 'ave bin there, you see, As a true reppresentative man, wich is wot I'm admitted to be. But there is sech a lot of red-tape, CHARLIE. Fancy wot *might* 'ave bin done With this Juberlee Day if the Bigwigs 'ad only been fly to true fun!

Wy ain't there no Fireworks, for instance? That there Dook of WESTMINSTER Of candle-ends stuck in the winders is like that close-fisted old codge. [dodge, *Wy didn't he stump up the ochre?* He rolls in it, CHARLIE, old man, And yet his contrybution to Toosday is this mangy taller-dip plan.

Wy when GEORGIE THE THIRD, poor old buffer!—was playin' 'is Juberlee game, They 'ad larks with roast oxes and rockets, and wy shouldn't we do the same? Primrose 'ill all ablaze with set-pieces, and bonfires all over the shop. That's wot I should call doin' it prime, and 'twould catch the B. P. on the 'op.

If our toppers mean stickin' up top, mate, and not coming down with a run, They must ladle the ochre out freer, and give us a little more fun. They may be jest as rich as old Creeses, and none on us won't care a bob; But if they turn *stingy*, old pal, they may jest as well turn up the job.

We'll pervide 'em with L. S. D., CHARLIE, with palaces, pensions, and parks; But if we supply the canaries, the toppers must let us 'ave larks. That's a moral, old man, trust yours truly. Their game is a trifle too steep, And if there's one thing as *won't* wash, it is Ryalty done on the cheap.

'Owsomever, that's jest by the way, mate. I've wolfed lots of jujubes, old man, For I mean to hooray till I'm hoarse, and I want to be heard if I can. Can't yer run up to town for the evening, and take a all-rounder with me To see London light up for VICTORIA? I tell yer it will be a spree.

POLLY PECKHAM will be on my arm, I can furnish you out with a gal As will suit you right down to the ground, CHARLIE. Do make a heffort, old pal. It's a thing as we all oughter see; I'll mount all the topsail I can carry, And if you 'll shove in your jib-boom, you 'll oblige yours right loyally, 'ARRY.

It is said that Mr. DAVITT depends largely upon supply from American funds. The Irish-American party are fond of Mr. DAVITT, and he of them. Strong affection between the parties. Quite—(no, not quite)—"DAVITT and JONATHAN."

"THE FLÔ REVELATIONS."—We've heard the last of them. They are now the "Over-Flô."

THE BUFFALO BILLERIES.

By Dumb Crambo Junior.



The Wild West Show.



Boss and "Bos."



King of the Cowboys and Duke of Bucking 'em.



See-you Chief combing his Wig-wam.



A Lass-o with a Lasso.



Squaws and Squawls.



Injin-earring Department.

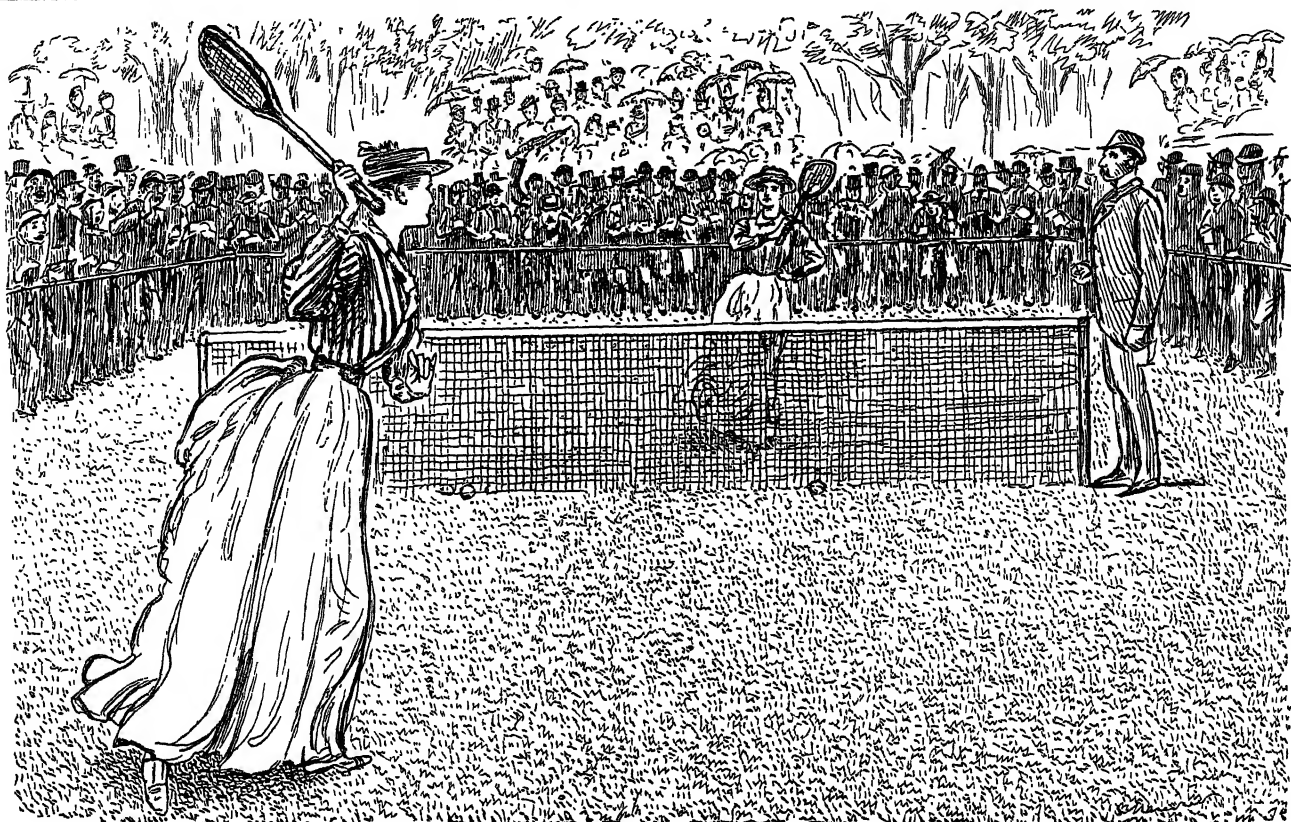


Our Artist is persuaded to try a mount. When last seen he was still soaring toward the setting sun.

THE ISLINGTON CAMPAIGN.

No better Show than the Military Tournament, with Major TULLY in command, and Captain DANN—the "hoarse soldier," as *Mr. Punch* first christened him years ago—as Master of the Ring. The building the bridge, the crossing it, and the assault on the fort gallantly defended by the Military Band under the noble old flag of "Refreshment Contractors" waving above their heads, were more exciting than last year, owing to the Armed Train, which runs in screaming like a wild Injine, and with Blue Jackets in front to work the gun with a handle, as if it were a common street-organ. The stage arrangements, the carrying off of the wounded boy, and the ambulance lending assistance, reflected the greatest credit on Colonel ONSLOW. The dead men acted their parts to the life. The audience was crowded, hot, and enthusiastic. The welcome given to the Princess of WALES's Own Hussars (or Lancers, we forget which) was spontaneously hearty. Altogether a great success; and BUFFALO BILL's Show (except the Buckers) not "in it" with the Military Tournament, which, it is to be regretted, lasts only one week.

THE Reform Club Ball was a splendid affair last Wednesday. The dancers were plucky, and, in spite of crush and heat, formed and re-formed over and over again.



CAUTION TO LADY CHAMPIONESSES.

(Match between Miss Harriet de Vere Talboys and the Hon. Emily Vavasour.)

Chorus of Bookmakers. "GO IT, 'ARRIET! THREE TO ONE ON HEMILY!" &c., &c., &c.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

MR. PUNCH had quite set his heart upon furnishing his pupils with a Jubilee Ode which should afford the fullest scope both to their loyalty and elocution; and he had given an early order to his regular Poet to furnish him with a piece of superior quality and finish. The Bard, however, yielding to an unworthy diffidence, has shrunk from competing with singers of stronger pinions than his own, and had it not been for a gifted native gentleman of Bengal, a MR. CHATTERJEE MOOKERBHOO, who rushed gallantly in to fill the gap with a composition that is, on the whole, equally creditable to his head and heart (though perhaps a little unfortunate here and there, from a not unnatural want of familiarity with the nicer nuances of the language)—had it not been for enterprising Mr. MOOKERBHOO—the Amateur Reciter would have had no Jubilee Recitation upon which to expend his energies. Here, then, is the Baboo's spirited effort, which, from its



extreme simplicity, can be rendered with comparative ease by even a beginner:—

JUBILEE ODE.

Compounded by Baboo Chatterjee Mookerbhoy, as token of loyalty.

In the groves of calorific India,
Stands a pillar, stamped with two initials;
And the Ryot bows himself before it,
Making a poojah.

("The recitationer," says the Baboo, "should manifest here before the audience the alluded mechanism.")

Next he crowns it with a wreath of champak,
And, on tiptoe gingerly approaching,
Down its mouth, that gapes, as if expectant,
Pops in a sweetmeat.

(Imitate a popping gesture, and skip back with a salaam.)

Then he lays his letter down before it,
Hoping for the notice of the Demon,
Who resides within the little column—
V. R. the viewless!

(Fold your arms across your stomach, with a transit to cultivated compassion and quiet inflatedness.)

We are blessed with better education
Than to kneel in front of pillar-boxes,
Though they all are symbols of a Sov'reign,
Splendidly tip-top!

No malignant deity is V. R.
To be wooed by long propitiation!
But a kind, good-natured-looking lady—
Judging by portraits.

So 'tis not with superstitious motives
That we've ornamented all the lamp-posts
With festoons of flowers made of paper,
Finer than fivepence!

For we greet the fiftieth recurrence
Of the day our QUEEN the throne ascended
With a solemn universal high jinks,

Painting the town red!

On this rompish Day of Jubilation
Let there be no sign of any snip-snap!
Let the bells ring out a merry welkin!

("The practice of making the welkin ring on public rejoicings is remarked at," says Mr. MOOKERBHOO, learnedly, "by all the number-one poets and best-quality warblers.")

Flourish the trombones!

(With an exalted raptness of one who has got a dazzlement on his Horatio, or mind's eye.)

Here she comes, the Governess of Albion!
Let us all draw in our horns before her,
Make a leg, and greet her with a curtsy,
Shout "Lackadaisy!"

Now we bend, respectfully collapsing,
For her stately caravan advances,
Through the festive crowd of cockahoopers,
All of a twitter!

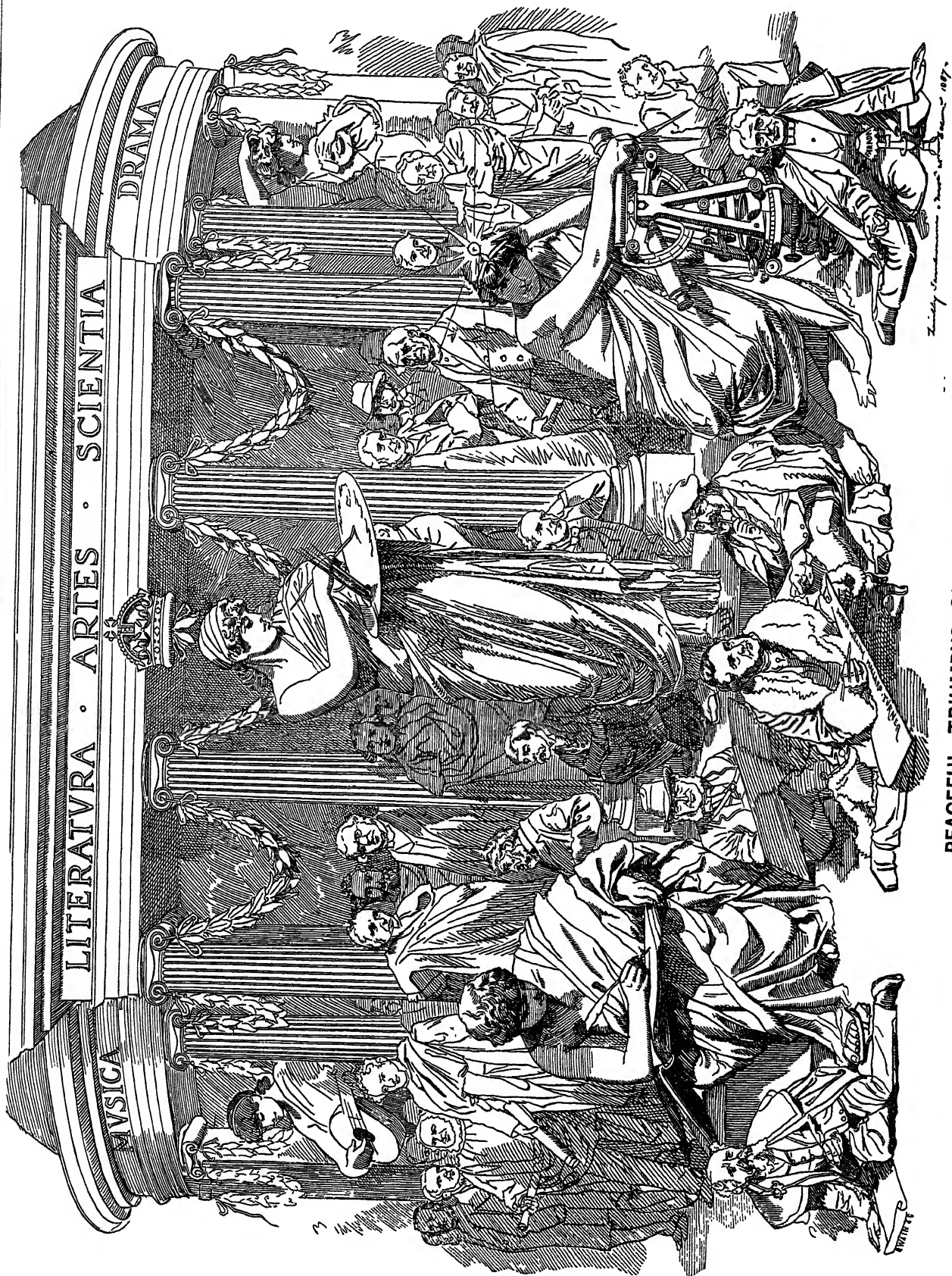
O VICTORIA, we thy loving subjects
Raise for thee the clamorous *cui bono*!
Deign to jerk us, in retaliation,
One little simpler!

(With an action of imploration, you should retire backward, avoiding the emotional displays of feeling which are likely to proceed from those by whom you may be audited.)

MR. DAVITT has made a few mistakes lately. When Mr. PARNELL is inclined to use strong language, he says "O DAVITT!"



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"



PEACEFUL TRIUMPHS OF THE REIGN.

LANE AND GARDEN.

COLONEL MAPLESON wisely retired with his Company on Monday last rather than incur a disastrous loss. The Colonel is an old soldier, and his plan of campaign included the probability of such a mischance when there were in the field two distinct antagonistic forces, in the operatic army of



OH, THE JUBILEE!

"Per te d'IMMENSO GRUHILO," &c.

Lucia di Lammermoor, Chorus, Act II.

Signor LAGO—already victorious—and the vast forces at the disposition of General AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. But the Colonel, though he has warily retreated, is still undefeated, and sounds the trumpet for another attack, which is announced for Thursday next. Success to the veteran warrior! Whether AUGUSTUS intended to take the town by storm with *Aida*, is a matter which the result has left uncertain. The Orchestra, under the *bâton* of Field-Marshal MANCINELLI was grand, glorious, and enough to blow off the heads of an audience. Of course *Aida* is a noisy opera, and when the voices aren't sufficiently powerful, it is as well to make up for quality with a quantity of wind and string. But here there was quality—good quality, too, as far as the chorus and most of the principals went, and even the weakest of these came out uncommonly well in a chorus.

If *ensemble* were to be the strength of Opera Druriolana, then the public will say to AUGUSTUS IMPERATOR, what *Boz* said to *Coz*, "Then give us a chorus." But this should not be so, as in his Signori PANDOLFINI, MIRANDA, NAVARRINI, and the French *Tenore Robusto*—"Robusto, toi que j'aime!"—JEAN DE RESZKE, a romantic name—quite the title of an Opera in itself—he has what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would call "The Elephants of success."

Signora (why "Signora?" as she's German?—but no matter) MILA KÜPPER-BERGER may be all that is required as a "Prima Donna Drammatica" by the audience of the Teatro Real at Madrid, but the audience of the still more real Theatre at Drury Lane, want something more than dramatic talent,—which didn't seem very over-powering,—in an Opera. The make-up and costume of the Donna Drammatica as *Aida* was curiously suggestive of one of the Huntresses of the Wild West Show, and some ignoramuses seeing Mr. FOLEY—we mean Signor FOLI—in the stalls, mistook him, on account of the length of his looks and his drooping moustache, for BUFFALO BILL himself, who they thought was present to encourage the performance of one of his troupes.

On the same night, at Covent Garden, *Lohengrin* was given, with ALBANI and GAYARRÉ; and though the Opera to non-Wagnerites is somewhat tedious (and the heat was trying to audiences everywhere), yet there can be little doubt that the Covent Garden

Company, having got the start, has kept well ahead, and that ALBANI and GAYARRÉ are the favourites, and will bring in Covent Garden first at the end of the season. One Opera will pay, two won't. Why doesn't the Musical Millionaire, Madame PARTI, come forward, and, out of mere love of Music, start a Company of her own, paying first-rate salaries, and being a naturalised Welsh-woman, ready to show what "gallant little Wales" can do, ready to take the profits as her share, or nothing, since she is well able to stand the loss of a few thousands, if loss there could ever be with the proverbially lucky *diva*. That she, our *Dinorah*, our *Aida*, our *Rosina*, our several other things, should be out of it, is "the pity of it," and, if she liked, she could put it all right. This is a suggestion from T'OTHER FELLOW.

P.S.—"In this hot weather, after the Opera is over, a cold something in *aspic*, or a deliciously fresh lobster, washed down with whatever your particular weakness may be—" "But one of my rules is never to sup." "Then," we say, "go to our *RULE*'s for an exception." It's worth the last quarter of an hour of any Opera. *Verb. sap.*

A PEACEFUL TRIUMPH.

Punch's Ode on the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, June 21, 1887.

Not with the ruthless Roman's proud parade
Of flaunting ensigns and of fettered foes,
Nor radiantly arrayed

In pomp of purple, such as fitly flows
From the stern Conqueror's shoulders, comes
our QUEEN

Whilst England's ways with June's glad gar-
niture are green.

Not with the scent of battle, or the taint

Of cruel carnage round about her car,

Making the sick air faint

With the dread breath of devastating war,
Rolls on our Royal Lady, whilst the shout
Of a free people's love compasses her about.

The pageantry that every step attends

Is not the martial pomp that tyrants love,
No purchased shout of slaves the shamed air
reads;

Peace's white-pinion'd dove

Might perch upon those banners unafraid,
The shackled forces here are thralls of Art
and Trade.

Titans beneficent that in the train

Of peaceful progress walk with willing
feet,

In the proud service of the conquering brain,

Loyally strong and fleet;

With calm-eyed Science, and with white-
robed Health,

The unarmed champions of the new Common-
wealth.

Unarmed with tools of slaughter, yet of
strength

To shake the phalanx and to blunt the
spear.

O QUEEN! the loyal land through all its
length

Breaks into one wide cheer

Of patriot rejoicing on this day,
And hails your Peaceful Triumph winding
its calm way.

Triumph! Shall we not triumph who have
seen

Those fifty years round on from sun to

snow

From snow to sun, since when, a girlish
QUEEN

In that far June-tide's glow,

Your brow first felt that golden weight,
well-worn,
Which tried the Woman's heart, but hath not
overborne?

Fifty fair years which, like to all things
fair,

Are flecked with shadow, yet whereon the
sun

Hath never set in shame or in despair,

Their changeful course have run.

And we who saw the dawn now flock to see
June's noonday light illumine VICTORIA'S
Jubilee.

Triumph! No brainless, loud thrasonic
boast

Of indiscriminate self-eulogy

Rings from our lips, or from the loyal host
From every land and sea

Who gather, drawn by kinship's gentle cords,
As heroes flocked of old to the fierce feast of
swords.

The hands that wave in jubilant acclaim

Could, at stern need, clench close upon the
hilt;

But England yearns to build a nobler name

Not on the conqueror's guilt,

The iron ruler's raw and ruthless might,
But on the patient potent faith in love and
right.

That were a triumph which might fire our
souls

And shake our steeples with the joy-bells'
din.

Straining to that most glorious of goals

Which once to near, to win

Were the realm's olive-crown of deathless
fame,

We lift our shouts to-day, O QUEEN, in your
loved name!

Is not this Peaceful Triumph foretaste fair

Of Honour's full fruition yet to be?

The music round you is no martial blare

But voices of the free

Ring unconstrained rejoicing on your way,
Symbol of England's might and ocean-girdling
away.

Just, pure, and gentle, yet of steadfast will

When high occasion calls and honour pricks!

With such a soul our Commonwealth should
thrill,

That, that alone shall fix

Our rule in rock-like safety, and maintain
Free way for England's flag o'er the wind-
winnowed main.

Clang bells, cheer Britons, clamour voices
sweet

Of English womanhood in chorus clear!

Flood with a sea of faces the grey street,

Of Babylon the drear!

The flower-pied meadow-world is scarce more
gay, [day]

Than the thronged city vistas on this festal

A galaxy of girlish eyes gleams bright
And blue as hyacinth clumps amidst the
grass,

Where'er in the huge Capital's full sight,

This pageantry shall pass.

Man's ringing cheer and woman's radiant
smile,

Speak love for England's QUEEN and our
dear sea-girt Isle.

And *Punch* whose memory scans those fifty
years, [days]

Whose patriot forecast broods o'er coming
Smiles with the smiling throngs, and lifts his
cheers,

With those the people raise,

And prays that firmer faith, spirit more free,
May date from this proud day of jocund
Jubilee.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

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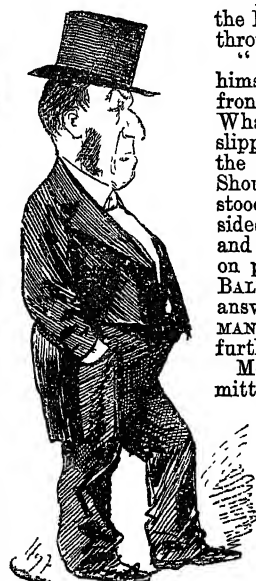
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 13.—When new office created for KING-HARMAN in connection with Irish Government, everybody wanted to know Why? Nobody answered. Now secret out. KING-HARMAN made Parliamentary Secretary to Irish Government in order that he might deliver the perfectly delicious answer about ambulatory crowbar which convulsed House to-night.

"Is it true," CONYBEARE asked, "that at the Bodyke Evictions a bailiff threw a crowbar through a wall?"

"No, Sir," said KING-HARMAN, drawing himself up to full height, and steadily confronting querist, "no such occurrence happened. What is true is, that on one occasion a crowbar slipped from the bailiff's hand, and entered the house through an aperture in the wall." Shouts of laughter, amid which KING-HARMAN stood immovable. When uproar partially subsided, he added, "It was purely accidental, and did not occur a second time." Disposition on part of Irish Members to resent ARTHUR BALFOUR's practice of leaving questions to be answered by his subordinate. If KING-HARMAN can go on this way, there will be no further question of the arrangement.

More pegging away at Coercion Bill in Committee. Settled that at Ten o'Clock on Friday, whatever Amendments to whatever number of Clauses remain unsettled shall be run through forthwith, and Committee stage accomplished. That being so, BARTLEY, who looks in on his way home after having founded another Penny Bank, wants to know what's the use of wasting time? TIM HEALY, who has discovered in facial aspect of the Member for Islington resemblance to one of those automatic figures which moves when a penny is inserted in the open mouth, tells him to



"Put a penny in, and the figure will move."

go away and mind his own business. As for Irish Members, they intend to ignore Resolution of Saturday morning. Will discuss Clauses line by line and word by word as before. If on Friday Government like to rush through without discussion any Clauses that may remain, the consequence be on their head. Penny Bank BARTLEY is conjured to "put that in his pipe and smoke it;" which he, metaphorically, does, and goes his way.

JOHN MANNERS back to-night, after a bout of illness. House delighted to see him. Cheer enthusiastically when he rises, blushing, to answer question. House justly proud of the picturesque old man, almost last surviving link with Young England days.

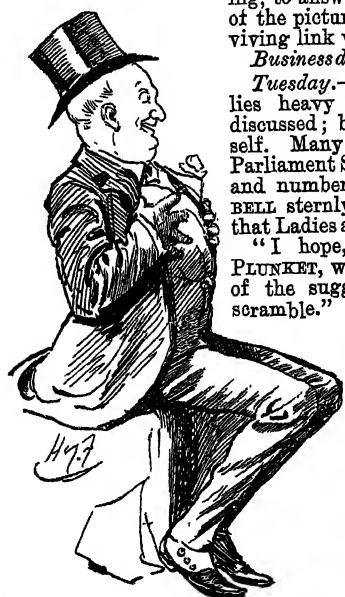
Business done.—Coercion Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Shadow of the coming Jubilee lies heavy on House. Various questions discussed; but Jubilee always reasserts itself. Many questions about Grand Stand in Parliament Square. Seats not to be reserved and numbered, it appears. GEORGE CAMPBELL sternly asks, "Are we to understand that Ladies are to scramble for their places?"

"I hope," said that *preux chevalier*, PLUNKET, with a pained look at the enormity of the suggestion, "that Ladies do not scramble."

Clear through the grating in the cage over the Press Gallery, came the whisper, "What a nice man!"

GARDNER wanted to know how long the streets would be kept open for Members' carriages, and Alderman FOWLER, twice Lord Mayor of London, posed PLUNKET with inquiry as to what was to be done with Members' carriages when they had arrived and set down their fare? JOHN DILLON gave new turn to conversation by suggesting that House should sit



"Smiles audibly."

on Jubilee Day; at which suggestion WINTERBOTHAM, Q.C., with a rose in his button-hole, audibly smiled.

At last House resumed Committee on Coercion Bill, the movement being signal for general Exodus. Almost alone GLADSTONE sat on Front Bench with Bill in one hand and copy of Amendments in other, eagerly comparing them. Everyone else, not excluding the indomitable TIM, wearied with the worn-out theme. Leaders of the Government abdicated, leaving Treasury Bench in possession of Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and CHIEF SECRETARY. Even JOHN MORLEY, most assiduous attendant upon House, had given himself rest. The Irish Camp half empty, and the Benches opposite tenantless. And here was GLADSTONE, leaning forward, with elbows on knees, Bill in one hand, and Amendments in the other, as eagerly scanning them as if he had but just discovered this new fount of delight. ARTHUR BALFOUR looked across the table at him with perceptible increase of interest.

"What on earth can he find interesting in the beastly Bill?" he muttered, and, settling himself forward another inch, went to sleep.

"Curious thing," says WILFRID LAWSON, "how Irish Secretaryship diversely affects different men. It ruined FORSTER's health and temper; it turned TREVELYAN's hair grey; it gave an added tone of placidity to CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's imperturbability; and it makes ARTHUR BALFOUR sit more and more recklessly on his spine. Fancy, before Bill is reported, he'll have accomplished his heart's desire, and be able to sit upon the blades of his shoulders."

Business done.—Very little. No prospect of more pending compulsory conclusion of Committee Stage on Friday. All owing to the Jubilee. So, till Jubilee is over, shall move my own Adjournment.

"SHADES OF EVENING."—"What to do with your hands," is always a difficulty for amateurs, for *débutants* in Society, and for nervous persons. If anyone would learn what to do with his hands, let him call in one evening at the Pavilion and see Professor TREWEY (he used to exhibit at the Alhambra) make a "galant show," out of his two hands. Wonderful and immensely amusing, especially on a hot evening, which is warm in the well-ventilated Pavilion. It is well worth seeing, and anyone visiting the place will find our words verified, we mean Trewey-fied.

ROBERT ON THE JUBILEE.

WELL, all I can say is, if we're to have many more Jewbillys such as this here one during the nex year or two, they will have to get a rayther younger Head Waiter than me to look after matters, so as to keep 'em strate. With all my long xperience, I never know'd sitch a time for eating and drinking and speechifying. First it's a grand lunch, hot and hurley, at a Livery Company's All; then it's sitch a dinner as few people as ewer had the chance of heating, at the Grand Metropoll; and then a Ball and supper for a few thousand gesteses, at which they all eats and drinks as if they had nothink to speak of all day! Them wot had occur'd, and will occur again has on Thursday nex; and as we has to prepare for about five thousand wisiters to a Ball at Gildhall, and sitch a supper as nobody can't give except the honerd Copperashun, at what time can I reasonably expec to reach my downy and virtuous couch? And even that isn't all, for my old friends the Jiners has fixt on the werry next day for a hecksursion, on bord the "*Maria Wood*" City Barge, and of course they insists on having me as ushal, ooz I knows their little ways, and the partickler brands of Shampagne as they likes. Well, if sum of us tumbles asleep, and falls overboard, and is drowned in the foaming billers off Monkey Island, all I can say is, it won't be suicide, but overdun dooty.

Of all the wariuous ways of sillybrating a Jewbilly as I've herd on up to now, I thinks as the Livery Company's is about the best. They not only asks lots of people to cum to dinner, and gives lots of money to their Poor, but they presents themselves with bootiful reel Gold decorations to show their loyalty to the QUEEN in a sencerble sort of way. One company has given themselves all butifool gold pencil-cases, another has given themselves butifool gold decorations to wear in their coats on Sherrymonial occasions, and then has a grand Lady's party on purpos to show 'em off; wile a third has given themselves, every one of 'em, butifool gold five-pound pieces as has just been made in the Mint. Ah, that's what I calls common sense, and no nonsense; for wen it's all over, and the luminations have all been put out, and the fireworks all gorn off, and the werry last grand dinner eaten and thoroly digested, and paid for, they will still have sumthink left, of that loveliest of all colours, pure gold of 15 carrots, to keep the Jewbilly in their fond remembrance.

I shoold think if there's one class of people more than another, who ought to cash up pretty hansom for all the wariuous ways as kind frends suggests for sillybrating the Jewbilly, it's the Doctors, for I rayther thinks as they'll be having a high time of it both at the West End and in the City, for the nex month or so. What we jolly waiters calls the Livery complaint, will be pretty nearly universal.

But a trowse to such sollem professys on this festiv oocashun. If there must be a skeleton in the cupboard, look in him and lose the key, and forget all about him. There's one thing as seems rayther hard upon us perfeshnal gents. Ewerybody is to be made appy and cumferal for a hole fortnite, princes and princesses, and perlicemen and poor paupers, and ewen prisoners, all alike is to rejoice, and be happy and to be thankfull, all, all, with ony one xception, and what

a peace, witch I s'pose is about as much as anybody will trust you. I bent my heagle glance upon him, but he didn't shrink, and so we parted; and I don't mind confessing as I have hacted on his hint; for though of course it carnt be true, yet it might be, and my xcuse for not paying my little bills is, what I hear everybody else say, namely, that times is so bad that I find it difficult to make both ends meet, speshally when one is so werry much shorter than the other.

a xception! Hus! Yes, we as is so necessary a part of a bankwet, that it woud be simply ridieklus to attempt to have one without us, we, as has so much to do during the nex few weeks as, when I ony thinks of it, fills me with haw! we who is the loyalest and most conservatiffest of men, are to sillybrate the QUEEN's Jewbilly by workin arder than ever! The ony one peace of sunshine as I have heard on to britten us up to the performance of our hextra duties is the roomer that all our fees is to be dabbled, and shabby sixpences is for the nex few weeks, to be reserv-ed for Charity Sermons.

As there ain't enuff room in Buckenham Palace for all HER MAJESTY's Royal Gests, I'm harf promised a engagement at wun of the Hotels where sum on em is a going for to stop, so I may possberly realise the one great wish of my art, and have to hand a dish of taters or sumthink to a King! The simple thort busts me out into a per-fuse perspiration, speshally when I remember that His Majesty may praps say summut to me in Russian or Austrian—and then where shoold I be?

We waiters held a privet and confidenhal meeting larst week to consult about matters that ain't nothink to noboddy till they is revealed, as they will wun day be. Well, at that Meeting, one of our most risingest young chaps, not above forty, acshally had the vulgar bad taste to say, as he wondered, as amost everybody was a doing sumthink for the QUEEN, what the QUEEN was a going to do for amost everybody! Well, the skream of horror with which his owdaacious sentiment was received was somethink as he won't soon forget. How sad it seems to see a yung feller, as mite one day praps become an Hed Waiter, a running off the line, and a kicking over the traces and taking the downward path as most suttlenly leads to a Corffee Shop! Well, after the Meeting, Brown and me was a warking home together, when he says to me, says he, "Do you know, ROBERT, I've bin told as the QUEEN has sum idear of doing what that yung donkey surgested, and that is, to pay all the dets as ewerybody ows which is under 45



JUBILEE TIME.

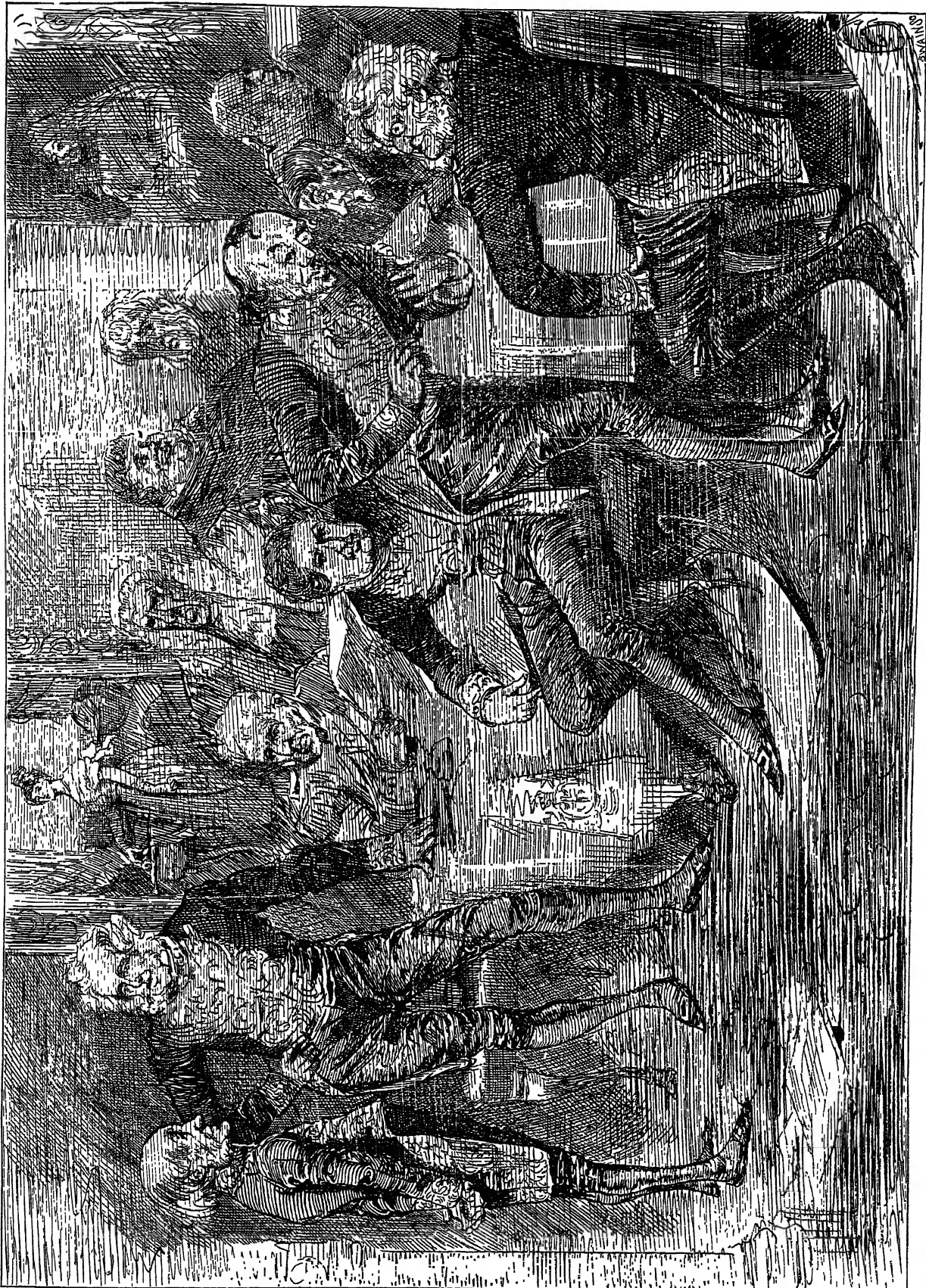
Sweeper (surprised at receiving a Shilling). "THANK YER 'ONOUR, AN' MAY THE BLISSED SAINTS PAY YER BACK A THOUSAND THOIMES!"
City Crasus (having "done the sum"). "PHOOUGH! ON'Y FIFTY POUNDS!"

I hears as a good many other Boards is a going to foller the bold xample of the Assylums Board, and send their congraterlations to HER MAJESTY, and conklude with saying that they thinks as it woud be a werry nice return for the complement if HER MAJESTY woud kindly Night their Cheerman! That seems to have struck a good many others besides me as about as cool a thing as is to be heard of in this hot weather.

I'm told that among the shoals of honners as is about to be showered on the hungry xpectants, there was two of a rayther staggering character, namely a Dookdom for the Prime Minister, and a Night-hood for his great rival, and that both has been declined with thanks. How werry difficult it is to please sum people! I have found, strange to say, a werry great difference of opinion about the Jewbilly. All stingy people, and all quiet people, as hates what they calls a fuss, and all the sneerin and ill-natured people, which is a werry numerous body, is ded against it, but on the hother hand, all the hopefool, and all the jolly fellers, and all the Ladies, bless 'em! and all their dressmakers, and all the Shampain people is dead for it. The shining loyalty of the Gas Shareholders is werry creditable to 'em, and the efferwessing loyalty of the Polly-naris people is quite refreshing.

I don't know when the nex one is to be held, but I s'pose it will be sum time fust, for when I ventured to surgest as the elumination gas-fittings should be kep up till that time, to save xpense, there was quite a roar of larfter, and BROWN acshally said as he thort that I was a rum un, tho I'm sure I don't know why he shoold have made such a werry imperent remark. However there's one thing as is clear enuff to my mind, wiz., that whether they bees of one sort or of the other, favorable or the reverse to Eluminations and Fireworks, stingy or liberal, good or bad or middling in all other matters, they all jines hartily, and sincerely and ewen effecshunately, in the one grand prayer, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

ROBERT.



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THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL is better out of every household.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL is composed entirely of dangerous and deleterious drugs.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL effectively installs influenza.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL instantly sets up lumbago.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL rapidly increases neuralgia.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL quickly renovates toothache.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL develops constant rheumatism.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL induces aggravated sciatica.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL will be found a most excellent substitute for Jungle fever.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL will give a passing ailment a chronic character.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL utterly destroys all sleep.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL.—A Country Curate writes:—"I purchased a box, and persuaded an aged Uncle and Aunt, both in a feeble state of health, to try them, with the result that one had a paralytic stroke, and the other became afflicted with permanent convulsions. They are both now inmates of the County Lunatic Asylum. Don't send me any more."

JUBILICON is an entirely New and Startling Digestive Preparation.

JUBILICON may be regarded as a Universal food.

JUBILICON contains all the Nutritive Properties of Soup, Fish, Joint, two Entrées, Sweets, Vegetables, and Cheese.

JUBILICON creates a perfect furore in a *menagerie*.

JUBILICON is immensely relished by the Rhinoceros.

JUBILICON infallibly delights the Baby.

JUBILICON forms an excellent Dog Biscuit.

JUBILICON can, with confidence, be set before Epicures.

JUBILICON may be taken before day-break.

JUBILICON can be swallowed after midnight.

JUBILICON should be served at all hours.

JUBILICON, mixed with Dublin Stout, affords an admirable Porridge.

JUBILICON mingled with Ink, produces an efficient Boot-Blackening.

JUBILICON, gives a wonderfully fresh appearance to brass candlesticks.

JUBILICON will Restore the Appetite of the jaded Invalid.

JUBILICON can be regarded as a Serviceable Furniture Polish.

JUBILICON can be utilised as a fuel in a quick-drawing Kitchener.

JUBILICON may be taken as a cough lozenge.

JUBILICON, if scattered freely on the pavement, will prevent accidents in slippery weather.

JUBILICON.—A Country Squire writes: "At a hunting breakfast last season, acting on the advice of a friend, I set nothing before each of my guests but a bowl of **JUBILICON**, made, according to the directions, with hot water. I have never seen any of their faces again, and I am now cut by the whole county."

PROCESSION.—OPPORTUNITY TO

VIEW. A few excellent seats to witness HER MAJESTY'S progress to the Abbey on the 21st, are still to be had on the chimney-pots of a Nobleman's Mansion commanding a fine view of one of the leading thoroughfares. Price, Five guineas a seat, except for that on the kitchen chimney, for which, as there will be necessarily a fire lighted below, only Three guineas will be charged. Early application desirable to Earl of —, 417, Piccadilly.

ILLUMINATION.—SUGGESTION

WANTED. A Royal Enthusiast, who is desirous of contributing to the general gala rejoicing at the proposed universal illumination, on the occasion of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY'S Jubilee, and has purchased a box containing ten of Price's Night Lights, one of which he intends to utilise for the purpose, would be thankful to anyone who would advise him how to display it to the best advantage. Whether it should be over the hall-door, or in the drawing-room balcony, or placed conspicuously in the attic-window. Advertiser will be thankful for any hints to guide him in the settlement of his problem. Address, BLAZER, Flare St., Hackney Wick.

JUBILEE REJOICINGS.—A Rural Dean, who has undertaken, on behalf of a Local Bankrupt Committee, to celebrate the occasion of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY'S Jubilee by roasting an ox, giving a dinner to 300 aged people, and providing tea and fireworks for 5,000 children, will be obliged by any Expert, who has had a similar experience, informing him how he is to set about the undertaking with the sum of £4 13s. 7d., all the available capital he has in hand subscribed for the purpose. He will also be obliged for any information that will enlighten him as to the proper method of roasting an entire ox at once, if he finds himself in a position to purchase one. The Advertiser is ignorant as to the proper method of proceeding with the performance. He wishes particularly to be informed whether the creature should be cooked in its skin over a bonfire, which he opines must cause a good deal of waste, or trimmed by a Butcher, and spitted on a traction-engine, and exposed to the heat of several kitchen ranges temporarily set up on the Vicarage lawn for the purpose. Any solution of the above rather disquieting problems will be gratefully received by the Revd. X., The Vicarage, Swampnam-on-Stroke, Herts.

JUBILEE BOARDER.—A Member of a Central Reception Committee, who finds he has left on his hands a distinguished Indian Chief, who has somehow not been included in the list of Royal Invitations to Buckingham Palace, is desirous of finding a quiet home for him for a fortnight, where he could enjoy the advantages of domestic supervision, coupled with such liberty as seeing the chief sights of the Metropolis as might be found compatible with his social proclivities. As he enters a Drawing-room with a double back somersault, descends the stairs with a war-dance, and would like, if possible, the run of a neighbouring square on a Buck-jumping cab-horse, an aged and lonely couple, living in a retired suburb, who wished to enliven their declining years by the introduction of a little novelty and excitement into their household arrangements, would find this an eligible opportunity. As the Chief's food consists of a raw tripe breakfast, an early lunch-dinner of Bison steak, while he takes five o'clock tea in a watering-pot, the character of the *cuisine* would be no great object. Is quite contented with a shake-down on a couple of coal-sacks in the front area. The Advertiser will supply strait-waistcoat, handcuffs, leg-chains and padlock complete, for taking him out to dinner, which can always be managed most conveniently in an empty furniture-van. Five 3-lb. pots of paint for full-dress purposes, would also be thrown in. Might, with a little humouring, be introduced as a feature into some local Music Hall entertainment. Apply to "Red Tailed Fire Escape," care of Agent, Bagstone's Menagerie, Mile End.

JUBILEE SONG. Patriotic composition entitled "*Victoria's Encore*," by the author of the "*West End Tradesmen's Anthem*," "*We hail thee, gorgeous Institute*," &c., &c., &c.

Refrain.

Then to her year of Jubilee,
We shout a glad "*encore*,"
For, fifty seen, we ask why she,
Should not see fifty more!

To be had of all Music-sellers in the United Kingdom.

⚡ **NOTICE.**—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ROBERT AT THE PERSESSHUN.

I HAVE often remarked that for downright furrness, not to say obsternacy, there's nothink to compare to a fond, loving wife, who's made up her mind to see a Royal Perseshun wen she appens to ha' got a new Bonnet! So, finding my orful pictur of the dredfull dangers of the streets on a reel Jewbilly Day, as don't come werry offen, treated with derision, if not contempt, I submitted at larst, as I mite jest as well have dun at fust, and descended with my beloved but firm partner into the orfully scrowged streets. I must confess as I did wentur to suggest that praps High Park mite be about the best place for a safe, tho' distant, view, but my beloved had made up her mind to git as near the Abby as posserbel, and was quite surprised to find



as both sojers and perlice objektet werry strongly to our going up to the front door and waiting there quite cumferal for our Sovverain and her Princes and Princesses, and cream-cullerd ponys. So we had to push our way back jest as hard as we had before to push our way forred, but with rayther wuss tempers; and at one part, where the sojers was werry thick, one of 'em backed his horse at the rong time, and came bump against my beloved. Fortunately the wild hannimal didn't kick, and that wunderfool woman was quite ekal to the occashun, for seeing sum grey-looking sojers with a plank reddy to assist any one as feinted, she squealed out, tho' she wasn't hurt a bit, and frowned herself in my arms; so they carried her into the Abby for change of hair, and, strange to say, she wood not recover herself till HER MAJESTY had cum, when she opened her eyes, and saw everythink! witch, strange to say, I didn't, as I wasn't there, but was a being pushed about by the dredful crowd, quite orful!

ROBERT.

A BLAZE OF GLORY.

THE unanimous chorus of acclamation with which the recently published announcement of Jubilee Honours has been greeted by the general public has inspired "those in authority," to make some still further additions to it on the same lines, and the following names will probably be submitted to HER MAJESTY for her approval:—

To be raised to the Peerage.—MR. SMITH, MR. BROWN, MR. JONES, MR. ROBINSON.

To be Members of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.—MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS, MR. W. HOLLAND, the Author, Singer, and Composer of "Oh, what a Surprise!"

To be made Baronets.—MR. SWAN, MR. EDGAR, MR. HOWELL, MR. JAMES, MR. CROSSE, MR. BLACKWELL, MR. SPIERS, MR. POND.

To be Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Hot Bath.—BUFFALO BILL, MR. D'OXYL CARTE, MR. BIGGAR.

To receive the honour of Knighthood.—MR. ENO, MR. BEECHAM, MR. COCKLE, the Proprietor of Hop Bitters, MR. KEATING, MR. PEARS.

ETON NOTES.

SPLENDID sight. Guard of "2nd Bucks" all "1st Swells." Rector of Upton-cum-Chaffey read a comic address. At every joke, roars of artillery.

The Eton Boys lighted up torches, and executed figures. The figures were unhurt. The QUEEN suffered torchers in the Home Park. In spite of this, the celebration of the Day After The Fair was a great success. "Yes, it Warre." Inclosed is the real Jubilee Ode, only rejected because it came late:—

Jubilee Regina,
Salve! Etonenses,
Salve! Cunctæ Formæ
Sextâ (Salve!) ad primam
Te salutant forte,
Jubilee Regina!
Iterum canemus,
Pueri loyales,
Iterum vocantes,
Jubileum Reginam
Pueri Etonenses,
Te nos apellamus.

Salve! Salve! Salve!
Jubilee Regina!
Unâ voce chorum
Fortiter canamus,
Salve! Salve! Salve!
Jubilee Regina
Ibimus domum
Non nos dum videtur
Splendida et Aurora.
Jubilee Regina!
Iterum canemus,
Jubilee Regina!

Ego TOMMY scripsi, and I don't know why it wasn't sung. Id erat justum ut bonum ut illud alteri chappi. Salve!

ECHOES FROM THE JUBILEE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is not very likely that we shall have another Jubilee for some little while; still, as it is always as well to be ready for any eventuality, I send you a few notes that may be of service to Londoners during the next celebration.

How to get a Seat to View the Procession.—Some people say that getting up at 5 A.M., and waiting in a brougham outside the stand in which that seat is situated, is

"out and away the best mode." Many of my friends tried this method, caught severe colds, and then were so weary when the moment arrived for the cortege to pass, that they slumbered the sleep of the just. Mine was a far simpler process, and had the advantage of being perfectly successful. I did not worry myself to secure a voucher, but merely waited outside a jealously guarded public office until the cheering of the multitude distracted the attention of the messengers set to watch the approaches. As I anticipated, in a moment of extreme excitement the guardians turned their heads to see what they could see. It was then that I seized my opportunity, and, walking in as if the place belonged to me, selected the best stand, mounted into it, and cheered while my voice lasted. After this I was a little hoarse, and consequently got back home without fatigue.

How to Illuminate cheaply and effectively.—Chinese lanterns are all very well in their way, and so are Fairy lamps, but the first are apt to "catch" in a high wind, the second to topple over, and both cost money. A great deal may be done with a ream of tissue-paper, and a seven-pence halfpenny worth of chamber candles. Cut out some loyal sentiment on the paper, place a light behind it, and there you are. If by any chance your house should burst into flames, you ought to make a good deal out of your insurance. Of course you will have taken the precaution to be on the right side with the insurance people. Another method is to burn down your neighbours' houses, but this is not so profitable as burning down your own, although it gives just as much pleasure and costs infinitely less trouble.

How to Entertain Country Cousins.—Write to say you will be only too delighted to see them, and arrange to secure good places for them for the ceremonial. Having done this, engage the largest room in the best hotel on the line of route, and meet them there on their arrival, spend the day with them, and delicately leave before the waiter appears with the bill for the expenses. You should not do this with a very rich uncle (from whom you have expectations) unless you are quite sure of his temper.

How to Keep your Health during the Jubilee.—Leave town until it is all over.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, always at your service,

A WITNESS OF THE TRUTH.

AFTER the experience of the 21st of June, the Metropolitan Constables may be safely Warrented.

"HOSPITAL SUNDAY."—Order of the Day, "Present Alms!"



Why not Goschen's head for a Jubilee Coin? Conservative profile on one side, Liberal ditto for reverse.

PUNCH TO THE PEELERS.

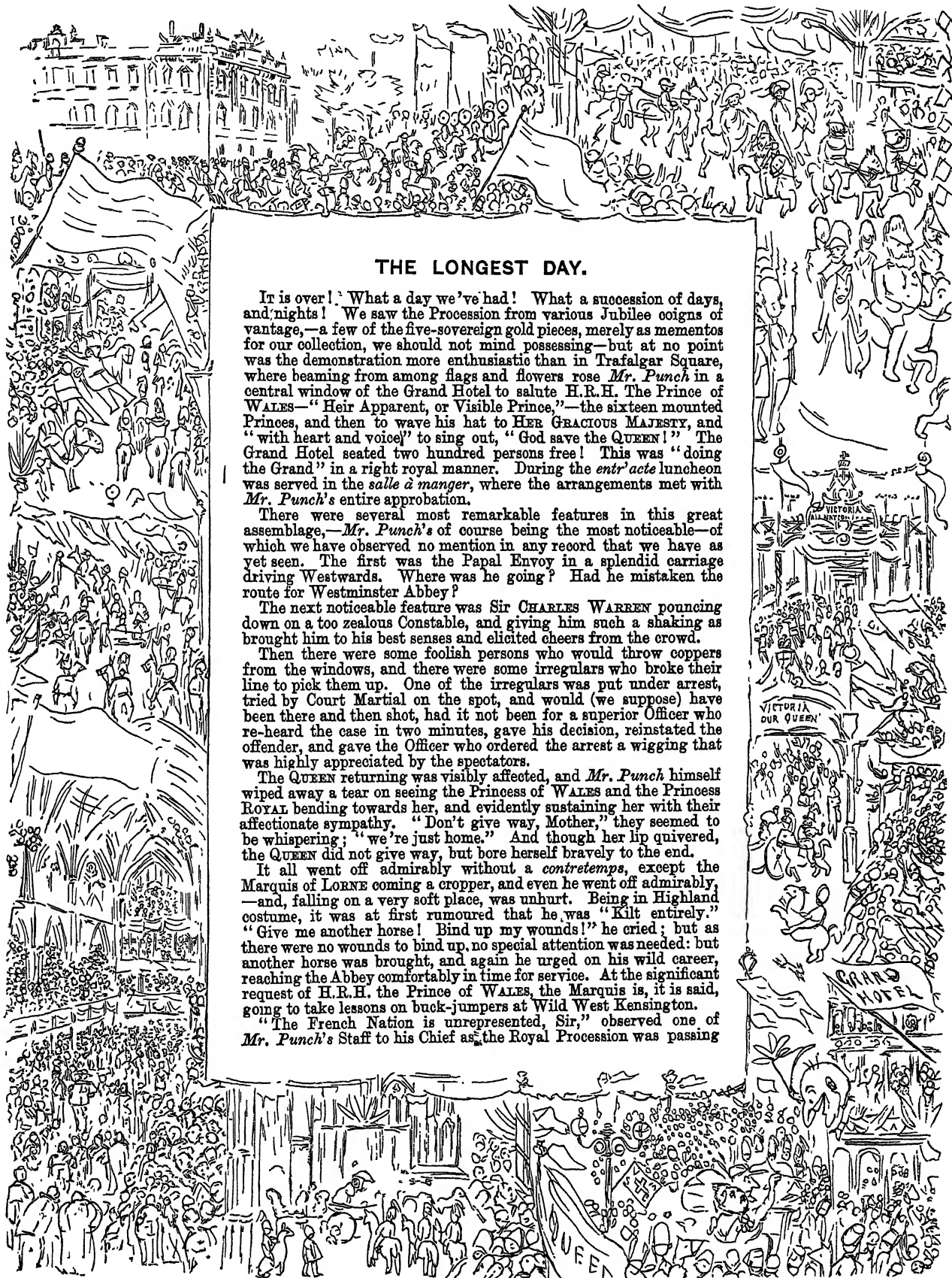


ALL honour to your management, my WARREN
 All honour to the Force you featly led!
 And that honour, *Punch* opines, should not be barren
 (May he hear hereafter more upon *that* head).
 'Midst the Jubilee's joyous pageantry and pother,
 (Though 'tis common of our Bobbies to make fun)
 "Taking one consideration with another,"
 The Policemen's work was excellently done.

Mr. Punch from post of vantage proudly viewed them;
 They combined unshrinking toil with ready tact,
 Whilst the sultry summer sunshine broiled and stewed them,
 Showing judgment when to act or not to act.
 Their thin blue line kept order; firm yet kindly,
 They stood with faces flushed, but pulses cool,
 Whilst the multitude around them crowded blindly,
 True type of a free people's civic rule!

By Jingo, how they worked amidst the jostle
 With steady backs and ever ready hands!
 When the whistle sounded, mellow as a throistle,
 How they helped the Ambulance's helpful hands!
 Fainting woman, shrieking girl, or panting 'ARRY,
 All with equal care and courtesy they served,
 With ready arm to cover or to carry
 From the press where the packed people swayed and swerved.

How many lives and limbs they saved, those Peelers,
 And the Ambulance with which they worked so well,
 Unless the rescued all should turn revealers,
 No record will declare, no story tell.
 But *Mr. Punch's* vigilant observation
 Marked their hard toil amidst the mob's wild fun,
 And, filled with genuine pride and admiration,
 He publicly awards his warm "Well done!"



THE LONGEST DAY.

It is over! What a day we've had! What a succession of days, and nights! We saw the Procession from various Jubilee coigns of vantage,—a few of the five-sovereign gold pieces, merely as mementos for our collection, we should not mind possessing—but at no point was the demonstration more enthusiastic than in Trafalgar Square, where beaming from among flags and flowers rose *Mr. Punch* in a central window of the Grand Hotel to salute H.R.H. The Prince of WALES—"Heir Apparent, or Visible Prince,"—the sixteen mounted Princes, and then to wave his hat to HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, and "with heart and voice" to sing out, "God save the QUEEN!" The Grand Hotel seated two hundred persons free! This was "doing the Grand" in a right royal manner. During the *entr'acte* luncheon was served in the *salle à manger*, where the arrangements met with *Mr. Punch's* entire approbation.

There were several most remarkable features in this great assemblage,—*Mr. Punch's* of course being the most noticeable—of which we have observed no mention in any record that we have as yet seen. The first was the Papal Envoy in a splendid carriage driving Westwards. Where was he going? Had he mistaken the route for Westminster Abbey?

The next noticeable feature was Sir CHARLES WARREN pouncing down on a too zealous Constable, and giving him such a shaking as brought him to his best senses and elicited cheers from the crowd.

Then there were some foolish persons who would throw coppers from the windows, and there were some irregulars who broke their line to pick them up. One of the irregulars was put under arrest, tried by Court Martial on the spot, and would (we suppose) have been there and then shot, had it not been for a superior Officer who re-heard the case in two minutes, gave his decision, reinstated the offender, and gave the Officer who ordered the arrest a wiggling that was highly appreciated by the spectators.

The QUEEN returning was visibly affected, and *Mr. Punch* himself wiped away a tear on seeing the Princess of WALES and the Princess ROYAL bending towards her, and evidently sustaining her with their affectionate sympathy. "Don't give way, Mother," they seemed to be whispering; "we're just home." And though her lip quivered, the QUEEN did not give way, but bore herself bravely to the end.

It all went off admirably without a *contretemps*, except the Marquis of LORNE coming a cropper, and even he went off admirably,—and, falling on a very soft place, was unhurt. Being in Highland costume, it was at first rumoured that he was "Kilt entirely." "Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!" he cried; but as there were no wounds to bind up, no special attention was needed: but another horse was brought, and again he urged on his wild career, reaching the Abbey comfortably in time for service. At the significant request of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, the Marquis is, it is said, going to take lessons on buck-jumpers at Wild West Kensington.

"The French Nation is unrepresented, Sir," observed one of *Mr. Punch's* Staff to his Chief as the Royal Procession was passing

the Grand. "Not exactly," replied *Mr. Punch*, as he pointed towards H.R.H. and all the Princes mounted; "Paris at all events is represented by the *Passage des Princes*."

For impressive splendour and simple dignity, the Royal Procession couldn't be beaten. But as a Pageant—(by the way, Mrs. R.A.M. was delighted at seeing Lord ALFRED PAGEANT in full uniform riding all alone with no one to talk to)—as a Pageant there was much to be desired. But, after all, a Pageant would have been theatrical, and this Procession was solid.

What a mistake were those closed carriages! When there's another show we should strongly recommend the plan (adopted in Pantomimes and to some extent in Lord Mayor's Shows) of preceding each fresh lot of Notabilities with a big banner, on which shall be legibly written the styles and titles of the characters following. No one can look at a programme and see a procession. No one can take glances at a printed list in his hand and be sure that he hasn't mixed up the third carriage with the second, mistaken a King for a Prince, or gone wrong somehow. Banners would obviate this.

Then as to music. There were three bands in Trafalgar Square. One played on arrival, and on departure. The second played drearily at long intervals. The third didn't play at all. As far as music went—which wasn't far—the Procession was the dullest of its sort ever witnessed in any big city on any big occasion.

The Police were all A. 1.

After the ceremony, *Mr. Punch* proceeded by Vauxhall Bridge and Dulwich to Sydenham, where he finished a royal day at The Palace. Already the grounds were filling, and the people were coming down in shoals to spend a happy afternoon and a brilliant evening.

Anybody who was at the Palace on Jubilee Night would augur well for its future success, in spite of all past and present difficulties. The new mode of lighting and decorating the interior gives an air of life to the Palace, which, in the evenings, it never has before possessed. *Mr. RUSSELL* is to be congratulated on this; and if the public only back up the show, which is just now eminently worthy of their support, the C. P. Company may yet behold a Happy Future in the Crystal.

Mr. Punch witnessed BROCK's magnificent display of fireworks—quite a Brocken night—and from the smile upon his countenance we are warranted in saying that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Also, on our own account, we can honestly add that besides the startling "Niagara of Fire," there is another show which is alone well worth a visit. This is an open-air ballet, most ingeniously contrived and arranged by Mme. KATIE LANNER, full of marvelously pretty effects, and in the words of the poet it is, "Oh, what a



Crystal Palace Ballet. "An Arrangement in Black and White."

surprise!" from beginning to end. Altogether for an outing the combined entertainment at the C. P. is quite an "out-and-outer." The Rhododendrons look lovely. It ought to be made a twenty minutes run by rail with L. C. & D. trains every half-hour. The Crystal Palace ought not to be allowed to droop and die for want of support, as any one will say who pays it a visit just at this time.

The fireworks had banged and popped for the last time, the gas was going out fast, so were the people, about forty thousand of 'em, and as "mid pleasures and palaces," we had ceased to wish to roam, we began to consider "there's no place like home," and so homeward went, and the Jubilee Day was over.

THE daily papers having announced in good time that June 21st "would be observed as a Collar Day," Sir CHARLES WARREN was enabled to provide an efficient staff of plain-clothes men for the occasion. It is remarkable, from the Police Reports of Wednesday, how very few were actually collared.

' ABBEY AND GLORIOUS! "

Tuesday.—Up early. Singing to the tune of "The Mocking Bird"—

"O, I am going to the Abbey,
To the Abbey, to the Abbey!
If there I don't see Mr. LABBY,
I shall know that he must have stayed away."

The ceremony in the Abbey will never be forgotten by those who were present. In spite of the tiers of seats filled with fighting "everybodies" and "nobodies," and several very comical incidents, the function was intensely impressive. The Court officials did not seem to be well "up" in the names of the Kings and Princes, and had to "sort" them before apportioning seats. One very officious gentleman seemingly was asking Sovereigns for their names, with a view to finding out where they should be put. This pleasant person seemed to be saying to a subordinate, "Pass one King to the bench on the right of the altar, and find a couple of places in the stalls for these be-jewelled Nabobs."

The Queen of the SANDWICH ISLANDS was a decided success. But—*Abbey Thought*—why didn't she come attended with a corps of Sandwich Men? The bows of the Court Officials were a welcome relief to the more serious functions of the day. As each "Royalty" passed, the Gentlemen in embroidered coats ducked their heads as if to avoid the blow of an unexpected cricket-ball. These sharp little nods continued as "H.R.H." after "H.R.H." passed along, stopping only a moment to allow the Marquis of LORNE (recovering from his "nasty cropper") to move on without clockwork-bobbing recognition.

But the moment HER MAJESTY had taken her seat on the Throne, surrounded by her sons and daughters, in the presence of her People, the situation became unspeakably grand. The very place, so full of memories, added its dignity to the scene. Not even the strange robes of the Clergy, worn awkwardly, could lessen the solemnity of the occasion. *Abbey Thoughts for Ritualists*—Copes and Dalmatics! Until the close of the Service the QUEEN represented Royalty in its noblest sense. It was only when HER MAJESTY turned round to receive the homage of her children, and insisted, contrary to all precedent, upon kissing them, that the People realised once again how intensely womanly their Sovereign Lady was, and why they not only respected and admired, but loved her. It was then that many eyes were dimmed with unbidden tears, and every heart echoed the earnest prayer, "God save the QUEEN!"

THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE. (JUNE 22.)

GIRLS and Boys came out to play,
Sun was shining—a lovely day!
Came with a whoop and came with a call,
How they romped and enjoyed it all!
Dancing about on the spacious green,
Cheering and blessing their gracious QUEEN,
And when the fun and frolic had ceased,
Cheering the Founder of the Feast.
May their fate in the future, we heartily pray,
Be as bright as we saw was their Fête of this day!

RACING THE BOATS.

Monday.—Started from Southend. Plenty of money for expenses. Magnificent sight. *Genesta* took a decided lead. Granville Hotel at Ramsgate could not be better.

Tuesday.—Nasty sea-fog. Heard that the *Dauntless* had lost her way, and had wandered up the Seine as far as Paris. Started in pursuit.

Wednesday.—Searched everywhere for the *Dauntless*, but could not find her. No one had seen her on the Boulevards, and I could find no trace of her in the Folies Bergères. They had not seen her in the Café Anglais where I dine.

Friday.—At Dieppe. Waited the whole day on the chance of sighting the *Genesta*. Failed in the attempt. Could not see her even from the Casino, although I was on the alert the whole evening.

Saturday.—Got to Brighton in the hope of coming across the *Dawn*. *Atlantis*, I believe, all right. Some one fancied I should be able to hear more about her if I went to Littlehampton.

Sunday.—*Atlantis* not in sight at Littlehampton. Dense sea-fog. Tried Arundel—she was not there. Spent the whole afternoon lying on my back under a tree in the park, looking for her.

Monday.—Away again. Ran down to Scarborough. Pretty place. Nice bathing. Swam out some distance, but did not come across the yachts.

Tuesday.—Spent all the money provided for my expenses, which have been considerable. Coming back to town in a dense fog. Shall get a fresh supply of cash, and then continue my journey after the race with increased determination. [No, you don't.—ED.]

THE WEEK.

THE Foreign Office a marvellous sight with all the ladies' costumes, uniforms naval and military, all the pretty Ladies, and the Cardinals and purple Monsignori. The Austro-Hungarian Ball, at the Metropole, also a splendid sight. But everything everywhere was a splendid sight; and what with illuminations and jublations,

A little lamp here,
A little lamp there,
Here a lamp and there a lamp,
And everywhere a lamp,

it was what the late lamented *Captain Crosstree* used to call "quite confouzlum." And what weather! The Head Clerk of this department, in *nubibus*, must be congratulated on his meteorological arrangements. No "depression" anywhere.

WELL-EARNED REPOSE.



Lord L-th-m. "MY LAST SOVEREIGN GONE!
NOW I WANT A LITTLE CHANGE."
[Goes to bed for a fortnight.]

THE EGYPTIAN PUZZLE.

Official Revelations extracted from a forthcoming Blue Book.

TELEGRAM I.

Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London, to Sir William White, Constantinople.

COME, bustle up! Can't think why you keep us waiting so long. Awkward questions asked in both Houses every night. Send us at least something to go on upon. Why isn't Convention signed? If any palace intrigue stops the way, force yourself into SULTAN's presence. Bother etiquette. Threaten him. Frighten him. Make him understand we won't stand any more humbug. Wire reply at once.

TELEGRAM II.

Sir William White, Constantinople, to Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London.

Telegram to hand. Situation perplexing. At my wits' end. Am celebrating Jubilee nicely. Please be patient. Letter on way will explain.

LETTER I. (with Inclosures.)

British Embassy, Constantinople,
June 23rd, 1887.

MY DEAR LORD SALISBURY,

I NEED not say that immediately on receipt of your telegram I did my very best to carry out its instructions without further delay. It reached me when I was busily employed trimming some oil-lamps for our Jubilee celebration here, which promises, I am glad to say, to be a very successful affair; but I at once abandoned my occupation, changed my coat, put on my best hat, and hurried off to the palace. On presenting my card I was, as I expected, at once declined admittance. However, the tone of your telegram, hinting, as it did, that I should have the support of Her Majesty's Government if I found myself compelled by untoward circumstances to have recourse to unusual measures, inspired me with the happy idea of tripping up the sentry on duty, and making a dash for the grand marble staircase, which mounting five steps at a time, I was enabled to reach the long series of antechambers that lead to the SULTAN's private *sanctum*. These were filled with high Court officials, who were too much taken aback by my sudden appearance to bar my progress, and so, by knocking over a few who did, and bonneting a Grand Vizier, who stood immediately in my way, with a Union Jack pocket-handkerchief (a portion of our Jubilee decorations) that I had purposely brought with me in case of need to emphasise my nationality, I made a bound at the curtained entrance, and after a slight scuffle that can not have lasted more than a quarter of an hour, found myself at

length in the presence of His Majesty. He was sipping a cup of cold coffee, and was seated huddled up on an ottoman, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and as I slid into the room and produced the "Convention" from my pocket, I noticed that he visibly turned pale, and returned my official salutation with an uneasy smile.

"If it is for me to sign that paper that you have come," he commenced nervously in bad French, "I cannot do it. It is not possible."

"I'm very sorry, your Majesty," was my prompt reply. "but I've had my orders from my Government, and they are, that I'm not to leave this room till the thing is settled. So there; make up your mind to it, for you'll have to do it."

I dipped a pen in ink as I spoke, and courteously approached him with a winning grimace.

"I tell you, I cannot," was his plaintive reply, "I dare not. See, what I have just received from the Russian and the Frenchman. Read for yourself."

He took a couple of despatches from a table-drawer as he spoke, and burst into tears; then apparently overcome by his emotion, he made a bound past me, and before I could stop him fled from the room. I halloo'd after him, but he had got a good start down the next two corridors, and, as chase was useless, I let him go. I then turned to the two documents. I make no comment on them, but enclose them herewith for your inspection. Need I add that after reading them, I saw nothing for it but to return the unsigned Convention to my pocket, and get back to the Embassy as quickly as possible to continue our preparations for the celebration of the Jubilee, which I am sure it will gratify you to hear was a remarkable success. The fireworks were a great hit. I have just let off the last rocket. Waiting your further instructions, I am, my dear Lord SALISBURY,

Faithfully Yours, WILLIAM WHITE.

ENCLOSURE A. (Translation.)

SIRE,—I am instructed by my Government to inform you that, if you put your hand to the document prepared for your signature by perfidious Albion, the whole grand French Nation will consider that you have meditated to insult it through Egypt, and will regard your action as a direct *casus belli*. I need not, therefore, point out to you the necessity under which you lie of altogether ignoring Sir WOLFF's infamous and corrupt document.

Assuring you of my distinguished consideration,

I am, Sir, Yours with all spontaneity,

DUC DE MONTEBELLO.

ENCLOSURE B. (Translation.)

M. DE NELIDOFF presents his compliments to His Majesty the SULTAN, and begs to inform him that he has received instructions from his August Master to notify to His Majesty that he declines to allow him to sign the so-called "Convention" recently arranged with England. M. DE NELIDOFF has further to add that, as disobedience to this command will involve the immediate despatch of 500,000 troops to Constantinople, together with all the undesirable consequences that would naturally result from such a step, he trusts that the SULTAN will see the necessity of giving orders that, if the British Ambassador presents himself at the Palace, he may be summarily kicked out.

TELEGRAM III.

From Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London, to Sir William White, Constantinople.

Your letter with enclosures received. Nonsense! Stuff! He must sign. Go at him again. Don't let him alone till he has done it. Follow him up. Shall expect to hear from you within twenty-four hours that the thing is settled.

AFTER THE JUBILEE.

(Nursery Rhyme.)

* * * * *
"The Coronation Chair, perhaps to most Englishmen the most precious of all the precious relics in the Abbey, was handed over to some barbarian to be smartened up, and he has daubed it the orthodox Wardour Street brown, and varnished it."—*Athenæum*, June 25.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
Where have you been?
I to the Abbey went
To see the QUEEN.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
What did you there?
Sneezed, smelling varnish
Upon the old Chair.

PAID BY "COMMISSION."—Second Lieutenant DANIEL GODFREY, of the Grenadier Guards.

THE SPEAKER'S SONG.—"Bidmead Discourse." (Six quavers to the Bar.)



OUR DRAWING-ROOM PETS.

(We give the Colonies a Turn.)

KANGAROO JIM, THE CHAMPION AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG-THROWER, IS RAPIDLY BECOMING THE IDOL OF OUR MOST EXCLUSIVE LONDON CIRCLES (TO THE INTENSE AMUSEMENT OF HIS NATIVE MELBOURNE, WHERE HE IS ONLY KNOWN TO SOCIETY IN HIS PUBLIC CAPACITY OF PROFESSIONAL STREET ACROBAT.)

N.B.—KANGAROO JIM'S ADVENTUROUS YOUTH WAS SPENT IN THE COOKABOO ISLANDS, AND HE OWNS TO HAVING FREQUENTLY PARTAKEN OF ROAST MISSIONARY THERE; INDEED HE DESCRIBES THESE BANQUETS WITH INIMITABLE GUSTO, AND SEEMS NOT A LITTLE PROUD OF HIS CULINARY SKILL.

BACK TO BUSINESS.

Leo Britannicus loquitur :—

WHOO! Well, I am glad it's all over,
Well over, and over so well.
It was worth while abandoning "clover"
For Trafalgar Square or Pall Mall.
By thunder, I hadn't a notion
How youthful I was, and how green,
Till I thrilled with contagious emotion
To "God Save the Queen!"

A cynical coldness the vogue is,
And yet my most dandified cubs
Combined with the buffers and fogies
Who thronged the hotels and the Clubs
To crowd for the handiest places
On that the great Jubilee Day,
And yell, until red in their faces,
A British "Hooray!!!"

Let pedants make mock of the yellers,
I fancy the Jubilee shows
The town is more full of "good fellers"
Than modish omniscience knows.
Their notions nubibustic,
But this is abundantly clear,
That Britishers, urban or rustic,
Still know how to cheer.

A crowd more good-tempered and jolly
Has never stood hour after hour,

With scarcely a sun-shade or "brolly,"
Beneath a broad sun at full power.
The help those brave "Bobbies" afforded
Was noble, and free from all blame,
And if they are not fitly rewarded,
I say it's a shame.

Those Ambulance chaps, too, were splendid!
The gentle and vigilant way
In which on the crowd they attended
Was one of the sights of the day.
Bravo, Sirs! When multitudes muster,
Such help, unconstrained and unfe'd,
Prompt, kind, without red-tape or fluster,
Is service indeed.

Illuminate? Rather! My pockets
Were plumbed pretty well. What a sight,
When lanterns, and beacons and rockets
Made brilliant the Jubilee night!
Big bonfires, the lavish employment
Of fireworks, some dolts deem a bore;
With a view to the people's enjoyment,
I wish there'd been more!

However, it's over, and now, Sirs,
To business I'm going to see,
I must doff my fine Jubilee trousers,
My mane and my tail must flow free.
These frolics have been "a big order,"
Which statecraft and trade did not shirk,
(E'en the *Times* flourished forth with a
But now, boys—to work!

A PRESCRIPTION.

To those who are becoming rather tired of hearing "Oh, what a Surprise!" and "Oh, the Jubilee!" we would suggest some Fresh Air. There are two Jubilee Stations—"Queenborough," whence you can reach the Continent *via* Holland, Flushing with delight *en route*. But nearer and cheaper are Westgate, Margate, and Ramsgate, the first of which (*Mr. Punch's* own seaside resort) can be reached by the jaded Londoner on Sunday morning in one hour and a half, starting from Victoria (L. C. & D. Line) at the reasonable hour of 10:30 A.M., and Holborn Viaduct 10:25, Margate in an hour and three-quarters, and Ramsgate in two hours. Lovely! No air ever composed by MOZART, HAYDN (the original of "Oh, what a Surprise!") called "*Haydn's Surprise*"), BEETHOVEN, MEYERBEER or LESSERBEER, or BALFE, or any other genius, can ever equal the exhilarating, recuperating air of the Isle of Thanet. *Dr. Punch's* advice is not to be neglected with impunity. Try it.

A CARD-PLAYER'S NOTE.—"Never saw such a lot of Kings! What a pack! The Heralds held the Trumps! With the QUEEN, the Princesses, the Prince, and the Crown Prince, Honours were easy."



AFTER THE JUBILEE.

BRITISH LION (*rather limp*). "WELL, IT HAS BEEN A SPLENDID SUCCESS!! AND NOW—A—WE MUST REALLY GET BACK TO BUSINESS!!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 20.—Very few here to-night. Majority away, either trying on their new clothes for Jubilee to-morrow, or, happier still, fled away from Town till Jubilee over. PICKERSGILL hears that Publichouses to remain open till Two o'Clock in morning, by way of honouring QUEEN'S Jubilee. Wants to know if it's true? HOME SECRETARY practically admits the soft impeachment. Police been instructed not to take proceedings against Licensed Victuallers keeping open house till Two in the morning. "But," he added, in stern voice, looking for approval to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, "licensed persons have been cautioned that, notwithstanding, they will be held responsible for drunkenness or disorder taking place on their premises."

WILFRID LAWSON not to be caught in net of that kind. Declared that Publicans keeping house open till Two in the morning would be liable to prosecution. More than hinted that steps would be taken to prosecute them.

Rumour current of arrangements made for night out to-morrow. WILFRID LAWSON, PICKERSGILL, ELLIS, PICTON, and SAM SMITH (in new Ulster for the occasion), made up little party to patrol the streets after midnight to-morrow. Will take note of Publichouses unlawfully open, and institute prosecutions. Quite a pleasant way of spending Jubilee evening.

Bogus Petition on Coal and Wine Dues up again. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, in eloquent though inaudible speech, moved that "REGINALD BIDMEAD, having fabricated signatures to certain petitions presented to the House, has been guilty of contempt and breach of privilege." This Motion, if carried, involved imprisonment of BIDMEAD. BRADLAUGH wouldn't have thing settled that way. "BIDMEAD only a tool," he said, carefully avoiding glancing at Alderman FOWLER. "If he's sent to prison, what shall be done to those who employed him?" Enough if BIDMEAD were brought to Bar, and reprimanded. "The question is," said SPEAKER, "that BIDMEAD's course at the Bar."

After long conversation, Motion agreed to; House got into Committee of Supply, and having resolved to make it a short sitting, didn't adjourn till Two in the morning. "As bad as a Publichouse on Jubilee Day," said WILFRID LAWSON.

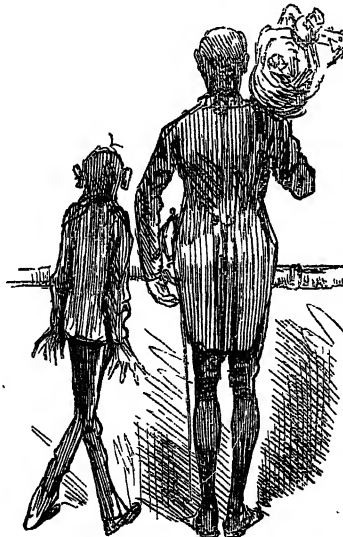
Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—Full to-night. Every seat secured at prayer-time. No Ministerial Crisis threatening, no critical division anticipated. Arrangements being made to bring BIDMEAD to Bar, there to be reprimanded by the SPEAKER. Members not surfeited with excitement of Tuesday, crowded in to see the fun. Preliminary skirmish between BRADLAUGH and Ex-Lord Mayor FOWLER, in which Alderman came off decidedly second best. This over, silence and attitude of strained expectation fill over-crowded benches.

"Now's your time," said GENT-DAVIS, nervously rubbing his hands. "Cry Had-G. D.'s knowledge of SHAKSPEARE, as CAINE says, is extensive and peculiar."



On the prowl.



Called to the Bar.

doek! and let slip the dogs of War."

PEARE, as CAINE says, is extensive and peculiar.

"Sergeant-at-Arms," cried SPEAKER, in tragic tones, "is REGINALD BIDMEAD in attendance?"

Sergeant-at-Arms, (leaving chair, standing at Bar). "Yes, Sir." SPEAKER, (with deeper tragedy in his voice.) "Then bring him up."

House shuddered. "Bring him up!" In what depths was he held in thrall, and in what form would the Sergeant-at-Arms bring him up? In fragments—now a leg, then a head, and anon an arm? Members began to feel uncomfortable. Glanced with alarm at SPEAKER, who sat in Chair with pale face set in sternest lines. Silence broken by approach of Sergeant-at-Arms; at his side small pale-faced man with immature whiskers fringing face of death-like pallor. Both advanced to the Bar. Sergeant-at-Arms gripped the Mace on his shoulder, ready at moment's notice to brain the offender, who trembled at his side.

"REGINALD BIDMEAD!"

It was the voice of the SPEAKER. Terrible voice, to which the knees of the prisoner at the Bar knocked in audible response.

"Very sorry, Sir, but that's me," they seemed to say.

SPEAKER proceeded, in tones of gathering solemnity, to recite brief history of the case, lapsing into exhortation, thundering into reproof, and concluding with the abrupt command, "You may quit the Bar."

"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," was the involuntary response that fell from several Members whose feelings had been uncontrollably wrought up by the scene.

BIDMEAD did not wait for repetition of instructions. Turned to flee, when he observed that his escort was retiring backwards, making obeisance to the Chair. Quickly turned about; commenced forlorn process of ducking, which happily landed him at the open glass-door, through which he darted.

"Hard upon the poor fellow, but must keep up dignity of Parliament," said H. J. WILSON, throwing himself into attitude suitable to the sentiment. And this is how we do it.

Business done.—Dignity of Parliament maintained. Some Votes in Supply.

Friday.—House of Lords met to-day, with accustomed pomp and ceremony. LORD CHANCELLOR's stately presence adorned the Woolsack. The Mace on the Table, and so was the Purse, with, as usual, nothing in it. Seven Peers all told, majority sitting on Ministerial Benches, gave to gloomy Chamber a thronged appearance. At Half-past Four, the hour of commencing public business, LORD CHANCELLOR discovered that there was no business to transact. Accordingly proposed that House should forthwith adjourn. No one objected. LORD CHANCELLOR left Woolsack, and, preceded by Mace and the Purse, marched in procession down the House, his litesome figure disappearing under the Gallery from the glances that lingeringly rested on it.

House of Commons a little more fully occupied. But they, too, had cessation from incessant labour. Pounded away through morning sitting at Mines Regulation Bill; Counted Out when met again at Nine o'Clock. A great day this for British Constitution.

Business done.—Got home early.

A PHENOMENON.—"Dat leetle JOSEF" HOFFMANN is a wonderful boy. He is always playing—happy child!—and yet when he is playing he is working.

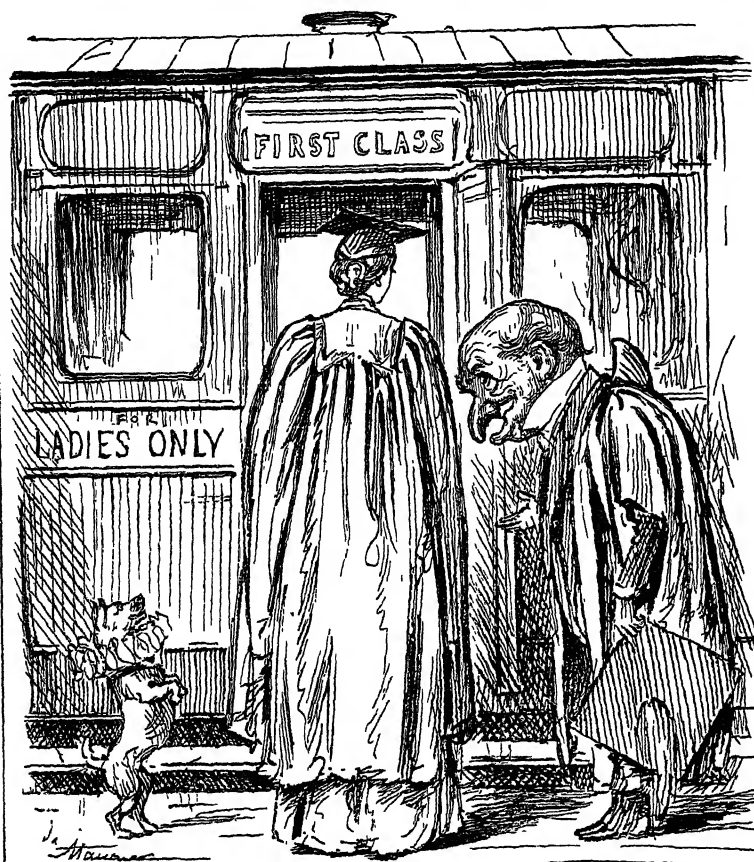
DUMB CRAMBO AT HENLEY.



"Easy 'All.'"



Taking a Run on the Bank.



HONOUR TO AGNETA FRANCES RAMSAY!
(CAMBRIDGE, JUNE, 1887.)

GARDEN, LANE, AND MARKET.

THE Jubilee Week was a bad one for Theatres and Operas. At Covent Garden there was another splendid performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Quality was present. Quantity was absent. Enthusiasm great. Signor GAYARRÉ first-rate, and Mme. VALDA charming. Mme. SCALCHI could not appear, but she had an excellent substitute. In the Operatic Record of the Season, the Garden is still to the front.

At the Lane AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS leads his hosts with undefeated energy. So much for his hosts, but how about his guests? Well, they did not care much about his "Prima Donna Drammatica," and wished that she were more of the Prima Donna, and less of the Drammatica.

Then the weather being warmer,
Mr. HARRIS brought out *Norma*;

in which Miss ENGLE (is she Engle-ish?) was very nice as *Adalgisa*, and her appearance quite explained *Follio's* little flirtation. In *Don Giovanni* the HAUX as *Zerlina*, came out as the Nightingale. Mlle. ARNOLDSON appeared as *Rosina* in *Il Barbiere*, and, if she is not yet a JENNY LIND or an ADELINA PATTI, she is, at all events, *The* success of the Drury Lane Season. She has everything in her favour, especially youth. May we have an Italian Opera House next year with Mlle. ARNOLDSON as one of the principals. Mr. PUNCH welcomes her, and thinks that she will obtain the ear and voice of the public; not of course in exchange for her own.

Les Huguenots was given at Covent Garden on Saturday. GAYARRÉ superb in *Duel Scene*; SCALCHI said appropriately, "No, No, No, No, NO!" to an enthusiastic *encore*; ELLA RUSSELL, as *Margherita di Valois*, electrified the audience with a high note; there never was a better *Conte di Nevers* than DEVONON; Mlle. SANDRA was nervous as *Valentina*; and (here comes poetry) CAMPELLO as *Marcello*, wasn't good, but didn't bellow. BEVIGNAN's band and chorus excellent, and Music HALL, with a *buttonhole gladstonensis* in his coat, beamed on Royalty and a brilliant house.

The same evening, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS was very much to the front—"called" vociferously,—with his Walpurgis Night Ballet in *Faust*. Mr. IRVING was in front to assist, if necessary.

At Her Majesty's, revival of *The Colonel*—(MAPLESON). PATTI is announced for next Friday. She's a dear creature, a very dear creature. Still, if she "draws" as well as she sings, the piper may be satisfactorily paid.

WHAT THEY ALL THINK OF IT.

Justin McCarthy.—Just been proposed to me that I should take "Titular Leadership of Irish Party in House of Commons!" PARNELL (whose health we all hope to see improve) wishes it, it appears. Feel utterly staggered by suggestion. Proud position, no doubt, but still—I am I the sort of person to lead TANNER, TIM HEALY, SEXTON, T. P. O'CONNOR, not to mention MICHAEL DAVITT, and the rest of the "boys" outside Parliament. And what does "titular" leader mean? Strikes me the word is suspicious. PARNELL says, "I should make such a respectable figure-head." Query—is this complimentary or the reverse? I am sure it's meant to be flattering, but somehow it doesn't sound so. Then if I accepted position, it would be positively necessary that I should do something which would force Authorities to put me in prison, as this is a *sine qua non* for obtaining confidence of Irish people. Question is, what is the very mildest illegal act for which Government would be safe to lock me up? Might arrange matter amicably with BALFOUR, perhaps. Awkward if he refused me ink and paper in Kilmainham. Where would my novels be then? Yet Kilmainham would certainly give me some useful "local colour." Yes, but then if I had to go a tour like O'BRIEN first, might get the local colour somewhere else—all over my body, for example. On the whole think I'm like lamented INDESLEIGH—haven't sufficient "go,"—would rather write History than make it, any day of the week.

Davitt.—Not good at game of "follow my leader," under any circumstances. Now PARNELL's shelved, think I might take his place, out of Parliament. Circumstances of course prevent my being leader in Parliament. Besides, I am so volatile—violent, I mean, and can't help breaking out now and then; and that would be awkward for G.O.M. Perhaps on the whole JUSTIN's the man. HEALY's name is TIM, which is fatal for a leader.

Dillon.—As disinterested Patriot, of course don't care twopence about Leadership. Still, PARNELL might have asked me, I think. Does he forget how often I've led the Forty Thieves—I mean Forty Members, necessary to support motion for adjournment? Not sure, though, if it isn't more comfortable to be the "BAYARD of the

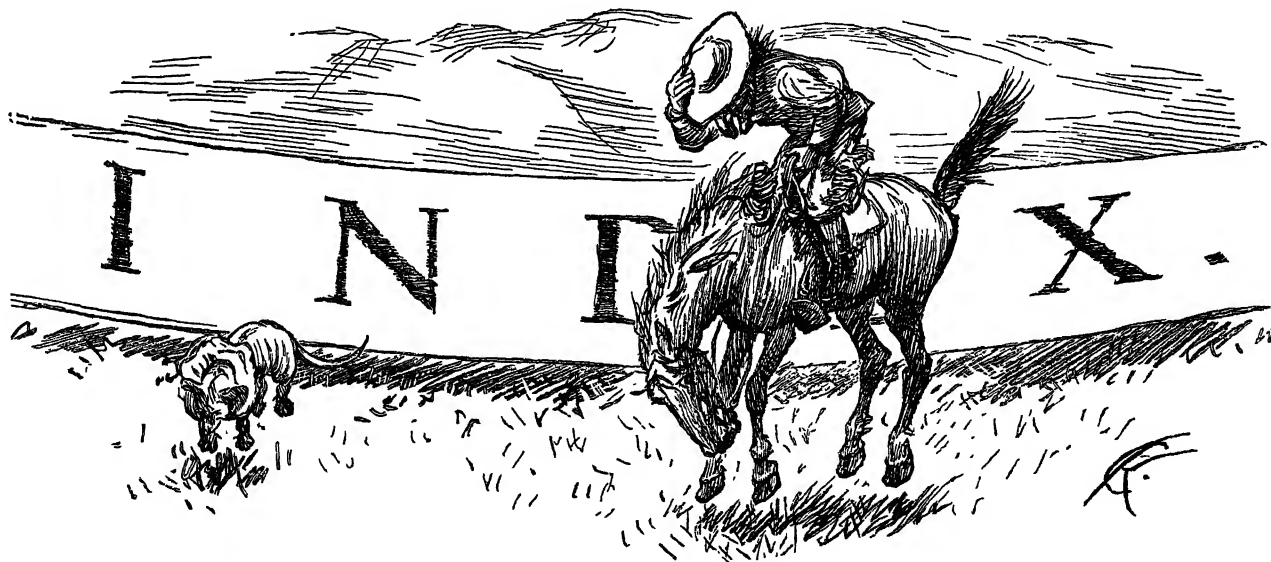
League," than Leader;—it would be a yard on me, to expect me to cut my hair and to cultivate compromise! MCCARTHY an inoffensive fellow. Much better than HEALY. Yes, decidedly—"Aut Justin, aut nullus."

T. P. O'Connor.—It strikes me PARNELL has forgotten my services to the Party; how I won 'em a seat at Liverpool, for instance. Feel I'm out out for a revolutionary leader. Don't mind what I say, and not much what I do. JUSTIN not the only man in the world who can write books. Would back my *Gladstone's Parliament* against his inflated *History of Our Own Times*, any day, both for style and accuracy. Fancy a Novelist at head of Clan-na-Gael! Still, better to have him than that bellowing bull, TANNER, or that straw-splitting limb of the law, HEALY. PARNELL says that JUSTIN "divides the least." Yes, but oughtn't Nationalist leader in Parliament to "divide" the most?

Tim Healy.—Ridiculous to think of "T. P." as my leader! Don't mind JUSTIN, at least not so much, but there's something blatant and even vulgar about the other one. In fact can't think what PARNELL's about if he does not recommend me for Leadership. Haven't I fought Crimes Bill inch by inch? Who's got so much legal—or perhaps I ought to say illegal—acumen as I? Can't help being called TIM; besides, it's a Biblical name, and ought to commend me to hierarchy. Think I've a real gift for leading. So had PARNELL—it was thirty thousand in his case, I remember—mustn't say this to anybody, however.

Dr. Tanner.—Nobody seems to have thought of me to succeed PARNELL! Yet nothing succeeds like success, and I flatter myself I've gained a unique reputation in House for language that would disgrace a bargee. HEALY! A quibbling pettifogger. SEXTON! A rhetorical prig. T. P. O'CONNOR! Feeble imitator of my style. As for JUSTIN—well, he's less objectionable than rest, perhaps; but didn't he write *History of Our Own Times*. Never read the book, but strikes me a Nationalist who would act as chronicler of that blood-thirsty British organ is out of the running for leading Patriots. If it had been a "History of our own P.M.G.," now, that would have been different.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



"ANNEY and Glorious!" 220
 Academy Banquet (The), 222
 Academy Guy'd (The), 226
 Advice Gratis, 10
 Advice to Singers, 194
 Ad Regiam Jubilantem, 158
 Aesop in Parliament, 276, 277
 Alimentary Education, 182
 All about it, 280
 All at Sea, 269
 All in the Wrong, 166, 169
 All of a Piece, 243
 American Song-Birds, 158
 Another One, 158
 Anticyclonic Ode (An), 82
 Appeal to Apollo (An), 58
 Apple-Cart (The), 287
 'Arry in the Witness-Box, 61
 'Arry on the Jubilee, 305
 Art Hesperides (The), 218
 Aspiring Amateurs, 221
 At the Bier of Beer, 232
 At the Haymarket Theatre, 150
 At the Lyceum, 261
 Author's Meeting (The), 144
 Automata-super-Springs, 78
 Awake with the Sleeping Beauty, 125
 BACCHUS in Iowa, 109
 Back to Business, 322
 Balfour Ballad (A), 263
 Ballad of the Broken Ba-onet (The), 118
 Barker, P.C., 173
 "Belgravia Bob's" Show, 193
 Better Late than Never, 3
 "Big 'Ben'" (A), 280
 Black Assizes (The), 136
 Blaze of Glory (A), 317
 Blowing the Furniss, 210
 Blunderbore at Bow Street, 197
 Boating after Church-time, 117
 Bogy! 274
 Bohemian Ballad, 265
 Bookmakers in France (The), 149
 Boulder (The), 34
 Bumble at Bay, 25
 "Business of the Nation" (The), 250
 CAMMING it Strong, 206
 Case of Champagne (A), 46
 Catechism for Londoners, 219
 Cause and Effect, 240
 Challenge (The), 210
 Chance (A), 157
 Charles and the Children, 282
 "Chicken and Champagne," 111
 Chiefs in Council, 227
 Children's Choice (The), 60
 Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Man-shun House (The), 53
 Children's Fête, (The), 320
 Children's Jubilee (The), 266
 Choir-Boy (The), 209
 Christmas "Carroll" (A), 17
 Churhillius, 78
 Classic Advice, 217
 Clown's Lament (The), 25
 Cold Water Cure at Berlin, 65
 Colonial Pressure, 191
 Comfort for a Royal Academician, 297
 Confused Crocodile (The), 99
 Cook brought to Book (The), 123
 County Chorus (A), 190
 Cricketer's Carol (The), 238

"Crocodile" (The), 4
 Crummies again! 263
 Cry from Ambleside (A), 145
 Curiosities of Journalistic Literature, 187
 "D," 225
 Dainty Dish to set before the Queen, 206
 Delight in Disorder, 262
 Demmon Orator (The), 198
 Despair! 206
 Detective's Triumph (The), 98
 Devil's Latest Walk (The), 300
 Dismal D. C. L. (A), 233
 Domestic Melodies, 10, 42, 190
 Doubts, 157
 Draft Hound (A), 27
 Drama in Oxford Street (The), 16
 Driving Duke (The), 216
 Druciolanus Operaticus, 262
 Dunraven, 93
 EARLY Closing, 114
 Echoes from the Jubilee, 317
 Education Made Easy, 118, 130, 142, &c.
 Egyptian Puzzle (The), 321
 Elementary Teachers, 240
 Eloquence and Wisdom, 231
 "Emergency-Man" (The), 54
 En Passant, 290
 Epigram on a Party Hack, 261
 Epitaph (An), 29
 Essence of Parliament, 59, 71, 83, &c.
 Eton Notes, 317
 Everywhere Jubilee Year (The), 147
 FAIR Start (A), 65
 "Farjeon smiles upon us!" 17
 Father Christmas and the Child, 5
 "Father William," 150
 Fine Fellows, 125
 First Round, 173
 Fishing Question (A), 225
 Flat Contradiction (A), 167
 Flowers of Plain Speech, 286
 Foreigner at the Tooleries (A), 145
 France and Savoy, 76
 Free Speech, 276
 "From Mozart to Mario," 40
 Funny Law in a Comic Court of Justice, 57
 Future in the Crystal (The), 275
 Getting it Pat, 165
 "Give us bold Advertisements," 240
 Going Courtin', 81
 Good Butler in the Right Place (A), 4
 Good-bye, Old Friend! 132
 Good Evening (A), 250
 Goschen to the Rescue, 208
 Grammar of Dissent (The), 205
 "Great 'Globe' itself" (The), 245
 Great Little "Random" (The), 18
 "HARRIS" in Wonderland," 17
 "Hars est celare hartem," 122
 Harsh-Deacon of Westminster (The), 98
 Hee! Hee! 100
 "Here we are again!" 54
 Her First Appearance, 173
 Herrick in the House, 65
 High (Court) Jinks, 234
 His Birthday Presents, 156
 "His Highness," 64
 Holiday Charges, 202
 Honours Easy, 106
 How does it look this Way? 181
 How much more of it? 77
 How the R.H.A. was saved, 254

How to Preserve the Palace, 117
 How Wars are got up, 16
 In Reduced Circumstances, 86
 In Statu Quo, 287
 Interviewing à la Mode, 60, 69
 Interview with a Singh-ular Individual (An), 277
 In the Court of Common Sense 157
 In the Crackers, 6
 In the First Olympiad, 22
 In their Easter Eggs, 182
 In the Spring, 205
 Involuntary Contributions, 206
 Islington Campaign (The), 305
 "Is the Old Min Friendly?" 30
 Italiano in Covent Garden, 276
 JACK's Rejoinder, 77
 Jacobites at St. James's, 129
 Jolly Commissioners (The), 110
 Jottings for Journalists, 145
 Jubilee George, 148
 Jubilee Guests, 291
 Jubilee Jottings, 11, 297
 Jubilee "Meet" (The), 6
 Jubilee of King Edward the Third, 304
 Just in Time, 76
 KATERING for the Public, 157
 Keats Improved, 98
 Keeping Up the Classics, 39
 Knighthood at Birmingham, 167
 LANE and the Garden (The), 228, 312, 326
 Laou-lai-Tsze, 62
 Lapsus Calami, 25
 Larks! 51
 Last Straw (The), 33
 (Late) "Spring Cleaning" (A), 270
 Latest Fashion in Parliamentary Cards (The), 240
 Latest Medical Advice (The), 181
 Latest Thing in Organisation (The), 268
 Law of the Letter (The), 171
 Leek-age of Loyalty, 150
 Letter-Bag of Toby, M.P. (The), 13
 Lighting Up, 280
 "Litteræ Humaniores," 70
 Little Miss Budget, 186
 Little Prophecy about a Big Thing (A), 52
 Longest Day (The), 319
 Long Shot at the Future (A), 111
 Lord Idlesleigh, 45
 Lubbock's National Race Dictionary, 102
 Lunatic Law, 131
 Mac-SMITH in the Witches' Cave, 246
 Mammon the Mendicant, 126
 May Fair Nursery Rhymes, 243
 May Meeting (A), 249
 May Memory (A), 289
 Mem. by a Married Man, 125
 Mem. by a Midlander, 167
 Memoirs of a Secret Mission, 4
 "Merry in Hall," 40
 Micro-Telephone Push-Button (The), 144
 "Mixture as Before" (The), 282
 Model Manchester! 233
 Modern Crisnam and his Companion, 114
 Monty Crisnam's Minstrels, 35
 More Latino and More Latin, 243
 "More Light! More Light!" 253
 Mostly Snuck, 197
 Mother and Me, 135
 M.P.'s Aspiration (The), 90
 Mr. Greenhorn's Experiences, 237

Mr. Punch's Manual for Young Reciters, 109, 184, 181, &c.
 Mr. Punch's Moral Fairy Tales, 117, 125, 133, &c.
 Mr. Punch's Own Tipster right again! 267
 Mr. Punch's Party, 2
 Much in Point, 61
 Much Lower Chamber (The), 182
 "Music hath Charms," 298
 Mystery of Great Printing-House Square (The), 1
 NAVAL Manœuvres, 280
 Nelson's Song, 102
 New "Lilli Burihero" (The), 144
 New Nuisance (A), 124
 New Royal Jubilee Tike, 198
 "News!" 205
 News for the New Year, 3
 News from the Theatres, 97
 News of the Sleeping Man, 171
 "New Words for Old Tunes," 278
 Nobody, 178
 No Danger, 94
 No Demand for Indian Bonds, 184
 "No Order!" 87
 Nordisa, 287
 No Rose without a Thorn (eyecroft), 119
 Notes and Gold, 171
 Notes and Votes, 254
 "No Sunday," 177
 No Work to do! 13
 Obvious, 189
 Official Minutes, 18
 "Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!" 29
 Oh, what a Surprise! 205
 Oldest Ale (The), 171
 "Old-fashioned Boy" (An), 293
 Old Hand (The), 162
 "Old Rowley!" 97
 Olympians (The), 5
 One Way to Cure a Rank Abuse, 186
 Only a Roose, 69
 On the Towing-Path, 158
 "Opera Omnia," 285
 Opinions of "Red Shirt," 225
 Oracles in Council, 213
 Order, Order! 35
 "O She!" 34
 Our Advertisers, 101, 201, 316
 Our "Notes and Queries," 47, 50
 "Our Own Celestial," 119
 Our Royal "Hamlet," 42
 Our Winter Garden, 23
 Oversight in the Queen's Speech, 66
 Oxonian's Week (The), 73
 PEACEFUL Triumph (A), 312
 Pearls of Price, 180
 Peeler and the Poll (The), 215
 Personally Conducted, 264
 Picking up the Pieces, 64
 Pilgrimg Peter the Patriot, 136
 Pilgrim of Hate (The), 214
 Pint in Port (A), 66
 Plaint of the Minor Poet (The), 147
 Playground of England (The), 102
 "Poetry of Motion" (The), 97
 Pot and Kettle, 245
 Preparing for the Jubilee, 294
 Privilege, 239
 Privileges of Parliament, 203
 Probable Invasion of London, 238
 Proposition and a Rider (A), 168

Protest (A), 52
 Protest from the Pedestal (A), 85
 Publishing Paradox (A), 122
 Puar Protestants, 49
 Punch's Own Zadkiel for 18 7 9
 Punch to John Bught, 111
 Punch to the Pealers, 318
 QUEEN at the Wild West (The), 250
 Queen's Jubilee (The), 108
 Questions and Answers for Pleasure-
 Seekers, 290
 Quiet Sunday (A), 74
 RACING the Boats, 820
 Ramsbothamiana, 185
 Rap for the Ravens (A), 171
 Rather "Gashly," 174
 "Rational Dress," 102
 Real April Fools, 174
 Real Grievance Office (The), 138, 153, 192
 Real "Highway"-Man (A), 143
 Reasons for and against Home-Rule, 251
 Reason Why (The), 184
 Re-assuring; or, Quite Pacific, 69
 Reflections—"As in a Looking-Glass,"
 273
 Reform Ball (The), 299
 Remembering to Forget, 52
 "Revenge" (The), 72
 Revolt of the Review-Readers (The), 129
 Rhymes on a Home-Ruler, 256
 Riddle's Dictionary, 94
 Rights and Writers, 154
 "Ringing them in," 273
 Robert at Hyde Park, 194
 Robert at the American Exhibition, 252
 Robert at the Perseshun, 317
 Robert at the Royal Academy Dinner,
 287
 Robert on the Jubilee, 313
 Robert to the Resene, 122
 Robert with the Loriners, 161
 Romance and Reality, 149
 Romanes Avry, 157
 Roosters during an All-Night Sitting, 242
 Roses in Bloom, 230
 "Roses that bloom, tra la!" (The), 265
 Round-Table Conference (The), 47
 Round the Cauldron, 146
 Royal House-Warming (A), 290
 Royal Jubilee Cricket Score, 290
 Royal Society of Painters in Water-
 Colours, 214
 "Running the Gauntlet," 222
 SALISBURY Sisypheus, 174
 Salvage Small-Talk, 21
 Shelving Them, 215
 Shillingsworth of Old Masters (A), 23
 Ship and Turtle (The), 190
 Shocking Outrage upon an Elderly Gen-
 tleman, 37
 "Shut in!" 261
 Simple! 232
 Sir Percy and the Fearful Fogge, 141
 Smith Scores, 97
 Soldier's Fear, 210
 Somebody's Engagements, 227
 Some still Wilder Reminiscences, 300
 Something like Bye-Laws, 267
 Something More Like it, 293
 Song and Shout, 239
 Song for Mr. Goodallround, R.A., 207
 Sonnet of Valentines (A), 85
 Specimens of Mr. Punch's Signatures, 209
 "Spider and the Fly" (The), 135, 143
 Spring Song, 240
 Starters, 232
 "Storey of a House" (A), 93
 Studie: from Mr. Punch's Studio, 12, 24,
 35, &c.
 Sweets to the Sweet, 251
 TABLE Talk, 252
 Tactics, 186
 Taking Stock, 122
 Tappertit's Revolt, 14
 Tellings of the Telephone, 84
 Ten Years Hence, 149
 Terrific Struggle with a Grand Piano, 82
 Theatrical Chat (A), 137
 Theatrical Property (A), 276
 "They're all Very Poor and Small," 236
 "Thomson's Seasons," 53
 Thought-Reading Extraordinary, 154
 Times to Mr. Gladstone (The), 156
 To Lovers of a Good Dinner, 1
 Tool of Trade (A), 202
 To Phoebus Apollo, 281
 To Sydenham, 166
 Tour de Force (A), 279
 Transportine Study (A), 53
 Triplet (A), 41
 Turning in the Lane (A), 196
 Turning over New Leaves, 5, 22, 39, &c.
 Turning the Tables, 90
 Two Chancellors (The), 161
 Two Great Races (The), 263
 Two Jubilees, 301
 Two Theatres, 227
 Two Views of it, 132
 ULTIMA Thule; or, Toole's Latest, 41
 Unconvicted, 133

"Under Consideration," 237
 Unvelled Rebellion, 121
 Unwelcome Guests, 26
 Usual Thing (The), 255
 VAN DYCK's Visitors, 89
 "Velvet and Iron!" 42
 Veni, Verdi, Vici, 49
 Very "Extraordinary Tithes," 230
 Very Hard Lines, 180
 Very Humble Petitioners, 249
 Very Old Times at the Mansion House, 45
 Very Original Greek at Oxford, 264
 Victim (The), 86
 Vultures (The), 198
 WAITING Verification, 228
 Wanted—the Institute! 274
 Way to Stop it (The), 170
 Weather, until further Notice (The), 49
 What does he Mean by it? 137
 What they all Think of it, 323
 Which? or, Rather Puzzling, 46
 "Who shall decide when Doctors dis-
 agree?" 64
 Who's to Have it? 50
 Wild West-minster! 234
 Williams Redivivus, 298
 Winter Garden (A), 26
 Wise Men in the East, 245
 Wishes for the New Year, 1
 "Within the Abbey Walls," 110
 With the Indians on the Derby Day, 269
 Wolf (The), 222
 Woman and the Law (The), 96
 Worth Consideration, 3
 Wranglers at Oxford, 14

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

AFTER the Jubilee, 323
 British Lion prepares for the Jubilee
 (The), 295
 "Catchpenny" (The), 67
 Challenge (The), 211
 Churchillius, 79
 "Emergency-Man" (The), 55
 "Father William," 151
 "God Save the Queen!" 308, 309
 Great-Little "Random" (The), 19
 "Hope I don't intrude!" 1103
 "Is the Old Min Friendly?" 31
 Jubilee "Meet" (The), 7
 Knight and his Companion (The), 115
 (Late) "Spring Cleaning" (A), 271
 Little Miss Budget, 186
 Mac-Smith in the Witches' Cave, 247
 "Mixture as Before" (The), 233
 "Old Hand" (The), 163
 "Running the Gauntlet," 223
 Salisbury Sisypheus, 175
 Sending Round the Hat, 127
 "Shut in!" 258, 259
 "Sticking Place!" (The), 139
 Turning the Tables, 91
 "Velvet and Iron!" 43
 Vultures (The), 199
 Wild Westminster! 235

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ACADEMY Guy'd (The), 226, 251, 275, &c.
 Aesthetic Critic and Cynical Bachelor, 202
 American Drinks, 240

Angelina and Edwin's Wealthy Uncle, 290
 Art Responds (The), 218
 Artist and Scotch Paint-seller, 94
 Artist, his Wife, and the Critic, 171
 Assumption of Hamlet (An), 289
 Athletics, 37
 Automatic University Boat-Race, 153
 Awkward Mistake in a Likeness, 206
 Baby and the Piano, 262
 Bare-backed Performances, 26
 Baroness invites the Vicomte to Tea, 147
 Basso with a Powerful Voice (A), 230
 Behaving according to his Company, 158
 Best Club for an All-Night Sitting, 150
 Boating at Oxford, 121
 Boatmen and the Milliner's Dummy, 102
 Boulanger not in the Cast, 287
 Boy Born for the Stables, 106
 Bridgroom hooked at last, 250
 British Tar and the Bent Outclashes, 170
 Brummagem Performing Elephants, 167
 Buckjumper Four-in-hand, 232
 Buffalo Batteries (The), 305
 Bus Conductor's Bad Sixpence (A), 130
 Chamberlain Skylark (The), 195
 Chaplin contemplating Looking-Glass, 13
 Chiefs "Red Shirt" and "Strong Will,"
 227
 Choosing a Friend's Photograph, 10
 Christmas Games, 9
 Churchill Jack-in-the-Box (The), 2
 Churchill's Squibs and Crackers, 51
 City Cresus and Crossing-Sweeper, 814
 "Collard Head," 33
 Colonel appealing to John Bull, 231
 Confirmed Bachelor's Reflections (A), 251
 Confused Crocodile (The), 99
 Countess's Carriage at Railway Crossing,
 150
 Counting her Husband's Hairs, 35
 Cricket Catches, 289
 Crystal Palace solicits Aid, 86
 Cutting Acquaintances at a Picture Gal-
 lery, 198
 Cycling, 33
 Dachshorse (The), 203
 Debtor's Real Jubilee Memorial (A), 97
 "Division" Bell in the House (The), 131
 Doubtful Compliment to Lady Pianist, 90
 Drury Lane on Boxing-Night, 11
 Duchess and the Letter "G" (The), 62
 Dumb Crambo at Henley, 325
 Dumb-Crambo's Stranger's Guide to Lon-
 don, 220, 297
 El Dar-be Hieroglyphic, 253
 Fair Hostess and French Pianist, 174
 Fashionable Lady Reporters, 294
 Fenian Fiend troubling Canadian Waters,
 75
 Fits of the Blues, 141
 Fowlerius to the Front! 123
 Freddy, Grandpa, and Broken Wires, 58
 French Count and Tame Stag, 80
 French Count's Three Misses (The), 14
 Gladstonian Spiders and Union Fly, 135
 Gog and Magog's Rejoicing, 15
 Goschen and the Cat, 161
 Goschen Draft Hound (The), 27
 Goschen's "Jubilee Budget," 207
 Grosvenor Gems, 238, 263, 281, &c.
 Guest invites his Host to Dine, 134
 Guide to the London Theatres, 49, 61, 78
 Handing Lady Glitter to her Carriage, 234
 Hippodrome at Olympia (The), 22
 Honour to Agneta Frances Ramsay, 326
 Horse Dressed as a Masher, 243
 Howard Vincent clearing the Gates, 143
 Imperial Institute Working Model, 35
 Jones prefers a Plain Woman, 45
 Jubilee Procession (The), 319
 Jubilee Sightseers on Balcony, 303
 Jubilee Temple of Art and Science, 311
 Jury of Fair Women (A), 210
 Kangaroo Jem in Society, 322
 Kicking Cal Horse (A), 28
 Knowing the "Hair of Redclyffe," 182
 Knowing the Nature of an Oath, 122
 Lady Godiva's Favourite Tree, 50
 Lady's High Head dress in a Hansom, 126
 Lady with a Gauze Fan (A), 139
 Lady Witness and the Counsel, 296
 Lappdog taking Carriage Exercise, 66
 Lawn-Tennis Championesses, 303
 Lighthouse Commissioners Carousing, 110
 Little Eva is Inattentive, 39
 Little Girl and the Piper, 6
 Lord Latham takes some Rest, 321
 Lord R. Churchill's Speech in Fog, 71
 Lord Chamberlain acting as Boots, 291
 Maggane Explosions, 185
 Mary at the Open Air Service, 154
 Members Losing their Heads, 83
 Merchant and his New Clerk, 166
 Miss Hypatia and the Professor, 293
 Miss Primmie's and Vicar's Language, 261
 Mnie, la République and Gen. Boulanger,
 255
 Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's Dollies, 252
 Mr. Nobody wasting Commons' Time, 95
 Mr. Punch's Political Party, 2
 Mrs. Harcourt Gamp on Parnellism, 213
 New Double Florn (The), 261
 Not a Good Judge of a Gentleman, 37
 Not a Soul in Rotten Row, 114
 Not wanting to Dance with anyone else,
 270
 Nurse and the Thermometer, 70
 Old Lady and Tramp, 210
 Old Bore who likes Jones (The), 191
 Old Lady and Toy Frogs, 113
 Old Parson and Contemplative Rustic, 194
 One of Allsopp's Fables, 119
 Origin of Titles, 85, 109, 193
 Our County Member in Church, 274
 Palmistry and the Engaged Ones, 82
 Past and Present Salutations, 13
 Pencil Tips for the Derby, 241
 Penny and the Sou (The), 179
 Police Clearing the Serpentine, 54
 Policeman and Inebriated Citizen, 142
 Political Harlequinade (A), 34
 Political "Past Masters," 315
 Political Witches round Cauldron, 146
 Punch and George the Third, 301
 Punch and Mr. Lawson's Children's Ju-
 bilee, 266
 Punch and Time at Leapfrog, 1
 Punch Complimenting the Police, 318
 Punch's Essence Laboratory, 60
 Racy Sketches, 263
 Randolph, the Typist, 133
 Reading between the Lines, 98
 Rectifier at a Party (The), 73
 Rector's Christmas Concert (The), 23
 Reform Club Ball (The), 299
 Refreshment-Room Sketch, 302
 Re-opening of St. Stephen's Restaurant, 63
 Return of William the Whaler, 279
 "Ringing in" to Parliament, 278
 Roosters during an All-night Sitting, 242
 Royal Ascot, 280
 Seaside Boa (A), 42
 Season - Ticket - Holder and the Fresh
 Paint, 178
 Seedy Dyspeptic and his Idle Friend, 190
 Skating Boy's Rations (A), 49
 Snapped Telegraph Wires, 21
 Speaker slaying the Jabber-Talk, 107
 Specimens from the Water-Colour Show,
 214
 Statues in Westminster Abbey (The), 119
 Stout Adonis and Fair Equestrian, 223
 Stout Patient and Masseuse, 225
 Suspended Hats in Church, 52
 Tenants' Ball (The), 215
 Tenor's Pronunciation of "O" (The), 9
 Three Hunting Heiresses, 40
 Thrifty Old Lady's Luggage (A), 74
 Tom's Excuse for Staying in Bed, 298
 Toole and the Indians, 216
 Triple Use of a Boa, 111
 Trying to Conceal his Ignorance, 285
 Unconvicted Prisoner (An), 133
 Vicar's Wife Snubbing Snoggins, 267
 Volunteers (The), 177
 Waggon-Driver's Quiet Pipe (A), 162
 Wanting more Hair on Top, 46
 Why he Proposed, 76
 Why the Country Boy left School, 129
 Wishing to be Hospital Nurses, 246
 Young German Accompanist (The), 186



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